ELSON JUNIOR LITERATURE

• BOOK TWO •

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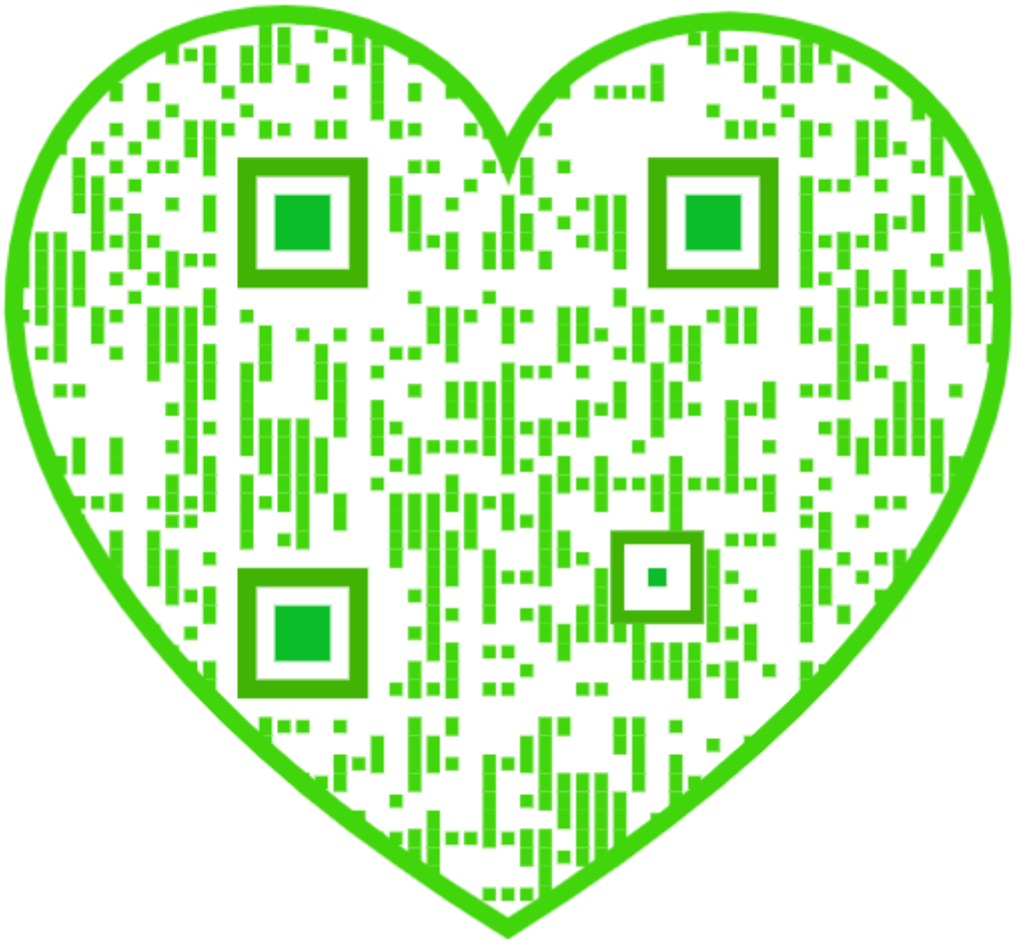

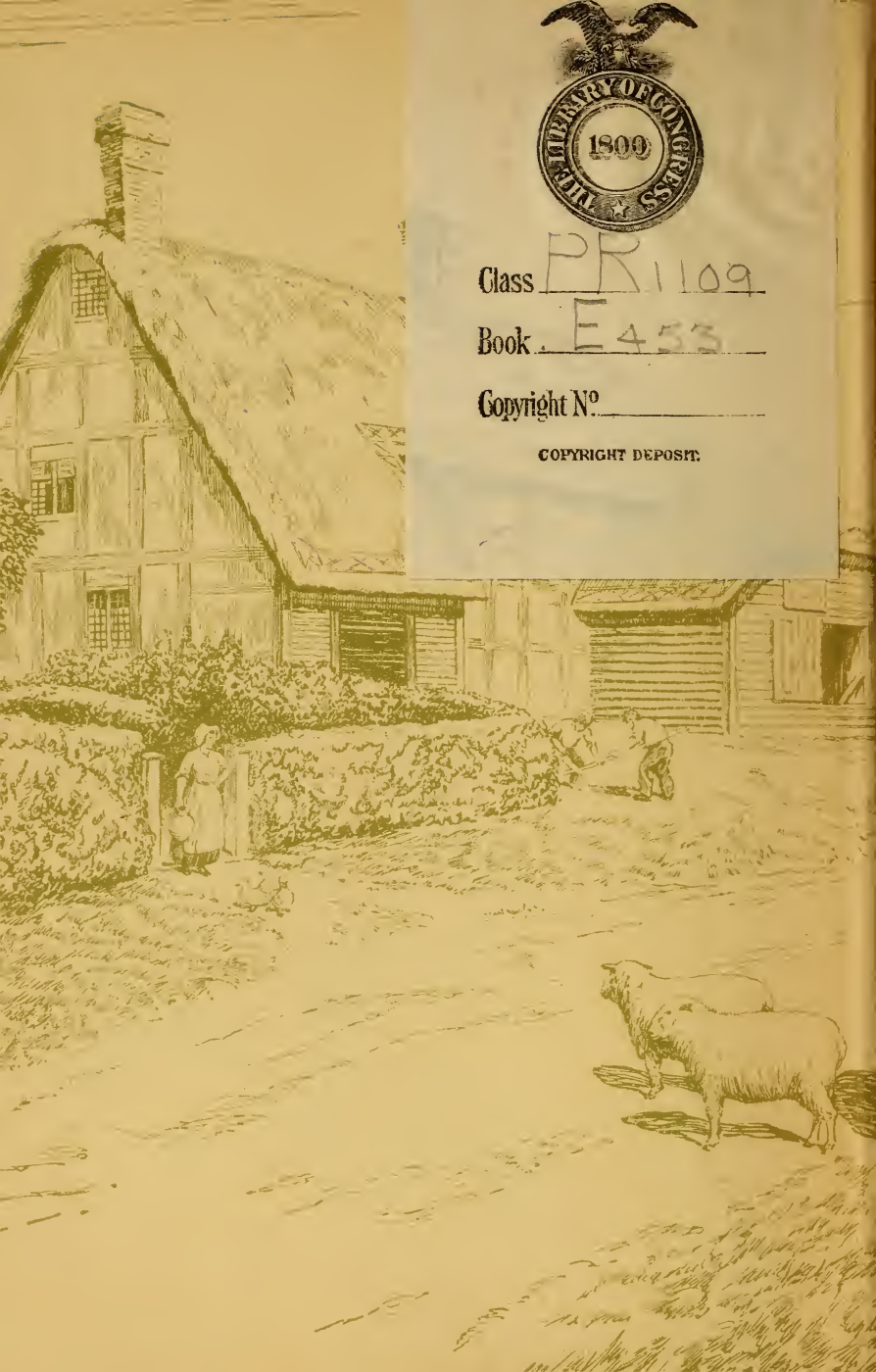

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ELSON JUNIOR LITERATURE

• BOOK TWO •

by

WILLIAM H. ELSON
CHRISTINE M. KECK
MARY H. BURRIS

Life-Reading Service

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS NEW YORK

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PREFACE

Elson Junior Literature, Book Two, is a revision of *Junior High School Literature, Book Two,* edition of 1928, and *The Elson Readers, Book Eight,* edition of 1921. It contains a choice collection of literature from the works of the best authors, both classic and contemporary, and includes both recreational and work-type material. Not only should pupils have their taste and judgment cultivated through familiarity with the literary heritage that has won recognition by its enduring worth, but they should, also, have their experience enriched by selections of undoubted value from contemporary authors who are recognized interpreters of our present-day life. Such wide and extensive reading will not only inspire the pupil now and throughout life, but it will also train him in the wholesome use of his leisure hours.

The primary aim of instruction in reading is to make pupils *life readers,* not merely school readers. This means that life-reading *interests* must be developed in pupils. Permanent reading interests cannot be aroused by the use of miscellaneous, unrelated, haphazard material. The literature must be purposefully organized if it is to establish effective reading habits in pupils. Sound organization brings together into related units the selections that center about a common theme.

This book is so organized as to fulfill these purposes. It will be noticed from the Contents, that there are four main Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme. Part One aims to inspire a wholesome appreciation of nature and a desire to conserve her resources; Part Two deals with the magic world of adventure; Part Three makes clear the basic principles of our great American experiment in free government and points the way to good citizenship; and Part Four presents some phases of life in our

homeland that will make America mean more to boys and girls. Through these grouped selections permanent reading interests may be aroused, and fundamental ideals in the development of personal character and good citizenship established.

An outstanding value of such organization in this book lies in its tendency to weld together the school and the library. A school text that would train a pupil in the effective use of books, magazines, and newspapers must connect directly with the library, thus forming the core, or center, about which his general reading is organized.

This book aims not only to increase the pupil's knowledge of a subject, but also to intensify his interest and direct him to related material—in short, *to cultivate the extensive reading habit and the library method of study.* It seeks to direct and make purposeful the pupil's outside use of books, magazines, and newspapers, bringing to bear upon his school reading the experience and knowledge gained from these sources, thus welding together the school, the library, and the home in the development of right habits of reading and study.

Carefully chosen lists of especially apt library readings, designed to broaden and deepen the pupil's knowledge and sympathy, may be found at the ends of the various selections. These lists, though not exhaustive, are chosen for their specific fitness, their abundant interest, and their excellent literary quality. They include the literature of both the past and the present. Special attention is called to the carefully selected list, "Some Recent Books You Will Enjoy," pages 525-528. It includes a group of the most appealing volumes that have appeared within the past few years.

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WHAT IS LITERATURE?

Through reading, as you have already learned, you gain happiness and knowledge. But all about you there is so much to read—thousands of books and magazines and papers—that it may be well to pause long enough to answer the question, "What *kind* of reading will bring these rewards? What *is* literature?"

In one sense, anything written or printed, as distinguished from that which is merely spoken, is literature. The ballad, a song-story, was repeated from generation to generation by word of mouth, changing in details of language and incident in the process; when it was written down and then printed, it became fixed, became literature. So, also, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, for example, may tell you of his adventures; when he writes his story and it is published as a book, it becomes literature, in this sense of the word.

In a truer sense, however, the word "literature" is more strictly limited. You have seen that it is *permanence* of form that distinguishes the book or the printed story from mere tradition. But thousands of books are printed that find a few readers for a time, and then are as completely forgotten as if they had been merely words spoken in conversation. Many things are printed, also, which are not intended to have permanence, such as newspaper stories of daily happenings in the city or throughout the world. The newspaper, to be sure, adds greatly to our power of partaking in the important events of the day, wherever they may occur. One knows about a flight across the sea almost as soon as the landing is made, or about a new invention, or the triumph of a great man. But these records are of a day; true literature is for all time. Literature, in this truer sense, means not merely that

which is printed, in contrast to that which is spoken; it means the expression of the *facts* of life, or of the *interpretation* of life, or of the *beauty* of life, in *language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die.*

In your reading you have already become acquainted with literature that sets forth the "facts of life." When Hamlin Garland wrote sketches of his boyhood on the prairie, he was recording the primitive life of midwestern farmers so vividly that the pictures will enable future generations to understand the hardships, as well as the simple joys, of the thrifty, toiling folk who built our "inland empire." When Sir Walter Scott gave us his *Tales of a Grandfather,* he was preserving for all time the thrilling "facts of life" that centered around Scotland's brave struggle for freedom centuries ago.

Literature that *interprets* life has also been a part of your reading course. Hawthorne in "The Great Stone Face" has interpreted for us the high ideal of service to others. And in this book Dickens in "A Christmas Carol" interprets the spirit of love and of human brotherhood that makes life worth while.

And last, there is the literature that makes evident to us the *beauty* that our more prosaic eyes might fail to note. Robert Burns writes a poem about the daisy, and ever after, if you have read it with an understanding mind, you see new beauty in the flower life that lies about you.

Facts, interpretation, beauty—these form the body of real literature. And when master writers clothe them *in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die,* true literature comes into being. Thus the experiences, the meaning, the emotions of life are given permanent form to enrich mankind throughout the centuries.

PART ONE
The WORLD OF NATURE

THE CAMPER'S CREED

HENRY WELLINGTON WACK

I love nature and her loyal books. I will preserve a wholesome health and spirit—know and count the trees and stars my friends, the sun and shade my comforters afield.

I will never waste the natural resources of my native land; nor violate its laws nor a sportsman's honor; nor take of game from woods and waters beyond my need. If I light a fire in a grove, I will quench it. I will protect the forest and its wild life. I will use a brother's camp as a sacred trust, with a loving care, and leave it in order for the comfort of his late return.

NATURE BRINGS HAPPINESS

LIFE OFFERS comparatively few things of which we can say, "This will give me happiness as long as I live." One of these unfailing sources of happiness is the beauty of nature. All of us use the conveniences which science has brought us from the world of nature. We shall, however, lose the joy which is rightfully ours if we fail to see *beauty* as well as *use* in nature.

This joy awaits us whenever we seek it. Always there are the passing days with sunrise and high noon and the evening star. Always there is the magic of spring or the leafy glory of midsummer or the delicate touch of the first snow. And always there are about us insects and birds and animals and dwellers in lake and sea.

This Part of your book will help you to find your way in the wonderful realm of nature. You may wish to discover for yourself some of the secrets of nature's beauty which bring delight to all who find them.

You will read stories here which prove to you that animals have personalities like human beings; also poems and prose selections that reflect the joy people find in observing birds and flowers and trees and the changing seasons. Some writers will remind us that since the world of nature is a source of happiness meant for everyone, we have no right to rob it of its beauty by any selfish destruction of plant or animal life.

Both scientists and poets will speak to you in this Part of your book. The scientists will give you facts they have observed; the poets will give you their interpretation of what they have seen. You need both for the fullest appreciation of the life-long joy that nature offers.

COALY-BAY, THE OUTLAW HORSE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Ernest Thompson Seton has always been interested in teaching boys and girls to know and love outdoor life, to be as resourceful as Indians in the woods, and to understand animals. He has been head of the Boy Scout organization in this country, and is now chief of the Woodcraft League. He tells us that all of his work with these organizations has been done with the hope of making people take an interest in the animal world; for he believes that "we and the beasts are kin."

THE WILLFUL BEAUTY

Five years ago in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little colt. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy black—coal black and bright bay—so they named him Coaly-Bay.

"Coaly-Bay" sounds like "Kolibey," which is an Arab title of nobility, and those who saw the handsome colt, and did not know how he came by the name, thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense, just as all our best horses have Arab blood; and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature—in his frame, his power, his wild, free, roving spirit.

Coaly-Bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed and his tireless legs. If, when he was careering with the herd of colts, they met a fence or ditch, it was as natural for Coaly-Bay to overleap it as it was for the others to sheer off.

So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving storm than be locked in a comfortable stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

He became very clever at dodging the horse-wrangler whose job it was to bring the horse herd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-Bay going. He became what is known as a "Quit-the-bunch"—that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that stood between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse-trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skillful. He knew how to apply his power, and all the wild plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no desirable result. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skillful horseman, and Coaly-Bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on, he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply won for him lashings and spurrings; so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day, and not once did he buck; but on the last day he came home lame.

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before. Again he was turned out to pasture, and after a week, saddled, only to go lame again.

His owner did not know what to think, whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming; but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-Bay was easily

worth fifty dollars, he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile, Coaly-Bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-Bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no sign of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-Bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbor. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-Bay arrived, certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight, and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-Bay behind them. His lameness seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right; so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose; all his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle. Coaly-Bay bucked for ten minutes, then finding he could not throw the man, he tried to crush his leg against a post; the rider, however, guarded himself well. Coaly-Bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise, the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking. He stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head; so Coaly-Bay turned, seized the man's boot in his teeth, and but for heavy blows on the nose would

have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-Bay was an "outlaw"—that is, an incurably vicious horse.

The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.

The raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. But to prove that his horses were not guilty, the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch. That night, as the moon was brightly shining, they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-Bay, walk straight up to the garden fence—no sign of a limp now—easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-Bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the horse herd, and when the men came near him, he had—oh, such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wal, I suppose so," was the answer; "but luk a here, neighbor, you haven't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth—a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck; the horse isn't worth a cent more. I'll take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-Bay's being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out, the very first time he tried to ride him, that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE
First-class horse, sound
and gentle, $10.00

THE BEAR BAIT

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear hunting, except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So, seeing the sign, the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied, "Look at him there; ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-Bay would escape. "Wal, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said: "Now, stranger, the bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own; no fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw. He's wickeder nor old Nick."

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait"; and the hunters rode on.

Coaly-Bay was driven with the pack horses, and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked, "That thar limp is no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-Bay went with the rest, limping along, tossing his head and his long

splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses were mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue, Coaly-Bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their black streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh, and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home one hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail with perfect certainty, though he had seen it but once before; and in a few minutes he had steamed away from their sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no!—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off he took, was Panther Gap. The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-Bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on up the trail again, and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

HIS DESTINED END

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him; it was not really safe to go near him, but two of the guides drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp. "Aren't you coming along?" called the guide.

"No, I don't want to see him die," was the answer. Then as

the tossing head was disappearing, I called: "Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back!"

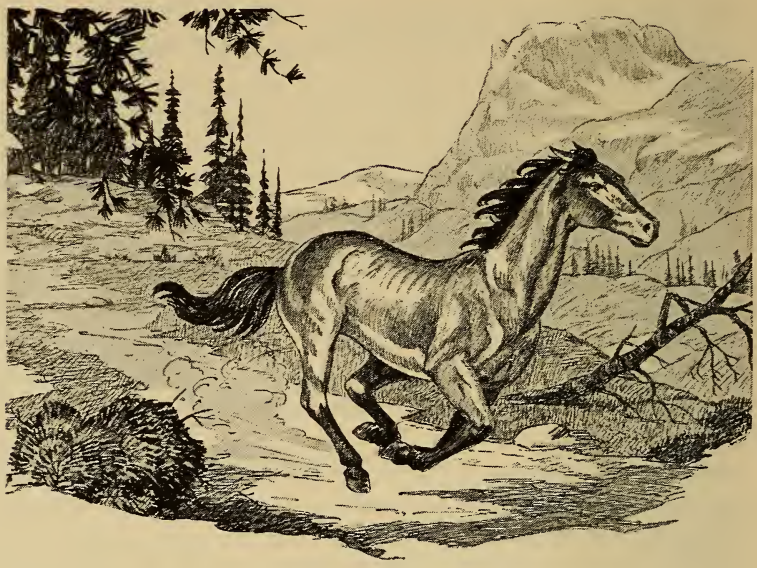
Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind's eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp. Poor Coaly-Bay; he would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full, bright eyes—that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of my mind, and had not long to battle with the thought, not even one short hour, for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him; there was no chance for him to turn aside. He must go on, and the men behind felt safe in that.

Farther away from his old home on the Bitterroot River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian Plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned—down the narrow trail till it opened into a little meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man. "Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle. Instantly Coaly-Bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring, a picture of horse beauty—yes, of horse perfection.



The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark, just on the cross line of the eyes and ears, that meant sure, sudden, painless death.

The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away. It was sudden death or miss—and the marksman *missed.*

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his eastern home, but down the unknown western trail, away and away. The pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun.

Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went, and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog, and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater, and on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him from the farther west. And so he went till the dwindling pines gave place to scrubby cedars, and these in turn were mixed with sage, and onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were

about him. And ever on, tireless as it seemed, he went, and crossed the canyon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not; and on, beyond the Buffalo Hump, till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and coming on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them, the long shrill neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain; and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled and sped and caracoled, and Coaly-Bay drew nearer, called, and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till this they were assured—he was their kind, he was of the wild free blood that man had never tamed. And when the night came down on the purpling plain, his place was in the herd as one who, after many a long hard journey in the dark, had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures, and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is the flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild free plains of sage he lives; the stormwind smites his glossy coat at night; and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the mighty grizzly, too, may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain-foods; nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind, and the open plains, but here at last he found the thing he craved—the one worth all the rest. Long may he roam—this is my wish, and this—that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed with his black mane on the wind, the spurgalls gone from his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forebears' eyes as they spurned Arabian plains to leave behind the racing wild beast and the fleet gazelle—yes, too, the driving sandstorm that o'erwhelmed the rest, but strove in vain on the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.

How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

The reading of "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," besides giving you pleasure, has no doubt brought to you a new idea of the spirit of the wild horse and the interesting life of the cowboy. But if you are to get the full benefit from this or any other selection in the book, you will need to pause long enough to notice certain facts. These facts will help you to enjoy more keenly and to understand more clearly what you read, and to train yourself in correct habits of reading.

First, you should read and discuss in class "What Is Literature?" (page 9) and examine the Table of Contents (page 5) to gain a general understanding of the aims and purposes of the book as a whole. As you look through the Contents, you will notice that each of the four main Parts centers about some one main idea, such as Nature, Adventure, etc. Every selection in the Part, whether prose or poetry, will mean more to you if you understand how it, united with the others, helps to bring out the central thought of the unit. Before reading the selections in any group, you are asked to read and discuss in class the "Forward Look" that precedes the group in order that you may know in a general way what to expect. For example, as a preparation for a full appreciation of "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," read "Nature Brings Happiness" (page 12). After you have read all of the selections in a group, you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the summary found at the close of each unit—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit gained from your reading. (See "A Backward Look," page 106.)

In addition to the Forward and Backward Looks, this book provides other helps to assist you in getting all of the thought from the printed page. For example, you will notice that a brief paragraph appears at the beginning of some of the selections; read this note before you begin to read the story, for it contains information which will add to your interest.

After you have read a selection through, in preparation for the class period, you will find "Notes and Questions" that direct your attention to important points in the story and to topics for informal class discussion. These "Notes and Questions" will: (1) indicate the beauty or effectiveness of the author's language; (2) bring out the connection between the thought of the selection and the central idea or theme of the group; (3) suggest problems through which you may apply to real life situations the knowledge gained from your reading.

One of the chief benefits you should gain from your reading is the learning of new words and the ability to use them. Whenever you meet a word or a phrase that you do not understand, form the habit of looking it up in the Glossary, page 529. Lists of words and phrases are given for study. Look these up in the Glossary, for you will often find the hardest passage of the reading lesson made easy by the explanation of a single phrase.

Notes and Questions

1. Coaly-Bay had four owners. Which one
   (*a*) made the best bargain?
   (*b*) seemed to get the worst of it?
   (*c*) made short work of his ownership?

2. What is the author's definition of an "outlaw" horse? Give three examples of the cruelty of Coaly-Bay which prove that he was an "outlaw."

3. Arabian horses are noted for their speed, intelligence, spirit, and beauty of form; what facts are brought out in this story that lead you to believe that Coaly-Bay must have been of Arabian blood?

4. Throughout the story different men showed admiration and sympathy for Coaly-Bay. For example, one rancher said: *"He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."* Find three or more other expressions which show that the horse was not wholly disliked.

5. The gardener gave the hunter four reasons why he sold so fine a horse for only five dollars:

   (*a*) "He can't be rode."

What were the other three reasons?

6. Copy the following outline on your paper and complete it by adding topics which describe each main heading:

I. The Willful Beauty
   A. The scene of the story
   B. Coaly-Bay, his appearance and disposition
   C.
   D.
   E.
   F.

II. The Bear Bait
   A.

B.
C.

III. His Destined End
A.
B.
C.

7. If you do not know the meaning or pronunciation of these words, look them up in the Glossary: *Arab, careering, vestige, corral, indomitable, subtly, caracoled, harry.*

8. There are some rather difficult phrases in this story. Several of them are explained in the Glossary:

possessed of a demon (p. 18)
inborn certainty (p. 20)
Chaldean plain (p. 21)
desert's highest born (p. 21)

If you love horses, you may want to read *Piebald, King of Bronchos,* Hawkes; *Ben the Battle Horse,* Dyer; *Wildfire,* Grey; *Smoky,* James; "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," Norton (in *Songs of Horses*). See also "Some Recent Books You Will Enjoy," p. 525.

Library Reading

Your interest in the various authors, aroused by reading their stories or poems in this volume, may make you wish to know more of their works; or your interest in the subjects they discuss may make you wish to read more along these lines. For example, your interest in "Coaly-Bay" may lead you to read other animal stories, particularly those by Seton, which may be found in *Animal Ways.*

You will do your class and yourself a real service by making a brief report, giving all the boys and girls the benefit of your individual reading. Your classmates will enjoy hearing you review in an interesting way a favorite book or a particular story in a book, giving the title, the author, the time and scene, the principal characters, and a brief outline of the story, reading from it the passages which you think will be most interesting.

The public library is the place to which you will go for additional reading and reference material. In order to learn how to use the library, ask the librarian to explain to you the card catalogue system and the arrangement of the books on the shelves. Locate in the library *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature,* the American and the English

Who's Who, the encyclopedias, and the dictionaries, so that you may be independent in looking up information.

You may find it interesting to keep an individual record of your reading on a card similar to the one shown below. The result will furnish valuable information. All the cards should be so filed that any pupil may consult them, from time to time, to see what books and magazine articles have been especially enjoyed by his classmates.

Books and Magazines			
Title	Author	Date	Comments

Vocabulary Building

The meaning and pronunciation of new words, on which you may need assistance, and which you may like to learn to use in your everyday speech and writing, are placed in the Glossary, at the back of the book.

The person who has a large speaking vocabulary has a distinct advantage over the person having only a meager one, for he is able to express his thoughts more clearly, more exactly, more convincingly.

Your reading lesson is one of the richest sources for increasing your vocabulary. If you are an average student in your class, you probably have made the acquaintance of some eight to ten thousand words that you recognize at sight when you are reading. This number is very much larger than the number of words you use in your speaking vocabulary. Words creep naturally from your reading vocabulary into your speaking vocabulary, but you can make the number a much larger one by conscious effort. When you are writing, you also find yourself using words that you scarcely have the courage to use when you are speaking. It is a good plan to set a record for yourself, to determine to add to your vocabulary ten, twenty, fifty, or more, new words during the year.

THE THUNDERING HERD

CLARENCE HAWKES

Clarence Hawkes is a member of the American Bison Society, an organization which has for its purpose the conservation and protection of the American buffalo. He is, therefore, well fitted to write this story, which is taken from his interesting book called *King of the Thundering Herd.*

Bennie Anderson sat on the lee side of the prairie schooner, watching the dancing camp fire and listening to the howling of the coyotes.

Four months before, the Anderson family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Thomas, a boy of nine years, and the solitary watcher by the camp fire, named Benjamin, aged eleven years, had said good-by to Indiana.

Ill luck had always followed the Andersons in that state, and Bennie's father had said that perhaps a change of scene would also change their luck. So nearly all their belongings had been packed into the canvas-covered wagon, two dilapidated mules hitched to it, the old cow tied behind; and with the dog following beneath the wagon, they had left the tumble-down cabin and the Indiana homestead and had started for the frontier beyond the Mississippi.

Mr. Anderson was an old hunter, and as there were two rifles in the wagon, not to mention an old shotgun, there was usually plenty of fresh duck or prairie chicken to eat. Among the most cherished possessions was a very good field-glass, which had been the property of an uncle who had used it in the Civil War. This glass proved to be their best ally upon the great plains, where the stretches of smooth land are so vast, and the distances so great, that the naked eye is wholly inadequate to the demands made upon it, especially if one wants to see all the wild life upon the plains, as Bennie did.

The modest Anderson caravan had not journeyed far into the Missouri Bad Lands, at right angles to the old Oregon Trail, which so many adventurers had followed before and have since, before the signs of buffalos became plentiful, although the boys did not at first recognize them. It was not until late September or early October, however, that the Andersons saw buffalos in any numbers. Hitherto, there had been an occasional lonely bison feeding in some coulee, but they now began to see them in larger numbers.

The jolting wagon by this time had pounded its weary way over the plains and through the Bad Lands and the desert-like portions of the prairies, where there was nothing but sagebrush and sprawling cactus, until they had reached a point near the northwest corner of Missouri.

It was not an infrequent sight to see upon the slope of a distant swell a dozen buffalos peacefully grazing like domestic cattle. They usually made off at a slow trot whenever the wagon got within a few hundred yards of them. Not knowing much of the habits or disposition of the bison, Mr. Anderson said that they would not attempt to kill any at present, even for meat, as deer and other game were plentiful.

So they journeyed along without molesting the bison that they saw, satisfied to let them alone, if they were in turn let alone. This amicable arrangement might have held good until they reached their journey's end, in the heart of Kansas, had not something happened that made the killing of a few bison the price of safety to the party. This was an event that no one of the emigrants ever forgot as long as he lived, and an incident that filled one night as full of excitement and peril as it could well hold.

They had been traveling for two days over a nearly unbroken stretch of slightly undulating prairie. The summer sun had baked the earth till it was hard and lifeless. Every tuft of grass was burned to a crisp. Even the sagebrush that grew in all the sandy spots seemed parched by the shimmering heat. The

sky was a bright, intense blue, and each night the sunset was red and the afterglow partially obscured by a cloud of dust.

The watercourses and the cottonwoods were half a day's journey apart, and an intolerable thirst was over all the landscape.

The second day of this trying desert-like prairie stretch of their journey was just drawing to a close when they noted upon the northern horizon what at first seemed to be a cloud of smoke.

At the thought of a prairie fire upon such a parched area as these plains, a horrible fear seized upon the little party, and Mr. Anderson hurried to the top of the nearest swell to learn if their worst fears were true.

On mounting the eminence, he discovered that the cloud extended from the east to the west as far as the eye could reach. It certainly was not smoke, but each minute it grew in density and volume, like a menace, something dark and foreboding that would engulf them.

Presently as he watched, he thought he heard a low rumbling, like the first indistinct sounds of thunder, and putting his ear to the ground in Indian fashion, he could hear the rumbling plainly. It was like the approach of a mighty earthquake, only it traveled much more slowly—like the rumbling of the surf, like the voice of the sea, or the hurricane, heard at a distance.

Again the anxious man scanned the dark, ominous-looking cloud, that now belted half the horizon, and this time he thought that he discerned dark particles like tiny dancing motes in the cloud. Then as he gazed, the specks grew larger, like gnats or small flies, close to where the horizon line should have been. Here and there were clouds of the dark specks, like swarms of busy insects. But what a myriad there was! In some places they fairly darkened the cloud.

Then in a flash the truth dawned upon the incredulous man, leaving him gasping with astonishment and quaking with fear.

All these tiny specks upon the horizon line were buffalos. A mighty host stretching from east to west as far as the eye could

reach, and to the north God only knew how far. Like an avalanche that rushes upon its way, unmindful of man and human life, pitiless as fate, and as remorseless as all the primeval forces of nature, the thundering herd was rolling down upon them.

For a few seconds he gazed, fascinated and held to the spot by his very fear and the wonder of it all. Darker and darker grew the cloud. Plainer and plainer the headlong rush of the countless host was seen, while the rumbling of their thousands of hoofs, which at first had been like distant thunder, now swelled to the volume of a rapidly approaching hurricane. The solid earth was felt to vibrate and rock, to tremble and quake.

Mr. Anderson waited to see no more, but fled back to his family, whose escape from this sea of hoofs now seemed to him almost hopeless. The boys hurried to meet him, their faces pale with fright, for even the rest of the family now realized that some great danger was swooping down upon them.

Mr. Anderson made his plan of escape as he ran. To think of fleeing was out of the question. Their slow-moving schooner would be overtaken in almost no time. There was no canyon, no coulee, in which to take refuge; no butte to which they might flee; not even a tree or a rock behind which they might crouch, and thus be partly shielded. Out in the open the danger must be met, with nothing but the shelter of the wagon to keep off the grinding hoofs, and only the muzzles of their three guns to stand between them and annihilation when the crash came.

Hastily they turned the wagon about, with its hind end toward the herd. The mules were unhitched from the pole and each hitched to the front wheel. A rope was also passed through the side strap of the harness of each mule, and he was fastened to the hind wheel of the wagon, so that he could not swing about and be across the tide when this sea of buffalos should strike them. This kept the mules with their heels toward the herd, thus securing the additional aid of a mule's heels on guard at each side of the wagon. Old Brindle was secured to the pole of the

wagon, where the mules had been. The wheels were blocked. What furniture the wagon contained was piled up behind to help make a barricade. When all had been made as snug as possible, the family crawled under the wagon and awaited results. The muzzles of the two rifles were held in readiness for an emergency at either side of the wagon, while Mrs. Anderson had the shotgun in readiness to reinforce the garrison, should they need more loaded weapons at a moment's notice.

Nearer and nearer came the thundering herd, while the vibrations in the solid earth grew with each passing second. The clouds of dust shut out the light of the setting sun and made a dark pall over all the landscape, like the descending of the mantle of death.

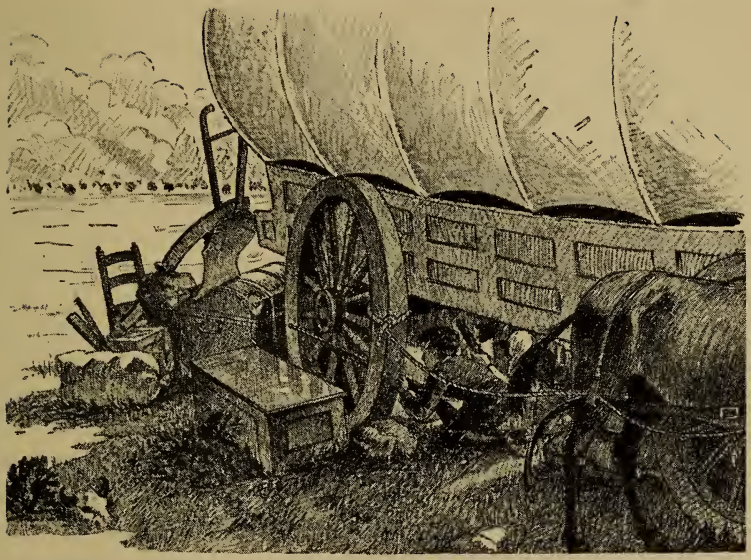
Bennie gritted his teeth together and tried hard not to let the muzzle of his rifle shake as he pointed it out between the spokes of the hind wheel on his side of the wagon.

On came the terrible battalions of galloping hoofs, the massive heads and black beards of mighty bulls glowering through the clouds of dust. Each second the pounding of their hoofs swelled in volume, and each second the vibrations of the solid earth became more pronounced. Like the smoke of a great conflagration, the dust-clouds settled over the prairies until the crouching, trembling human beings, so impotent in this vast mad rush of wild beasts, could see the frontlets of the bulls but a few rods away.

But almost before they had time to realize it, the mad, galloping, pushing, steaming, snorting herd was all about them, pounding by so close that the coats of the nearest bulls brushed the sides of the mules.

At first they seemed to turn out a bit for the wagon, but presently a bunch of buffalos, more compact than the rest of the herd, was seen bearing down upon them as though they were charging the schooner, although they probably did not even notice it.

"Ready with your rifle, Bennie," called Mr. Anderson, and



father and son both cocked their guns. When the bunch was almost upon them, both fired, and a mighty bull fell kicking against the back of the wagon; but his kicks were not of long duration, for at this short range the rifles did fearful execution.

There was no respite, however, for close behind the fallen bull came more, and Mr. Anderson reached for the shotgun, and piled another bull upon the first, although he had to finish him with a Colt's revolver, which was destined to stand them in much better stead than the guns.

It was with difficulty that the muzzle-loading rifles could be loaded while lying down in the cramped position under the wagon, but the Colt's revolver, which was a forty-four and just as effective at this short range as a rifle, could be readily reloaded; and Mrs. Anderson kept its five chambers full.

Old Abe, the mule upon the right side of the wagon, now took his turn in the fray, but a bull galloped too close to him, raking Abe's flank with his sharp horn. The mule let both heels

fly, striking another bull fairly in the forehead, and felling him to the ground. But a buffalo's skull is as thick as a board, and the bull jumped up and galloped on with his fellows.

For a few minutes the two dead bulls at the rear of the wagon seemed to act as a buffer, and the others parted just enough to graze the wagon. The mules, which brayed and kicked whenever the buffalos came too close, also helped, but presently another bunch was seen bearing down upon them. They were close together, and crowding, and did not seem likely to give way for the crouching fugitives under the wagon.

Although Bennie and his father both fired, and Mr. Anderson followed up the rifle shots with both barrels from the shotgun and three shots from the Colt's, yet they struck the wagon with a terrific shock.

There was frantic kicking and frenzied braying from both Abe and Ulysses, and a violent kicking and pounding in the wagon that seemed to be immediately over their heads.

It was plain that instantaneous action of some kind was necessary if their domicile was to be saved, for one of the crowding bulls had been carried immediately into the wagon. He had become entangled in the top, and was pawing and kicking to free himself. His great head just protruded over the seat.

Mr. Anderson reached up quickly with the Colt's and put an end to his kicking with two well-directed shots.

There were now four dead bulls piled up behind the wagon and one inside of it, and soon the blood from their last victim came trickling through upon the helpless family. It was a gruesome position, but they could not escape it; and all were so glad that the blood was not their own that they did not mind.

"We are pretty well barricaded now, Bennie," shouted Mr. Anderson, just making himself heard above the thunder of galloping hoofs. "I think we are safe. They cannot get at us over all that beef, and they cannot get through the side; so I do not see but we are secure."

"Thank God," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, fervently, "but I shan't feel safe until the last buffalo has passed."

She had barely ceased speaking when old Abe uttered a piercing bray, in which were both terror and pain. He accompanied the outcry with a vicious kick, but almost immediately sank to the earth, kicking and pawing. It was then seen that a bull had ripped open the mule's left side, giving him a mortal wound. His frantic kicking so endangered the cowering fugitives under the wagon that Mr. Anderson was obliged to shoot him. His loss was irreparable, and the boys whimpered softly to themselves as they saw their old friend stretched out dead beside the wagon.

Old Brindle at this point became unmanageable, breaking her rope, so that the seething black mass swallowed her. "There goes old Brindle, too," sobbed Tommy. "I guess we'll starve now."

Poor Shep, who had been securely tied at the forward end of the wagon, cowered and whimpered as though he, too, thought the judgment day had come, and it was his and Tommy's lot to comfort each other—the dog licking the boy's hands, and he in turn patting the dog's head.

The loss of old Brindle and Abe proved to be the turning-point in the misfortunes of the Andersons, for the herd now parted at the barricade made by the dead buffalos, the mule, and the wagon, so that, although every few minutes it seemed as though they would be engulfed, yet the danger veered to one side and passed by.

Half an hour and then an hour went by, and still there was no diminution of the herd. The second hour and the third passed, and still they came, crowding and pushing, blowing and snorting, steaming and reeking.

"Won't they ever go by, father?" asked Bennie. "I should think there were a million of them."

"It is the most wonderful thing that I ever saw," replied Mr. Anderson. "I have often heard old hunters tell about the

countless herds of buffalos, but I had always supposed that they were lying. In the future I will believe anything about their numbers."

At last, seeing that they were in no immediate danger, Mr. Anderson told the boys to go to sleep if they could, and he would watch. If there was any need of their help, he would call them.

Accordingly, all the firearms were loaded and placed by Mr. Anderson, and the boys and Shep curled up near the forward wheels to rest. They were terribly tired, for the excitement and the hard work had told upon their young nerves and muscles.

The last thing Bennie remembered was the thunder of the myriad hoofs and the rocking and trembling of the earth under him. But even these sounds soon ceased for him, and he and his brother slept.

When he again opened his eyes, the sun was shining brightly, and the clouds of dust that had obscured the moon when he fell asleep had been partly dissipated. Here and there he could see an occasional buffalo galloping southward, but the mighty herd, whose numbers had seemed like the stars, was gone.

"It 's the tail end of the procession, boy," called Bennie's father. "The last installment went by about fifteen minutes ago. I did not dream that bison could be found in such numbers in western Missouri at the present time. I had supposed the few scattering head that we saw were all that were left in the state."

This conclusion of Mr. Anderson's was quite right, but that autumn, for some unaccountable reason, the great herd had come down for a part of the way on the Missouri River on its southern migration, following the old trail of two decades before, instead of crossing western Nebraska and Kansas. It had been a costly experiment, however, for, all the way, hunters had swarmed upon their flanks, and they had lost thousands of head. But what did that matter? Their number was legion.

Notes and Questions

When Clarence Hawkes was but eight years old, an accident necessitated the amputation of one of his legs. When he was fourteen, he lost the sight of both eyes. While these misfortunes prevented the boy's taking part in various sports and games, they did not keep him from what he loved best—that is, spending time in field and forest, learning many things about the wild creatures living there.

1. Find and read aloud lines which describe:
   (*a*) the caravan.
   (*b*) the country through which they were passing.
   (*c*) the approach of the "thundering herd."

2. Mr. Anderson compared the onrushing herd to several ominous sounds in nature:
   (*a*) "A low rumbling, like the first indistinct sounds of thunder."
   Find five other such comparisons.

3. Clarence Hawkes has used many words in this story to give you the feeling of the terrific force of the oncoming herd, such as *mighty, rumbling, rolling, swooping.* Find five others.

4. The events narrated in this story actually took place, it is said, in 1871. Where was the scene of this incident?

5. Explain in detail just how Mr. Anderson barricaded the little family against the rush of the buffalo.

6. In 1923 the American Bison Society reported that there were 147 herds in the United States, consisting of 3654 buffalos. There were only eight states without buffalos, either in a semi-wild condition or in zoölogical parks. Is your state one of the eight? Write to your Secretary of State or to the American Bison Society (Address: 45 Wall Street, New York City) to find out how many buffalos you have in your state and where they are located.

7. Find the meaning and pronunciation of the following words in your Glossary: *coyotes, dilapidated, ally, coulee, incredulous, butte, annihilation, irreparable, diminution.*

You may wish to read other chapters from *The King of the Thundering Herd.*

Magazine Reading

The author of "The Thundering Herd" contributes stories, articles, and verse to many magazines and newspapers. Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Poe were all contributors to the magazines of their time. Many of the masterpieces of American literature were first published in magazines, and doubtless some of the poems and prose stories in the magazines of today will also be considered masterpieces in the future.

More and more the American reader is coming to depend upon current periodicals for his general reading; from the large number of magazines now published you should choose the one that suits your particular interest and taste. Examine the magazines in the library and ask the librarian's advice as to which ones you will be likely to find most useful and enjoyable. You are probably familiar with some or all of the following: *St. Nicholas; Outdoor Life; Time; The Saturday Evening Post; The National Geographic Magazine; The New Outlook; Nature Magazine; Good Housekeeping; Scientific American; Popular Mechanics; The World's Work; The Literary Digest.* What others do you read?

Perhaps you have had the experience of reading a story in some magazine, and later, when you wished to refer to it, of being unable to recall in which number or in which magazine you read it. *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* will help you to locate a story, poem, or article by title, author, or subject. It will also be helpful in showing you what has appeared in current magazines by certain authors or on certain subjects. Ask your teacher or the librarian to show you how to use *The Readers' Guide.*

OVIS POLI, THE GREAT HORNED-SHEEP*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

The main objective of the Roosevelt brothers was to reach the highest mountain point of Pamir, in Turkestan, where lives the ovis poli, "a wild sheep which is conceded by sportsmen the world over to be one of the finest of all game trophies. He represents the elder branch of the family of which our bighorn is a member, and makes our bighorn look, in comparison, a small animal. He lives in the barren, treeless Pamirs. He was originally discovered by Marco Polo [an Italian traveler to the Orient] about 1256; hence the name."

We stayed four days at Kashgar and gathered ourselves for the last effort of the trip—our hunt for ovis poli. Round the horns of this great sheep, story and legend have clustered for ages. Forgotten for six hundred years after Marco Polo first noticed him, he was rediscovered in the late thirties of the last century by a British officer. Since then he has been the lodestar of big-game hunters. We could get but little late news of him. Indeed, many of those best posted considered the ovis poli nearly extinct.

With our pony caravan there were, as usual, two Chinese soldiers. Our head pony man was a draggled old gray-bearded Beg. He wore a long, faded wrapper, which flapped around his thin shanks in the bitter mountain wind like a torn sail round spars in a gale. He fluttered along behind the caravan like a piece of paper in a windy city street. Last, but not least, was Rah Tai Koon Beg, a fat, bearded, jolly fellow, with a bright blue coat belted in with a yellow scarf. Very often he rode with us and carried one of the rifles. The rifle-sling was not long enough to suit his figure, and the rifle was half hidden in the clothes and fat that covered his broad back.

*From *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright, 1926, Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the authors and publishers. Abridged.

For a couple of days we traveled through the plains. We passed from oasis to oasis. Burned and forbidding, the desert lay between. There was an endless succession of scrub bushes and sun-scorched rock, with dust-devils dancing between. Time and again we passed small oases on which the desert was marching. On their outskirts were houses half buried in sand, and dead trees whose gray, gnarled upper limbs alone stuck out of sand dunes. Closer in, where the sand had not yet conquered, were half-submerged fields and partially covered trees whose tops were still green with leaves.

On the third day we turned due south. Soon we were among the foothills. The plains of Turkestan were behind us. The hills were more than welcome after the long weeks we had spent in the plains. Bare and red, they suggested the buttes of Colorado. We marched up the bed of a rocky stream, the trail weaving from side to side over numerous fords. About noon we saw two men approaching on horseback, who proved to be Nadir Beg and the mail-runner from India.

Nadir Beg was the native who was to act as a guide for the ovis poli country. He was an important citizen of the town of Tashkurgan, a fine-looking man with a light complexion, a black beard, and a hawk-like nose.

That evening we camped by a little Kirghiz settlement on a small plain in the valley. The principal building was a mud-walled square around a great cottonwood tree. In it was bivouacked a caravan from Tashkurgan on its way to Kashgar. The men were good-looking, lean fellows and very friendly.

Around the camp fire we worked out our plans for the poli hunting. Nadir Beg said that though goolja (rams) were scarce, he had seen a fine head shot by a Kirghiz near Subaski the previous winter. We accordingly decided to try that point first.

For the next two days we pushed on up the river. At times the trail was very bad. It wound along the steep sides of the mountain. The valley narrowed into a gorge through which the stream rushed so rapidly that fording was very difficult. A small

boy, perhaps fourteen years old, led the lead pony of our caravan. At one of the fords he fell in, but was pulled out by Nadir Beg and some of the others. After the water had been tilted out of him, he seemed all right. His clothes, however, could not be worn wet in the bitter cold; so he was fitted out from various surplus stores. As he was by all odds the smallest of the party, the fit was far from good. The final touch to his attire was given by an enormous pair of knee-high boots, which made him look, as he paddled along, like the Puss-in-Boots of the fairy tale.

As we wound our way along, we met an occasional caravan moving toward the plains. The men were generally so bundled up that they looked like animated bolsters. A number of times we noticed poli skins, either on their saddles or covering their bales. This encouraged us very much. When we questioned them, they told us that these were the skins of female sheep from both the Chinese and the Russian Pamirs.

Sometimes we came on great woolly camels, which lifted their heads from their grazing and eyed us incuriously. They were in splendid shape, fat, and strong. It was a constant source of wonder to us that these great animals were able to keep in such good condition feeding on the withered bushes and scant dry grass of the country.

Here we saw a type of shelter we had not seen before, a mud and stone yourte. The bottom was built of rough rocks, the top was of dry clay. Generally they clustered in the lee of some large rocks, like chickens around a hen. Now it had begun to be bitterly cold. The snow lay thick on the mountains. Snow flurries and sleet storms swept across the valley nearly every afternoon. The wind blew with gusty fury.

It was after dark when we reached the small settlement that goes by the name of Bulun. In the gloom we saw the shadowy shape of a square, half-ruined mud fort with a few yourtes clustered about it. After much chattering of shadowy figures that flitted through the dark, we got off, and were shown into one of the yourtes to await the arrival of the caravan now well behind us.

Inside the yourte a Kirghiz family was gathered around the fire, which cast a glow rather than a light upon them. There were the man, his wife, a rather handsome, worn woman, and three brown, bright-eyed children, who sat as quiet as mice. The air was so filled with smoke that it was almost impossible to keep our eyes open. This is the way these Kirghiz must spend fully twelve to fourteen hours a day through many of the winter months. There was neither moon nor light in the yourte to do anything.

We and our men crowded in, completely filling the yourte. We were very grateful for the shelter from the wind and the comparative warmth from the huddled humanity and the tiny fire. When the caravan arrived some hours later, we were sorry to have to go out to our flimsy canvas tents.

Next morning we were up at daylight. The lake was cupped by snow-covered hills. Frost lay heavily on the brown sparse grass. Suddenly, through a gap in the mountain wall, a great level ray of sunlight fell, painting the low-lying clouds gold. A flock of ducks flew over, their wings flickering in the golden morning light.

We marched to the Little Kara Kul, where, after talking with the natives, we decided to stop and hunt for a day. The village of Little Kara Kul consisted of a stone kraal in which were three or four yourtes. We were now in the land of the yak, and the great shaggy beasts grunted and shuffled around our tent all night.

A yak is not an uncomfortable animal to ride, but patience is necessary. He goes very slowly, though his gait is reasonably smooth, and he always gets there. Also, he goes over the most impossible country imaginable about as fast as he goes over level ground. He plods unconcernedly through snow up a boulder-strewn slope of forty-five degrees. He is guided with a rope through his nostrils, and steers like a dray. He blows like a porpoise, keeps his mouth open a large part of the time, and lolls a long ant-eater-like tongue from side to side.

When we got up next morning, it was bitterly cold. The sky

was the monotonous gray of winter. Everything was white from a light snow. After a hurried breakfast, we started for the hunting-grounds, mounted on yaks. Their black woolly backs were incrusted with frost. On the first lake we passed, a flock of geese settled, spiraling down from the sky with a musical honking. They stood in a row on a sand bar like sentinels. The next lake was frozen except at one end. In the open water were myriads of ducks and geese. As we came up, they arose into the air with a sound like ocean surf on a shingle bench.

It was typical Pamir country, sandy valleys, dotted with tufts of dried grass, and snow-covered hills and mountains. For so barren a country there was a surprising amount of wild life. We saw snow-buntings, pigeons, vultures, and hawks. There were many tracks across the snow.

As we were plodding along, Khalil, a local hunter, jumped off his yak, calling out "Goolja!" and pointing to a slope some six hundred yards away. Along it were running two small poli rams, with horns about twenty inches long. They were too small to shoot, but it gave us a thrill to see the ovis poli in the flesh for the first time. Though they had seen us, they seemed but little frightened, and, cantering gently up the slope, disappeared over the crest. They were very handsome with their gray backs and white chests and legs.

Shortly after this we separated, Kermit going to the left and I to the right. Only a few minutes after I left him, I saw some animals along the rocks about seven hundred yards away. After studying them with the field-glasses, I found them to be six female poli with four young. Our first care was for the males, so we left them undisturbed, and hunted up a nullah to the one side. We found nothing and worked our way back in the hope that some male poli had joined the females. None had, and, as we wished to hunt the country beyond, we walked toward them over a great snow bank. They soon saw us and cantered gracefully away over the mountains. We then plodded through the deep snow to the crest of a saddle. Again we saw females, but no males. Night fell, as it falls in the mountains, suddenly. The

shadows lengthened, and we found ourselves in the cold darkness. Far across the valley white mountains still blazed in the golden light. Kermit and I met in the valley and rode into camp together. As we passed the lakes, we heard the quacking of the ducks who had settled there again.

On the whole we were not discouraged by the day's work, for though we had seen no good heads, we had seen enough females and young to make us reasonably certain that there were some mature males near by. That evening, after talking with the natives in camp, we decided that the ravines we had hunted that day contained no mature rams and agreed to move to Subashi the next day. Accordingly, we sent a native forward that evening to look the country over with a pair of our binoculars and to report when we arrived there.

We got to Subashi about one o'clock the following day. It was a valley with a little stream in the center from which the land sloped up rather abruptly to surrounding hills. The ground was sandy, the vegetation sparse, but camels, sheep, and yaks seemed to be able to eke out a reasonable existence there. As it was evidently a place where there was no room for two separate guns, we decided to hunt together. Twice on our way up the valley we saw herds of female and young poli on the hillside.

Soon we met the "jungli wallah" sent out the night before. He was in a state of great excitement. He told us that he had found a herd of eight goolja. We were delighted, and pushed forward cautiously to a point where the nullah forked. With our field-glasses we could just see them lying among some rocks toward the end of the right branch. The ravine, where the poli were, ended in some stiff-looking mountains. The left fork, slightly longer, ended near a divide beyond which lay the Russian Pamirs. Between the two branches was a high ridge of slide rock covered with snow.

Two stalks were possible, neither good; one over the top of the mountain to the extreme right, the other up the left nullah and over the dividing ridge. We chose the latter, for we were afraid we should not have time to complete the former. After

riding a short way up the nullah, we left our horses and started climbing. As we approached the foot of the hill, a handsome red fox jumped up and trotted off. We wanted it for our collection, but did not shoot at it for fear of scaring off our poli.

The hill was a steep one. We zigzagged to and fro, floundering in snow and slipping on rock. The altitude was high, over 16,000 feet, and it cut our breath badly. At last, after an hour and a half of hard work, we reached the summit and peered over. To our sorrow we found that the poli had moved and were slowly filing up a shoulder nearly eight hundred yards away. They were not frightened; they were apprehensive. As it was now four-thirty, and there was no chance to try another stalk, we settled ourselves on the ridge for what Rahima called a "lookum see." Through the field-glasses and telescopes we could see the sheep plainly. They were very handsome as they stepped delicately along, now stooping to nibble a tuft of grass, now halting to glance around and sniff the wind. Occasionally one would clamber on a rock and stand sentinel-like, his head thrown back until the massive spiral horns seemed to rest upon his shoulders. Standing thus, they looked like the very spirit of the mountains. We studied them carefully. They were eight in number. Six had horns about forty-five inches in length. Two were splendid animals with horns measuring fifty or better.

A knife-like wind had risen, and we were getting the full force of it. To make the climb we had stripped off our heavy coats. We were soaked with sweat and were soon chilled through and through. Everyone was shivering. It was hard to hold the telescope steadily enough to see the game. Kermit and I agreed that if we had had to shoot then, we would have been as likely to hit the moon as a poli. In spite of this, we stayed until almost dark in order to mark down where our game stopped.

Through the dusk we plodded down the hill. When we reached the foot, we saw down the valley the red glow of some camp fires. This at once explained the behavior of the rams. Our caravan had moved up to where the valley forked, and we were in plain sight of the hills where the poli had been. Cold, weary, and rather

disconsolate, we made our way to camp, determined to start again early next morning.

All night long the wind blew down the valley, singing and whistling around our camp. Our light canvas tent bellied in the wind, and time and again we thought it would blow over. The cold from the ground came right through our bedding rolls. Toward midnight it began to snow, and fine powdery flakes whirled in on us.

At four-thirty A. M. we got up. The snow had stopped, but the whole country was sheeted in white. We pulled on with numb fingers the few clothes we had taken off, gulped down some coffee, and started up the nullah where we had last seen the animals. Soon day began to break. A cold, steely-gray sky, heavy with unshed snows, arched over us. We dismounted and walked, partly from caution, partly because it was too cold to ride, even clothed as we were.

About six o'clock we saw our game. Unfortunately, one of the men had turned a bend of the ravine too quickly, and they had glimpsed him. Again they were not frightened, but only apprehensive, and they made off slowly across the end of the valley and up the steep slope of the mountain. We lay still and watched. At last they breasted the crest, showed for a moment against the sky, and, one by one, disappeared on the other side.

As soon as they were out of sight, we started to follow them. One of the Kirghiz was sent back with our yaks, while Kermit, Rahima, Khalil, and I tramped ahead. At first the way was only moderately steep. Then it changed, and we had to climb. We floundered through snowdrifts waist deep on slopes where it was difficult to believe snow could rest. We climbed over shoulders of rock where the loose shale under its white covering made every step a slip.

The altitude rapidly increased, and soon we were at least 17,000 feet high. We snatched, gasping, at every mouthful of thin air. When we stopped to rest, I threw myself flat, though Kermit only seemed to need to lean on his stick. About eight we reached the crest. Our hopes were high, for we felt from the

way the poli were traveling they might be on just the other side. Very cautiously we worked our way up to some jutting rocks and looked over. We saw nothing. By this time the sun was shining. After looking around for ten or fifteen minutes, the shikaries decided they had gone beyond the next range, and suggested that we start down the slope. Fortunately, at this moment Kermit picked them up with the field-glasses. They were on the opposite side of the valley, perhaps a mile away, lying on a patch of snow. Had we gone down the slope, they surely would have seen us and run off.

With the wind as it was, only one stalk was possible. This entailed walking about five miles as the crow flies, during which we crossed two mountains and numerous spurs. The stalk began at once. We struggled across snowbanks many feet deep; we zigzagged over rock drifts; we stumbled through corries where the snow concealed deep holes between boulders into which we fell. We climbed hand over hand up rock shoulders. At one place Kermit and I tobogganed down a deep snow slope and nearly started a snowslide.

The sun on the snow had made a heavy mist that hung curtain-wise across the valley. At last we reached a little ravine flanked by a steep ridge from which we felt we would get a shot at our game. Up the slope we toiled, looking about for the poli. It was a hard task, for we had to snatch moments when gaps occurred in the mist as it rolled by before the wind. We had sweated heavily, and our clothes were drenched. Now the knife-like wind cut us to the bone. More than six hours had passed while we were climbing. In the beginning I had consistently brought up the rear of the column, but toward the end, one of the shikaries and the "jungli wallahs" dropped behind me.

After watching carefully for about twenty minutes, we made sure the rams were not where we had last seen them. As Rahima put it, we were "very mad going," for we had labored mightily on this stalk. Suddenly the fog began to thin, shredded away, and we saw the sheep opposite us in the Russian Pamirs. They were perhaps seven hundred yards distant, but, as we were in plain sight of a snowdrift, we lay quite still. We finally were able to crawl cautiously out of sight. We started at once for a point near our quarry. The clouds began to bank over us in real earnest.

When we reached a position somewhere between three or four hundred yards from the rams, we realized that a snowstorm, sweeping up the valley, would be on us in a few minutes, and make shooting impossible. It was now or never. I had won the first shot; so settling myself very carefully in the snow, I fired at the animal which seemed to me to present the best target. Kermit immediately followed suit. At the crack of the rifles the rams were up and away, but we thought our shots had hit. Fortunately they did not know where we were, and so headed back in our general direction toward the Chinese Pamirs.

Running as hard as we could over the snow, we came to a point which would give us a clear view of them when they passed. I had snatched off my gloves to get a better grip on the rifle, and now my hands were so cold that I could not feel the trigger. Suddenly the sheep came into view from behind a huge buttress

of rock. They were in single file, the big rams leading. They were about two hundred fifty yards away, going at a plunging canter through the drifts. Their great spiral horns flared out magnificently, their heads held high. Every line was clear cut against the white of the snow.

We began firing at once at the two leaders. First one and then the other staggered and lost his place in the line. Though hard hit they pulled themselves together, joined the herd, and all disappeared over a near-by ridge. Clutching our rifles, we stumbled after them. When we reached the trail, we found bloodstains. We put every ounce of strength we had into the chase, for these were the trophies we had traveled 12,000 miles to get. The going was very bad. Every few steps we floundered armpit deep in snow. Try as we would, we could not make time. Suddenly the wind rose, snow began to drift down, and the trail was blotted out in the swirling white of the storm. We could do no more and had to give up and make for camp.

Working our way down to the valley, we found our yaks, so frosted with snow that they looked like animated birthday cakes. The two native hunters with them had seen the rams cross the ridge and were confident they were mortally wounded. They felt sure they would find them next day if the storm did not obliterate their trail. This was but poor comfort, as a blizzard was then raging; and even if we were lucky enough to find a sheep, the wolves would have destroyed the body skins. From the sportsman's standpoint, of course, the great horns are the trophy, but for the mounting in the museum, the whole skin is necessary.

It was growing late. Thoroughly tired out, we rode back to camp. The snow drifted in stinging particles against our faces. After as hot a supper as we could get, we rolled up in our bedding. Storm or shine, we made up our minds to be off early next morning to the point where we had last seen our poli.

In the gray dawn we were up again. The storm had blown over during the night. Stars were glittering coldly over the white mountains. On our grunting yaks we plodded up the valley to the scene of yesterday's stalk. When we arrived, the sun was

just rising. Its rays, as they came through the mountain clefts, struck the snow slantwise and gave it a queer, unreal, coppery glow. The wind had blown much of last night's fall clear of the mountain slope in front of us. There we could see fragments of the poli trail, which led up and over the crest.

The one thing to do was to follow the trail. Here we struck an unexpected snag. Two of the three Kirghiz with us said that the slope ahead was too dangerous to climb, because we would almost certainly be caught in a snowslide. As these men had had a hard time the previous day, we felt that in this case their wish was father to their thought. Though the mountain looked steep and high, we insisted that the climb could be made.

Rahima Loon was really tired; so we left him with the yaks and began climbing. Our party consisted of Kermit, myself, Khalil, and three "jungli wallahs," one of whom was as game as a bantam, while the other two were sad. For four hours we plodded in zigzags up through the snow. It was back-breaking work. The trail had to be broken through drifts four to eight feet deep. The altitude was high, the air thin, and, when at last we panted to the top, we looked as if we had been in a Turkish bath.

On the other side of the ridge stretched a wide valley. It was seamed with rocky spurs from the surrounding mountains. The snow lay thick and undisturbed, for this side was sheltered from the wind which swept the slope up which we had climbed. We could see no tracks, though we searched the country with our field-glasses for a long while. The animals might be lying dead behind any one of a thousand rocks, or be covered with snow.

The wind blew colder and colder. Even the Kirghiz huddled shivering in the lee of some rocks. Apparently the poli were hopelessly lost. Of the party, all shared our view but the cheerful "jungli wallah." He said he thought he stood a chance of finding them by circling back and up the valley into which we were looking. By so doing he could look up the ravines that ran down from the mountains. He said also that he hoped to mark them by wolf-tracks.

As there seemed little else to do, we told him to go ahead, though we had little faith in the result. Tramping down the slopes again, we reached camp late in the afternoon, very downhearted.

The "jungli wallah" followed out his plan. He went up the other valley, and, with some field-glasses we had lent him, studied the country. He saw seven wolves near the head of a small ravine and knew at once that one of our rams lay there. Going there he found not one, but two. The sheep had lain down close together after passing the ridge, and had died during the night. They were the two leaders and had fine heads. The horns of one measured fifty-one and a half inches, and the other forty-nine and a half. He brought them into camp late in the evening. We were delighted. They were our first poli.

Notes and Questions

The Roosevelt brothers, interested in natural science since childhood, had always had an ambition to make an expedition to Central Asia, where the ovis poli lives. The opportunity came, when in 1925 the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago financed the expedition which was led by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt. This particular chapter, chosen from their book *East of the Sun and West of the Moon,* is written by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and tells you what success they had in securing specimens for the museum and scientific data for the further study of natural science.

1. Try to answer each one of these questions without referring to your book. If you have read the story carefully, you will have no difficulty in recalling the facts.
   - (*a*) Why is the yak used as a beast of burden in the Pamir country?
   - (*b*) What kind of homes do the natives of the Pamir country live in?
   - (*c*) How large were the first two poli that were captured?

2. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., made the following statement: "Though hunting in itself is great sport, without the scientific aspect as well it loses much of its charm." Explain the author's meaning in your own words. Give an instance in this story in which a member of this party refrained from shooting because the animal would not make a good museum specimen.

3. Name at least five members of the party who were natives of the ovis poli countries. Choose the one you think most interesting, and write a brief paragraph describing his personal appearance.

4. Describe:
   (*a*) The vegetation of the Pamir country.
   (*b*) The climate. (This expedition was made in September and October.)

5. Read aloud:
   (*a*) The description of the yak.
   (*b*) A humorous sentence.
   (*c*) A sentence which tells you an important fact about the natives of the Pamir country.

6. Explain the author's meaning in each of the following sentences:
   (*a*) "Time and again we passed small oases on which the desert was marching."
   (*b*) "The lake was cupped by snow-covered hills."
   (*c*) "The village of Little Kara Kul consisted of a stone kraal in which were three or four yourtes."
   (*d*) "At last they breasted the crest, showed for a moment against the sky, and one by one disappeared on the other side."

7. Compare the ovis poli with the American bighorn sheep. Use encyclopedias and other source books to gain accurate information.

8. Look up in your Glossary the meaning of the following words and phrases: *lodestar, animated bolsters, yourte, kraal, nullah, stalks, apprehensive, shikaries, corries, obliterate.*

East of the Sun and West of the Moon is very interesting. You will probably want to read the entire book.

Silent and Oral Reading

Silent Reading. This book includes abundant material for both silent and oral reading. Some stories and poems must be read thoughtfully in order to gain the author's full meaning; such reading cannot be done rapidly. In other selections the meaning can be grasped easily, and the reading may be rapid; in such cases we read mainly for the central thought, for the story-element.

You read silently more often than you read aloud to others; you should, therefore, train yourself in rapid silent reading. Your training in reading has taught you to gather facts from paragraphs and to hold

in mind the thread of the story in short selections. But you are to extend this power steadily until you can gather facts and follow the unfolding plot in selections of greater length. A number of stories in this book are long enough to train you to read with intelligence a newspaper, or a magazine article, or a book. And this is precisely the ability you most need, not only in preparing lessons in history and other school subjects, but in all your reading throughout life. As you train yourself to grasp swiftly and accurately the meaning of a page, you increase your ability to enjoy books—one of the most pleasurable things in life.

In preparing lessons in geography and history, you have an excellent opportunity to learn how to gather facts quickly from the printed page. These informational studies, however, do not take the place of the reading lesson in literature. They offer additional opportunity for you to increase your speed in rapid silent reading.

If from time to time you record your reading speed and your thought-getting ability, comparing your standing with that of your classmates and with the standard for pupils of your age, you will be able to see whether or not you are making satisfactory progress. *The standard for members of your class has been variously estimated by silent-reading authorities to be from 240 to 393 words per minute, depending upon the degree of difficulty of the selection and the purpose for which it is read.*

Oral Reading. You will wish to read aloud certain passages in most of the selections in your book, so as to better enjoy their beauty, their dramatic quality, or the forceful way in which the author has expressed his thoughts. Lines are listed for this purpose from time to time. Sometimes these readings are intended for individual pupils; sometimes, particularly in dialogue, they are intended for groups.

In general, all poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. The voice, with its infinite possibilities of change, is an important factor in interpreting a poem. As you listen to your teacher or some other good reader, you will appreciate how much pleasure one who has learned the art of reading is able to give to others. Oral reading trains the ear of the listener to become sensitive to a pleasing voice, to correct pronunciation, and to distinct articulation. The poems in this book, if properly read, will reveal to you the beauty of the language that we speak, and by which we express our thoughts. Longfellow says, "Of equal honor with him who writes a grand poem is he who reads it grandly."

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

If you read the note on page 54 before reading the poem, you will have a better understanding of and sympathy with the poet's mood.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

Notes and Questions

When Bryant was twenty-one, he went one day to the little village of Plainfield, a few miles from his father's home, to see if he could find encouragement for opening a law office there. His biographer thus describes the incident as related by Bryant himself: "He felt, as he walked up the hills, very forlorn and desolate, indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world. The sun had already set, and while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines as imperishable as our language, 'To a Waterfowl.'"

William Cullen Bryant, our first great American poet, was reared among the rugged Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. The excellent library of his father, who was a country physician, probably had far more effect on the boy than the dull district school he attended. Bryant grew up in close touch with nature and the simple farm surroundings, and this lonely life may have tended to make him rather more serious and thoughtful than most boys of his age. When he was nine years old, he was putting his thoughts into verse in the stately fashion of the English poets of that time.

1. To whom is the poet speaking in the first stanza?
2. After a good reader has read aloud this entire poem in class, tell under what circumstances it was written. (See note above.)

3. How does the poet speak of the sunset? What characteristics did Bryant show in stopping to enjoy the sunset and to watch the bird? Describe the appearance of the bird against the sky.

4. What words in the fourth stanza emphasize the thought that there is no path or road for the bird to follow through the air?

5. What comparison does Bryant make between his life and the flight of the bird?

The Lyric

"To a Waterfowl" is a lyrical poem. Since many of the poems in "The World of Nature" are lyrics, it will be well for you to keep in mind some of the distinguishing characteristics of this form of poetry. The lyric is a poem having a song-like quality. It takes its name from the lyre, a harp played by the ancient Greeks to accompany their songs. The lyric does not tell a story as do some poems. It is the poet's expression of an emotion such as love, joy, sorrow. A great lyric not only expresses the poet's feeling, but it has the power to make us feel. We learn through it to feel tenderness, or pity, or sorrow, or happiness.

"To a Waterfowl" is a true lyric. What feeling caused Bryant to write these lines? Other well-known lyrics by Bryant are "Robert of Lincoln," a poem in which he gives us a glimpse of his quiet humor; "March," "The Gladness of Nature," and "The Yellow Violet," poems in which he expresses joy at the return of spring; "The Death of the Flowers," a poem that commemorates the death of the poet's sister; and "To a Fringed Gentian," a poem of hope.

As nature is a favorite theme with poets, you will, no doubt, meet many lovely lyrics in your magazine reading.

Newspaper Reading

William Cullen Bryant, as editor of the New York *Evening Post,* influenced the thinking of a large circle of readers. Since that time the newspaper has constantly grown in power, until today it is one of the important factors in American life and education.

Bring to class copies of some local newspaper and show that there is a regular place for general news, editorials, society news, sports, market reports, jokes, cartoons, weather reports, and advertisements; of what advantage to the busy reader is a definite place in the paper for each of these? *Headlines* in large type call attention to the story,

and *leads* in smaller type directly under the headlines give a brief summary of the story. How do these, also, help to save the reader's time?

When was the first newspaper started in your community? Have you seen copies of newspapers printed one hundred years ago or printed during the Civil War? If you can, bring to class copies of old-time newspapers and compare them with those of today.

Keep a class scrapbook for current events and for interesting newspaper mention of literary men and women and their works. Do you have a regular time in your school for reporting on current events? Bring to class clippings from current newspapers that refer to stories, authors, or characters found in your text such as Rip Van Winkle, Evangeline, Kipling, van Dyke, etc.

Read again the discussion of "What Is Literature?" pages 9 and 10. Is a newspaper article a true example of literature? What is the chief value of newspapers?

TAMPA ROBINS*

SIDNEY LANIER

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee;
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
  Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
  Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange planets; crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
  And thrill the heavenly orange tree
  With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

*From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange tree:
'Gramercy, winter's tyranny.'

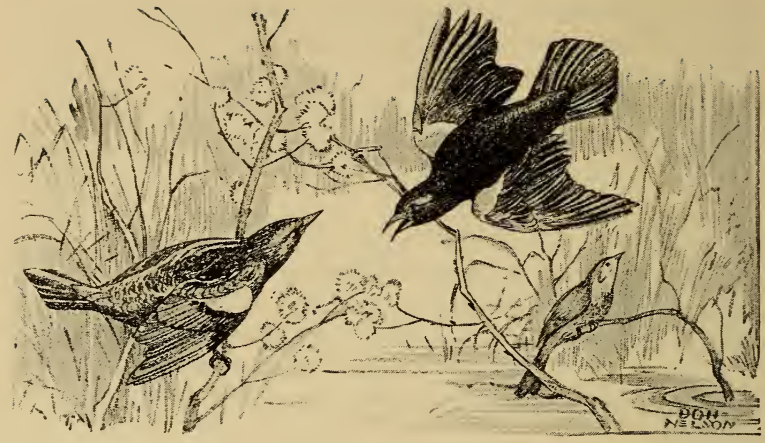
"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold:
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me;
Bestir thee under the orange tree.' "

Notes and Questions

Sidney Lanier (1842–1881) is one of the Southern poets, having been born in Macon, Georgia. The home life of Lanier and his brother was a very happy one, because the boys were both talented musicians. Sidney Lanier showed remarkable ability in music at an early age and was able to play almost any kind of musical instrument. In the little parlor of the Lanier home the neighbors and friends gathered in the evenings to enjoy the impromptu musical entertainments given by the boys, their mother accompanying them on the piano.

1. Locate Tampa, Florida, on your map. If you were not told the name of the bird, what lines would tell you that the robin is meant? Why is Time described as carrying a scythe? Name the things that mean bliss to the robin.

2. How does the robin feel toward winter? Explain the meaning of the line, "My wing is king of the summer time."



THE REDWING

BLISS CARMAN

I hear you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,

Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

Notes and Questions

Bliss Carman, a Canadian poet, made his greatest appeal through his lyrics, interpreting the beauty and wonders of the nature world. He was no mere landscape painter, but translated and interpreted for us as only a poet can whose feeling for nature is keen and deep. Mr. Carman, whose birth month was April, sang much of the early spring, and his songs were always new, fresh, and spontaneous, never monotonous.

1. Read again "The Lyric," page 55, and be able to prove that "The Redwing" is or is not a nature lyric.
2. Who is the speaker in this poem? Whom does he address as "Brother"? What is "the moving vanguard" of spring in your locality?
3. Describe the redwing so accurately that one could recognize it when he sees it. Where is the redwing most often seen?
4. Name the things that go to make up the "pageant of spring." What other word might the poet have used instead of "sibyl"?

Learning by Heart

You will wish to learn by heart some of the beautiful thoughts brought to you by the nature poets, so that these gems may be with you always. The memorizing of literary selections has many distinct educational advantages. It enriches your vocabulary and gives you a storehouse of beautiful expressions. It supplies you with a number of lofty thoughts artistically expressed, a permanent store of literary treasures which you can quote at will. Memorize the poems and quotations you like best. Perhaps you will wish to commit to memory "The Redwing" by Bliss Carman. If not, choose some other poem in this group to memorize, and be prepared to give it in class.

THE MOCKING BIRD

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

John James Audubon, an American naturalist and ornithologist, was born in Louisiana. His earliest recollections were "associated with lying among the flowers of that fertile land, sheltered by the orange trees, and watching the movements of the mocking bird, 'the king of song,' dear to him in after life from many associations."

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and the groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of

exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love song of the mocking bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted near his mate than, as if his breast were about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For awhile, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well do the birds know that man

is not their most dangerous enemy, that, instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their

safety. The dewberries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do. . . .

In winter nearly all the mocking birds approach the farm-houses and plantations, where they live about the gardens. They are then frequently seen on the roofs, and perched on the chimney tops; yet they always appear full of animation. While searching for food on the ground, their motions are light and elegant, and they frequently open their wings as butterflies do when basking in the sun, moving a step or two, and again throwing out their wings. When the weather is mild, the old males are heard singing with as much spirit as during the spring or summer, while the younger birds are busily engaged in practicing, preparatory to the love season. They seldom resort to the interior of the forest either during the day or by night, but usually roost among the foliage of evergreens, in the immediate vicinity of houses in Louisiana, although in the eastern states they prefer low fir trees.

The flight of the mocking bird is performed by short jerks of the body and wings, at every one of which a strong twitching motion of the tail is perceived. This motion is still more apparent while the bird is walking, when it opens its tail like a fan and instantly closes it again. . . . When traveling, this flight is only a little prolonged, as the bird goes from tree to tree, or at most across a field, scarcely, if ever, rising higher than the top of the forest. During this migration, it generally resorts to the highest parts of the woods near watercourses, utters its usual mournful note, and roosts in these places. It travels mostly by day.

Few hawks attack the mocking birds, as on their approach, however sudden it may be, they are always ready not only to defend themselves vigorously and with undaunted courage, but to meet the aggressor half way, and force him to abandon his inten-

tion. The only hawk that occasionally surprises the mocking bird is the *Falco Starlen,* which flies low with great swiftness and carries the bird off without any apparent stop. Should it happen that the ruffian misses his prey, the mocking bird in turn becomes the assailant and pursues the hawk with great courage, calling in the meantime all the birds of its species to its assistance; and although it cannot overtake the marauder, the alarm created by their cries, which are propagated in succession among all the birds in the vicinity, like the watchwords of sentinels on duty, prevents him from succeeding in his attempts.

The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists and persons who find pleasure in listening to the songs of different birds while in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species, in confinement and in the wild state, and without prejudice have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European philomel equal to those of a soubrette of taste, which, could she study under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the mocking bird is, in my opinion, quite absurd.

Notes and Questions

1. Read the lines which tell you whether the author wrote this description from memory or while he was actually visiting the scene described.

2. This selection was written to give you interesting information about the mocking bird. If you have read carefully, you will have no trouble in recalling the facts. Test your reading by answering the following questions:

(*a*) In what state is the home of the mocking bird described by Audubon?

(*b*) Where do mocking birds usually build their nests, in the forests or near the farmhouses? Why?

(*c*) What five materials were collected by the mocking bird for the building of the nest?
(*d*) How many eggs are deposited in the nest?
(*e*) Where do these birds find food for their young?
(*f*) At what age does the brood leave the nest of the parent birds?

3. Select and read aloud lines which:
(*a*) Best describe the song of the mocking bird.
(*b*) Give the most beautiful description of nature.
(*c*) Describe the courting of the mocking bird.
(*d*) Lead you to believe this bird is a happy creature.

4. Prepare a special report, oral or written, on the work that is being done by the "National Association of Audubon Societies" for the conservation and protection of bird life. (Consult the encyclopedia and *Bird-Lore,* the official magazine of the Audubon Society.)

5. There are difficult words and phrases in "The Mocking Bird." Some of these are given below; other words and phrases are included in the Glossary: *vernal, diversified, exultation, modulations, vigilant, philomel.*

exuberant fertility (p. 61)
extent of its compass (p. 61)
attunes his pipe anew (p. 62)
propagated in succession (p. 64)
soubrette of taste (p. 64)
finished talent (p. 64)

You will find *Birds of America* by Audubon a very interesting and entertaining book. It contains four hundred thirty-five colored plates and ten hundred fifty-five life-sized pictures of birds. Audubon's pictures are unrivaled in their exact reproduction of form and color.

BIRDS OF THE SOUTHERN WINTER

Archibald Rutledge

To the blizzard-bound Northerner there is no more fascinating form of imagination than to picture to himself the sunny homes that have been found by his bird friends that have migrated southward. Yet few bird-lovers can have an accurate idea of the winter surroundings of their summer favorites unless they have observed them in the South.

It is a well-known fact that the robin changes his disposition with his location; he may be the most confiding and friendly companion when on the lawn, but at a distance from a house, he is apt to develop traits of wildness and suspicion. The characteristic of wariness is always found among robins in the South. In general, the robin is songless in his winter quarters, his only notes being his liquid word of alarm and his shrill flight call. Occasionally, however, a flock will give voice to a subdued chorus, audible at a considerable distance through the hollow-echoing piney woods. These great pineries of the Southland, together with the swamps that drain—or more often do not drain—them, harbor robins in vast numbers. Near the mouth of the Santee River in southeastern South Carolina the writer recently tried to estimate the number of robins in a flight that was changing swamps. How wide the flight was is not known, but the portion upon which the estimate was based passed over an open field, completely surrounded by tall pines, a quarter of a mile long by a half-mile wide. Over this space the robins flew from noon until dusk—about five hours. At any fixed period there must have been a thousand robins in sight; so, estimating that it took a robin a minute and a half to fly across the field, the total number seen could not run far short of two hundred thousand. Probably the number was much greater. During this hurried pas-

sage the birds were silent except for an occasional flight call, which would be answered by a score of similar cries.

In the liberal semi-tropical woods of the South the robins have a "continual feast of nectared sweets." They feed chiefly on the black berries of the gum tree, on those of the tupelo, on the scarlet ones of the holly, the cassena, and the baybrier, and on those of the wild orange. They are also very fond of the faintly sweet crumpled yellow berries of the Pride-of-India tree. The swamps and thickets are full of berry-laden vines, while every watercourse is lined with growths bearing succulent fruits.

One of the most beautiful sights in all the pine woods of the South is that of a flock of robins feasting in a holly tree. The bark of the tree is grayish white, and the leaves, of course, are those of a typical evergreen. The holly often attains—especially near water—a height of fifty or sixty feet, and is usually cone-shaped, like many varieties of cedar; and when its glossy foliage is starred with myriads of twinkling scarlet berries, its beauty is supreme. When the redbreasts, roaming the wide woods, come upon such a glorious find, they are as happy as little children are over the beneficence of Santa Claus. They crowd into the green foliage, their bright breasts flashing back and forth against the dark green of the leaves and the shadowy snow of the trunk and branches or blending in glistening beauty with the color of the berries. As the winter advances, robins draw in from the pine woods and the swamps to cities, villages, and plantations, where they find winter-mellowed fruit awaiting them. In such environments the robins lose much of their wild and wary nature and become friendly, confiding birds of the Northern spring and early summer.

When the first breath of autumn tinges the Southern woods, the catbirds arrive and immediately begin their foraging for pikeberries. This luscious bird fruit is commonly found along fence rows, in grown-up cleared ground, and on the borders of thickets; and there our querulous arrival is to be seen whisking from pikeberry bush to rail fence, where he will fluff up his

feathers, then smooth them—actually flatten them—and, flirting his red-tinged tail, will peer inquisitively from side to side, giving his cautious, questioning call.

Cedar waxwings are welcome visitors to the South in the winter, for, while they are shy and silent, their manners are attractively demure and their plumage rivals in delicate tints the exquisite blending of shades usually found only on game birds. They are late nesters in the North; it is often as late as August before a brood is reared. When their scattered bands wander southward, they unite; so frequently they may be observed in flocks of several hundred. The food they enjoy most is the waxen berry of the mistletoe, though in general they eat just what robins eat, and the two species are often found associated together.

Among the bird sights that have the power to impress through sheer wonder and astonishment none is greater or more beautiful than a vast concourse of red-winged blackbirds, either covering long aisles of cypresses as with a sable mantle, or "balling" in inky clouds over the rice stubble. It is estimated that in such flocks the number runs close to half a million. Sometimes they light in some favorite feeding-place—as where a stack of rice has stood—in such countless numbers that they actually swarm on one another's backs, seeming to be two or three tiers deep. Blackbirds in the winter resort to the river marshes and the waste thickets of delta lands, both to feed and to roost. In company with the redwings, there are often boat-tailed grackles, Florida grackles, and rusty blackbirds. Occasionally, too, there will be seen an albino of one of these species, a most odd and surprising sight.

Blackbirds are very destructive to rice, both while it is in the field and after it has been stacked. The tops of the stacks are soon shredded of their grain; but birds forage along the sides all winter. Some kinds of birds, particularly blackbirds and several varieties of the sparrow family, beleaguer the rice all day; but it is at dawn or at twilight that the stacks are gather-

ing places for all the birds on the plantation. There flames the cardinal, his haughty crest rising and falling with every change in his subtle and various emotions; there the blue jay, ceasing his endless pranks and his noisy clamoring in the live-oaks, will sail out to the top of a tall tree to find his supper at a common table among humbler companions; sometimes the tufted titmouse will feed on rice, as also will flickers; most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the appearance of a hermit thrush among the motley concourse of birds.

In general, the birds of the Southern winter are not singers; and the absence of the lyric strain is a serious defect in a character, whose chief charm, as in the case of song birds, is romantic. But probably we should not love their songs half so well if we could hear them all the time. During the winter months even the glorious mocking bird is a harsh-mannered, harsh-voiced neighbor, though a balmy, bright hour is apt to melt his heart and to lure him into song. Probably the cheeriest, bonniest, of all the

winter birds is the intrepid, the dauntless, the deliciously pert and inquisitive Carolina wren, whose carol rings merrily from the faded garden or from the wind-swept woodpile. During all the months of bare trees and north winds he is singing jauntily, always with his busy air of absurd importance.

No migrant changes its nature so completely during different periods of the year as does the bobolink. In the North, where this sportive songster is found in grassy meadows and along reed-grown streams in the summer, he is the personification of blithe joy and abandon. Bryant's poem to him is an excellently accurate description of his summer nature; but during his stay in the South he is an entirely different creature. While he is not really a resident of the Southern states during the winter—he winters as far south as Paraguay and southern Brazil—his stay at the end of the summer is often six weeks in length—ample time in which to study a bird in a "stop-over" environment. In the ricefields of the South he is a most interesting as well as a most destructive bird, and his presence adds to the picturesqueness of the great rice harvest. The bobolinks arrive about August 20, and sometimes linger, if there is good feeding in grassy cornfields, until the first of October. When the birds first come, they are rather thin and shy, and their only note is a metallic monotonous "pink-pank." But as the season progresses, they become very fat and very tame, often sitting on the coffee-grass that lines the margins of the ricefield banks until the observer can almost catch them. The plumage of both sexes at the time is softly ocherous, with tints of brown and black on the back and wings.

The chief interest occasioned by this late summer visitor is rather expensive and rather unpleasant because of his destruction of the ricefields, but there are at such a time observations possible which are highly valuable to the student of bird life. Undoubtedly the most impressive of these is the fact of the ricebird's gluttony. He grows so corpulent that he becomes unwary, he loses his grace of flight, his voice changes from a tenor

to a lugubrious bass. Ricebirds roost in the marshes that border the rivers and in tall reeds that have taken possession of waste ricelands. Even there they are pursued by hunters who, blinding them with a lightwood torch, pick them off their perches. And, even though the birds are a nuisance to the South, for the sake of others who love them for their songs of the summer, laws should be passed forbidding the capture of birds at night.

The bobolinks pay the South another visit in the spring, when they are known as Maybirds. At that time they feed on the rice that is being sown. The males are then in full summer plumage and in full song. They precede the females in migration by a week or more and appear far more joyous than their soberer-hued helpmates. This spring visit to the South is very short, and the true bobolink as he is at this time is not so well known there as the ricebird is in the late summer.

A drive through the Southern woods in winter is a source of great delight to the bird-lover. The level roads, smooth as white sand can make them and fragrantly carpeted with pine needles, lead from dewy swamp to airy ridges, and by tiny farms that have been desperately wrested from the engulfing growth of the monstrous woods. In the native growths of pine and tupelo the birds most frequently met, and seldom found anywhere else, are the pine warbler, the brown-headed nuthatch, and the downy woodpecker. Occasionally, swinging far through the tinted vistas of the purple forest, there will be seen the magnificent black pileated woodpecker, which, with his flaming scarlet cockade, looks at a distance much as the lost ivory-billed woodpecker must have looked before the encroachments of men drove him out of his native haunts. From the grassy roadside flickers bound up startlingly, hurtle to near-by trees, and there hang, their heads peering over their shoulders. In sunny spaces along the road small flocks of doves will be seen, and frequently brown coveys of quail will troop gracefully over the sandy driveway or will huddle together until one passes. Through the sunlit woods large flocks of bluebirds can be seen, warbling that delightful

note that in the North heralds the spring. Meadow larks, while usually found in grainfields and cottonfields, are often met with in the pine woods, where they find excellent cover in the tall yellow broom sedge. Traveling together in small flocks, the Carolina chickadee and the tufted titmouse are frequently seen, as are also goldfinches, brown creepers, ruby-crowned kinglets, and blue-gray gnat catchers. If the observer be fortunate, it is quite likely that he may catch a glimpse of a blue-headed or a white-eyed vireo, an orange-crowned, a yellow-throated, or a palm, warbler, or even a Southern yellow-throat or a golden-crowned thrush. Most of the members of the sparrow family winter in fields rather than in woods; and so, if the road leads through cultivated lands, one may see vesper sparrows, savanna sparrows—along ditch banks—chipping sparrows, white-throated sparrows, and, most welcome of all, song sparrows, that sing throughout the entire winter.

Notes and Questions

Archibald Rutledge, of South Carolina, is a sympathetic student of Southern life and customs, as well as of nature in the Southland. His writings contain many tales of his thrilling personal experiences while hunting in the marshes and swamps of his native state. "Birds of the Southern Winter" is taken from *Days Off in Dixie*. You will find several other interesting stories in the same volume.

1. Describe the scene that Rutledge believes to be "one of the most beautiful sights in all the pine woods of the South."

2. Which bird mentioned by Rutledge do you think is his favorite? Read aloud lines to support your choice. What particular berry attracts the catbird?

3. Why is the cedar waxwing a most welcome visitor in the South? Give the reason why blackbirds are unwelcome. What changes take place in the bobolink during his six weeks' stay in the South?

4. Read aloud what you consider the best description in this article. Describe in your own words the scene that would greet you on "a drive through the Southern woods in winter."

5. Make two lists of the different kinds of birds mentioned in "Birds of the Southern Winter." The first list may contain the names of the

birds that live in your community; the second list may record birds that are strange to you and your locality.

6. From your list of familiar birds, choose one that is common to your locality and make a careful study of it. Then write a theme to be read to the class in which you describe the personal appearance, habits, and home of your chosen bird. Find colored pictures to assist you in your description. Use all available references to help you to make your report interesting, instructive, and attractive.

"Bird Songs and Call Notes," Hawkes (in *The Way of the Wild*), is an interesting reference you may like to read.

Special Reports

The reading period calls forth many interesting subjects that you will wish to learn more about and discuss with your classmates. You will find it worth while occasionally to make a report to the class on some particular subject in which you have become interested while reading. Most of these reports you will doubtless like to give orally, but some of them you may wish to present in written form. Whether your report is oral or written, it should:

(*a*) have an opening sentence which arouses the interest of your audience.
(*b*) tell worth-while facts.
(*c*) be well organized.
(*d*) have a carefully prepared summarizing sentence at the close.

Make a special report on one of the following topics:

(*a*) How birds help to keep down weeds
(*b*) "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand"
(*c*) "Shooting birds with a camera"
(*d*) Uncle Sam's refuges for birds

You will find *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia* helpful in preparing your talks on birds.

You may want to read one or more of these books about birds: *The Log of the Sun,* Beebe; "Some Famous Bird Travelers" and "The Travels of the Bobolink," Chapman (in *The Travels of Birds*); "The Flight of Birds" and "The Procession Passes," Wright (in *Gray Lady and the Birds*); "Bird Life in Winter" and "The Coming of Spring," Hudson (in *The Land's End*); "The Migration of Birds," Chapman (in *Bird-Life*).

MORNING-GLORIES

MADISON CAWEIN

They swing from the garden-trellis
  In Ariel-airy ease;
And their aromatic honey
  Is sought by the earliest bees.

The rose, it knows their secret,
  And the jessamine also knows;
And the rose told me the story
  That the jessamine told the rose.

And the jessamine said: "At midnight,
  Ere the red cock woke and crew,
The fays of Queen Titania
  Came here to bathe in the dew.

"And the yellow moonlight glistened
  On braids of elfin hair;
And fairy feet on the flowers
  Fell softer than any air.

"And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,
  They hung up, every one,
On the morning-glory's tendrils,
  Till their moonlight bath was done.

"And the red cock crew too early,
  And the fairies fled in fear,
Leaving their petticoats, purple and pink,
  Like blossoms hanging here."

Notes and Questions

Madison Cawein (1865–1914) was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and spent most of his life in his native state. When he was a small boy, he lived among the hills and meadows and woodlands. It was there that Cawein first learned to know and love nature, and to develop his powers of imagination.

When he began to write, his mind instinctively turned to the nature world he had loved from his early years. Most of the themes for his poetry are chosen from it. Cawein will be remembered as one of America's sweet singers in verse.

1. The poet made a compound word by combining the name Shakespeare gave to a fairy with the word "airy"; what do you think was his purpose in doing this?

2. In which stanza is the name of the flower first mentioned? Why do you think the poet withheld the name?

3. How does Cawein say he learned this story? Where does the poet think the morning-glories came from?

Other nature poems you may enjoy are "The Flowerphone," Brown (in *The Melody of Earth,* Richards); "The Seed," Fenollosa (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals,* Clarke).

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

Richard Le Gallienne

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet;
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Notes and Questions

Richard Le Gallienne (1866–), author and journalist, is "English by birth and education, but American by long residence."

1. If an artist were to make a sketch of May's house as described in the first two stanzas, what details should he put in? What details mentioned in the third stanza would be difficult to include in this sketch? How might they be indicated?

2. What three things form the main design of the carpet for May's house? If you have ever noticed the design of a handsome carpet, it will be easy to see how lines 12 and 13 furnish the smaller details of the carpet design. What might some of the "small miracles" and "tender, traveling green things" be?

3. Which line in the last stanza really expresses the main thought of the stanza? What does this line mean to you? In connection with this stanza, the following lines from Philip Freneau's "May to April" may be helpful and interesting:

> "Without your showers, I breed no flowers;
> Each field a barren waste appears.
> If you don't weep, my flowers sleep,
> They take such pleasure in your tears."

4. Select and read aloud the lines that seem most musical to you. Choose a classmate who can read the entire poem aloud to the class in such a way as to bring out its singing quality.

5. When you were in the lower grades, you probably made May baskets and filled them with blossoms, to be distributed among teachers and friends on the first of May. Read Robert Herrick's poem, "Corinna's Going a-Maying" (in *The Home Book of Verse,* Stevenson) and consult *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* or any other good source book, for suggestions as to old May-day customs and festivals. Organize your information into an interesting account, called "The Custom of May-day" or "The Meaning of the May," and obtain permission from your teacher to present it to the children in one of the lower grades.

THE PURPLE GRASSES

HENRY D. THOREAU

By the twentieth of August, everywhere in woods and swamps we are reminded of the fall. The purple grass is now in the height of its beauty. I remember still when I first noticed this grass particularly. Standing on the hillside near our river, I saw, thirty or forty rods off, a stripe of purple half a dozen rods long, under the edge of a wood, where the ground sloped toward a meadow. It was as high-colored and interesting, though not quite so bright, as the patches of rhexia, being a darker purple, like a berry's stain laid on close and thick. On going to and examining it, I found it to be a kind of grass in bloom, hardly a foot high, with but a few green blades and a fine spreading panicle of purple flowers, a shallow, purplish mist trembling around me. Close at hand it appeared but a dull purple, and made little impression on the eye; it was even difficult to detect; and if you plucked a single plant, you were surprised to find how thin it was and how little color it had. But viewed at a distance in a favorable light, it was a fine lively purple, flower-like, enriching the earth. Such puny causes combine to produce these decided effects. I was the more surprised and charmed because grass is commonly of a sober and humble color.

With its beautiful purplish blush it reminds me, and supplies the place, of the rhexia, which is now leaving off, and is one of the most interesting phenomena of August. The finest patches of it grow on waste strips or selvages of land at the base of dry hills, just above the edge of the meadows, where the greedy mower does not deign to swing his scythe; for this is a thin and poor grass, beneath his notice. Or, it may be because it is so beautiful and he does not know that it exists; for the same eye does not see this and timothy. He carefully gets the meadow

hay and the more nutritious grasses which grow next to that, but he leaves the fine purple mist for the walker's harvest—fodder for his fancy's stock. Higher up the hill, perchance, grow also blackberries, John's-wort, and neglected and withered, the wiry June grass. How fortunate that it grows in such places, and not in the midst of the rank grasses which are annually cut! Nature thus keeps use and beauty distinct. I know of many such localities, where it does not fail to present itself annually and paint the earth with its blush. It grows on the gentle slopes, either in a continuous patch or in scattered and rounded tufts a foot in diameter, and it lasts until it is killed by the first smart frosts.

Notes and Questions

For over two years Henry Thoreau lived alone in a cabin built by himself near Concord, Massachusetts. Here he studied nature and secured the material for his most famous book, *Walden*. This book tells the story of Thoreau's life in the out-of-doors. In it are many comments on life, politics, and literature, but it is as a work about nature that *Walden* lives and continues to grow more popular each year. This volume alone would place Thoreau among the greatest of American writers.

If you should go to Walden Pond today, you would find, close to the spot where the little cabin stood, a large heap of stones that has gradually been raised to Thoreau's memory by the hundreds of pilgrims who yearly visit this literary shrine.

1. Describe the scene in which the purple grass was first noticed by Thoreau. To what does the author compare the color of the purple grass?
2. Explain in your own words the following statements:
   (*a*) "Such puny causes combine to produce these decided effects."
   (*b*) "Nature thus keeps use and beauty distinct."
3. Of what flower is the poet reminded by the purple color of the grass? Where does the purple grass grow most abundantly? Why does the mower leave it unmolested? Who gets the greatest benefit from it?
4. Explain Thoreau's meaning in the phrase, *"fodder for his fancy's stock."* Read aloud the lines in the selection that you like best.

A VAGABOND SONG

BLISS CARMAN

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

You will find a note about Bliss Carman on page 59.

1. To what does the poet say his heart keeps time? Where does he see these colors? How does the color of the maples affect him? What connection do you see between scarlet and the sound of bugles?

2. To what does the poet compare the color of the asters? How does Carman make you feel the "flame" color of the hills?

3. Who calls the vagabond by name? Who is the vagabond? Compare your own feelings about autumn scenery with the emotions expressed by the poet.

Here are some nature poems you may enjoy: "Cadences," Clover, "The Joy of the Hills," Markham, "Wander-Thirst," Gould (in *Poems of Today,* Cooper); "Up a Hill and a Hill," Davis, "The Path That Leads to Nowhere," Robinson (in *The Melody of Earth,* Richards).

SALUTE TO THE TREES

HENRY VAN DYKE

Many a tree is found in the wood,
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarlèd root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for the shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream.
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gift to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwelling of man, and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open my window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

Notes and Questions

Henry van Dyke (1852-1933) was one of the best loved and most useful of our American writers. Whatever work he engaged in, he always found time to enjoy the out-of-doors. One of his daughters writes this: "Our earliest recollections of our father are in connection with fishing and camping expeditions. When he was away, we always thought he had 'gone fishing,' and our most youthful ambition was to go with him."

For over forty years, in both prose and poetry, this great author opened the eyes of his readers to the lovely things of nature, and by another kind of writing helped "to lift the world up and make it a better, happier one than he found it." Van Dyke, after retiring from active life as a teacher, kept busy filling lecture engagements all over the country.

1. Find at least six uses of trees given by the poet, and quote one or more lines from the poem to show why "each is good." For example: *fuel. "And some to keep the hearthstone warm."*

2. Van Dyke refers to the tree by several different names. For example: *"a shrine of song."* Find five other names.

3. Van Dyke calls trees "an arch in the temple of God." Read Longfellow's "My Cathedral" (in the *Poetical Works of Longfellow*) and compare and contrast the thoughts of the two poets, stating in your own words the likenesses and differences you discover.

4. Of what use are the roots of trees? The leaves? Explain the poet's meaning when he calls the tree "a shrine of song"; "a dome of delight."

5. Be prepared to tell the meaning of one of the following quotations:

(*a*) "Slim and black and wonderful with all unrest gone by,
The stripped tree-boughs comfort me, drawn clear against the sky." (From "Winter Branches," Widdemer)

(*b*) "When I see their (the elms') magnificent domes, miles away in the horizon over intervening valleys and forests, they suggest a village, a community there . . . I find that into my idea of the village has entered more of the elm than of the human being. They are worth many a political borough. They constitute a borough. The poor human representative of his party sent out from beneath their shade will not suggest one tithe of the dignity, the true nobleness and comprehensiveness of view, the sturdiness and independence and the serene beneficence that they do." (From Thoreau in *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals,* Shepard)

(*c*) "To heal mine aching moods,
Give me God's virgin woods,
His cloistered solitudes
Where none intrudes!"
(From "The Healing of the Wood," Scollard)

6. Take a tree census of your town or neighborhood, allotting certain portions to each pupil, and report the results to the class. An excellent book to aid you in naming the trees is *The Forester's Manual,* or *Forest Trees of North America,* by Ernest Thompson Seton. After this report has been given, the class should decide upon ways of improving the tree situation in the neighborhood.

BOB-WHITE: A VANISHING GAME BIRD

Dallas Lore Sharp

You will enjoy reading *Sanctuary! Sanctuary!,* the book from which "Bob-White: a Vanishing Game Bird" is taken. In this book Mr. Sharp urges the preservation of wild life, and the study, knowledge, and love of it, in order that we may the better appreciate the beauty of the world in which we live.

Out of the swampy tangle in the hollow I hear the morning notes of the wood thrush, a shy, hidden minstrel, a voice of the woods at prayer. Below in the open meadow tumbling cataracts of bobolinking come tinkling up to me. I saw two male bobolinks over in the meadow yesterday, just returned from their winter journey, and newly wed, and dangerously happy—a human view! They could not stay down in the lush grass for a whole minute together, so bubbling were their spirits, so buoyant were their souls with song.

All the air this morning is lively with cries and calls, for this is early June, the lovely din close caught to earth, where everything seems listening except these singing birds. And now the quiet speaks, or seems to me to speak, so unaccustomed am I to the call of the quail. High above the nearer notes, and off beyond the meadow under the wall of the woods, I hear the clean-cut whistle, "Bob-white! Bob-white!"—round and tender, each throbbing syllable a clear pure curve of melody, almost of color, as it arches the meadow and falls upon my ear. Except for the protection of our Hingham sanctuary I should in all probability never hear bob-white whistling from the gray stone fences on my side of town again.

Bob-white needs a sanctuary and needs it now. Hardier, it may be, than the heath hen, and readier for human associations, bob-white might forever hold his own. It is the family we must save while it is still a family, spread as a family and conscious that it

is a family. Reduce a family to a handful of individuals, and its spirit is broken. Let a species begin to slip, and something racial seems to overtake it—a loss of heart and vital strength and natural instincts; fewer young are raised; and, conquered as a race, it seems as a race to pass within the shadow of its doom.

The singing of the bobolinks is the merrier, I think, for the law New Jersey has recently passed placing these birds upon the protected list. I was a New Jersey boy, loving the tall reeds of the river flats as much as the bobolinks, where in autumn I have seen the birds slaughtered by the thousands. As soon as the big reeds began to ripen, the bobolinks—or "reedbirds" or "ricebirds," as we called them—moving south, would swoop down upon the meadows, and down upon the birds would swoop the city gunners. The destruction was awful. That is forbidden now.

Behind this new law, however, and stronger than the law, is the growing sympathy and understanding of the people. Much as we need such laws, they are worse than null unless those who write them upon the statute books first write them upon their hearts. Love and law will save the bobolinks. It is love that knows his song, knows his story, knows his significance in a world of men and meadows. This is spirit—which makes the letter of the law alive.

Every reason for protecting the bobolink, or any bird, is a reason for protecting the quail. Only the beauty of his scaling flight—a perfect mark—and his plump body can be advanced for killing him. He ought at once to be taken from the game-bird class, except in private preserves, and placed securely among the insect-eaters as the friend of man.

Bob-white is a seed-eater, a prodigious seed-eater, there is no denying that, and, according to Mrs. Margaret Morse Nice in Volume III, Number 3, of the *Journal of Economic Entomology,* a single bob-white in a single day has been known to eat of barnyard grass 2500 seeds; beggar ticks, 1400; black mustard, 2500;

burdock, 600; crab grass, 2000; curled dock, 4175; dodder, 1560; evening primrose, 10,000; lamb's quarter, 15,000; milkweed, 770; pepper grass, 2400; pigweed, 12,000; plantain, 12,500; rabbit's foot clover, 30,000; round-headed bush clover, 1800; smartweed, 2250; white vervain, 18,750; water smartweed, 2000; besides—but this leaves no reasonable doubt of bob-white's being something of a seed-eater.

For a day of three square meals, 122,205 seeds, and every seed of them a pest! Besides these, I was starting to say, bob-white is the enemy of 145 species of injurious insects, including cutworms. And his appetite for trouble of this sort is as immeasurable as it is for troubling weeds.

A friend of mine in Illinois came recently upon a hen quail, surrounded by numerous chicks, and watched her climb the tall weeds to shake down the chinch bugs infesting them to her devouring brood. Some of the weeds and grass she bent down where the chicks could pick the bugs off, scratching hard to provide for her family, but scratching harder still, though she recked little of it, to provide for the family of my farmer friend —and myself.

Many a time I have followed the tracks of the quail in a freshly cultivated potato patch, where they have run about with havoc to the beetles. Paris green will do for the beetles, to be sure, but Paris green is expensive and dangerous. The immense economic waste borne annually by the nation on account of insects staggers the multiplication table. It is our greatest single loss. Over against these insect enemies, nature has set the birds. This is a bug-bitten, worm-eaten, louse-infested world. But what light the quail throws upon the situation! He was constructed to take care of 145 species of them. And the comfort of knowing that a single flicker has a counted record of 1000 chinch bugs for a meal; that a cuckoo has been seen to devour "250 tent caterpillars when disturbed in the *midst* of a meal"; and that in forty minutes a Maryland yellow-throat was observed to stow away a total of 3500 plant lice!

These are thrilling, no less than comforting, figures, or would be if only there were quails and cuckoos and flickers and Maryland yellow-throats enough. And we still have the chance to make them enough. But let the slaughter continue, and not only shall worms destroy our bodies in the grave, but they shall crawl over the land of the living and eat up the world.

Bob-white is "the most marvelous engine of destruction for the smaller pests of the farm ever put together of flesh and blood," says one of our scientists. And what a marvel, what a triumph of anatomical engineering is his competent, compact body! Is there known a better constitution than his?

The bird is literally born with his boots on. The Illinois friend who told me the chinch-bug story came upon a quail's nest in one of his wheatfields, and carefully mowed around the spot, hoping to spare the eggs. Passing that way a few days later, he stopped to take a look at the nest. The sun was beating down upon the unprotected eggs, only a few of which were left. The birds had abandoned their home, he thought. Probably a fox or skunk had raided it.

But as he looked, he imagined that one of the eggs stirred a little. A most mysterious thing! He came nearer and watched. The egg moved again, and he saw the pointed tip of a beak crack through the shell, and rapidly, right around in a circle, like some automatic punching machine operating from within, cut the shell in two. There was a kick, and a flop, and a popping, panting baby quail standing in the fierce sunshine. He caught his breath, took a squint at his hatcher in the sky, and hiked for cover, still damp from the shell.

Here is a bird that needs nothing but a chance, and less than half a chance at that. Vitality such as his needs food only, and we have the weeds and bugs. This strength and courage is characteristic of the family. The plumed quail, or valley quail of California, like bob-white, begins to scratch for himself almost before he is hatched. He is "on his mark" and ready to jump in the shell.

A pair of valley quail built a nest in a window box among the plants some six or eight feet from the ground. It chanced that the people of the house were ardent bird-lovers, and in their delight made the couple welcome to the window, the while they kept a most unneighborly watch upon the exquisite domestic affairs behind the big pane of glass.

As the time arrived for the eggs to hatch, everybody was concerned about the sheer drop from the window box to the ground. How would the chicks get down? Except for a small rosebush a bit to one side, there was nothing beneath the window to break the fall. Would the mother help them—on her back, as tradition has it, or in her mouth, as a cat carries her kittens?

There is a vast difference between a baby quail and a kitten. The first scatterbrain chick to hatch jumped right out of the box, to the horror of the watchers, without so much as a look beneath to see how far he might descend or where he might land,

and fluttering his stub wings like tiny fins, hit the ground with a thud, bounced up, got his feet, and staggered off—smashing home ties with the world's record for speed.

These birds are not of the apron-string class. Two or three more of the brood took the same sudden departure from the nest in the box, but most of the covey stayed a moment to reconnoiter, discovered the rosebush under the corner of the window sill, and dropped off into it, tumbling through the branches unhurt to the ground. None of them suffered damage, apparently. But it certainly speaks for a constitution when an infant goes after life in this manner and gets away with it.

Bob-white has everything to recommend him. I should like to see him taken out of the game-bird class over all his range and made the special subject for study and honor. Hardy, friendly, musical, beneficial, he is by nature and habits our particular ally, a buffer spirit, or rather a go-between,

> "In the primal sympathy
> Which, having been, must ever be,"

linking all life together, men and quail.

We must have a yet friendlier mind for all outdoors. Conservation calls for knowledge as well as for sentiment. A marked sign of these times is the extent of our outdoor study, in school, out of school, among young and old, and persons of every sort. It has had much educationing, and the mind of America is at last distinctly inquiring and sympathetic toward all wild life, though for many a wild form this knowledge and interest has come too late. It finds these shapes and races gone, their names forever blotted from the Book of Life. For others, like the heath hen, the California condor, the prong-horned antelope of our sage plains, it has come in time to help, and possibly to save.

All of this is a heavy price to pay for our dull wits and savage hearts. Yet nothing less than such irreparable loss could have aroused our fears and conquered our desire to kill. The lesson has gone none too deep even yet. See the senseless wild-life

slaughter going on in Africa, sweeping that mighty continent like a fire. And much of it by Americans, too! But over the whole of America the slaughter still goes on in spite of all that Americans have done in the way of protection. Yet a great and beneficent work has been started. Such far-reaching laws have been enacted, such a new, wiser, kinder care supplants the old spirit of slaughter, that we may hope for a new earth and such peace between wild life and human life as only the poets and prophets heretofore had dared to dream.

We do not need to band bob-white. His ways are known. The year around he will not wander farther than across the town. But as a game bird he is still a legal mark for the gunner. Time was when I have drawn a bead upon him as he rose from the stubble and scaled away on short spread wings over the old worn fence into the alder swale. It took time and honest thinking and self-denial to shift from gun to field-glasses, from shooting to watching, to know the difference between a frosty field with a living quail left in it and that quail a bunch of bloody feathers in my game bag.

We owe much good legislation to our sportsmen, no one wishes to deny that. But the plain fact remains that conditions for wild life have steadily and speedily changed for the worse, and that as matters stand, the sportsman who feeds and kills a covey of quail is not so good a conserver of birds as one who feeds them and lets them live.

And the clear, sweet call from under the wall of the woods this morning proves how quickly, if given a chance, bob-white will return. Not since 1904 have native quail nested about Mullein Hill. They have from time to time been introduced here and have strayed across from the sanctuary, whistling until the gunning season in the fall. Then silence again.

One autumn lately I was slow getting up my "No Gunning" signs, and the first day of open season on quail found me hastily nailing notices along the public road. The sportsmen were ahead of me, shooting over the meadow on the opposite side of the road, following up the only covey in the neighborhood. There

were two or three men and as many dogs. I knew my birds were finished.

Hurrying along with my warnings, I was driving a nail home when a gun spoke directly back of me, so close that I jumped as if I had been shot, and turning in my tracks saw a quail, wings wide open, head hanging, come up over the road and slide softly down at my feet, and at the foot of the maple tree under my futile sign!

The gunner approached and read my notice, looked at the dead quail, and said: "I'm mighty sorry. It's the last covey, too. We've bagged 'em all." Then pointing to the "No Gunning" sign, he went on, "Posting a little piece like yours won't do any good. We've got to post the whole country. But first we've got to be educated out of killing. I've shot all my life. It's hard to realize that a game bird does not belong to the man who can kill it according to the law."

"You won't be shooting this way again this season?" I said.

"No. This is my one day off. And this is the last quail."

"But I'm living here all the time," I went on. "I've heard that quail calling throughout the summer, and there isn't a sweeter call, is there? You have killed him for an instant's excitement. I would have had the pleasure of hearing him for a year to come. I suppose you will eat him?"

"That's all he's good for, dead," he replied, and picked up the bird, a beautiful male.

But the creature was not dead, not quite. Its body was paralyzed. A drop of blood was oozing from its conical beak. But its clear, beautiful eyes were wide open, as if for a last look upon the tinted woods and brown frosted fields of its home. There was no fear, no reproach, no sign of pain in the steady, gentle eyes. Death had laid his hand upon the wild thing, and it was all soul. Pressing thumb and forefinger beneath the drooping wings, the sportsman stopped the beating of the eager heart, dropped the exquisite creature into a canvas bag, and went his way.

I went my way, protesting—the open season, the pleasure of killing, and this swift, unfair, unprofitable doom.

Notes and Questions

The writings of Dallas Lore Sharp are very like those of John Burroughs, the naturalist; both authors show keen and accurate observation, sympathetic insight into nature, and respect for truth; and each writer is master of a peculiarly graceful and direct literary style.

Mr. Sharp may quite accurately be regarded as a poet-naturalist. He saw things as they are, and he saw them in relation to their surroundings. His alert imagination interpreted nature with keenness, certainty, and sympathy. Instead of roaming over the country to study nature, Dallas Lore Sharp believed in staying at home and "getting the honey" there. His advice is "to study nature in some locality—anywhere—the nearer home the better, provided there are trees, water, fences, and some seclusion." For himself and his readers, Mr. Sharp made his Massachusetts home a center of delight.

1. Find one or more sentences in this selection to prove each of these statements:

   (*a*) "We do not need to band bob-white."
   (*b*) "Conservation calls for knowledge as well as for sentiment."
   (*c*) "We must have a yet friendlier mind for all outdoors."
   (*d*) "Here is a bird that needs nothing but a chance, and less than half a chance at that."
   (*e*) "Every reason for protecting the bobolink, or any other bird, is a reason for protecting the quail."
   (*f*) "Love and law will save the bobolinks."

2. Give the author's meaning of one of these statements in a brief summarizing paragraph:

   (*a*) "The bird is literally born with his boots on."
   (*b*) "Bob-white has everything to recommend him."
   (*c*) "These birds are not of the apron-string class."
   (*d*) "It's hard to realize that a game bird does not belong to the man who can kill it according to the law."
   (*e*) "This is a bug-bitten, worm-eaten, louse-infested world."

3. Find at least four good suggestions for your conservation club given by Dallas Lore Sharp in this story. For example: *"We've got to post the whole country."*

4. Read aloud statements made by the author to prove that bob-white is the farmer's friend.

5. Prepare a special report to present to the class on one of these topics:

(*a*) One quail in the field is worth more to you than a dozen in a bag

(*b*) An ideal hunting trip consists of a good comrade, interesting country, and a camera instead of a gun

(*c*) "Help the birds, for they are helping us"

(*d*) The legal protection of birds in my state

6. Select and read aloud two statements which tell you that Dallas Lore Sharp is sad because of the destruction of bird life. For example: *"You have killed him for an instant's excitement. I would have had the pleasure of hearing him for a year to come."*

7. Make a study of the bird sanctuaries of the present time. You will find help in *Nature Magazine* and in the references listed below. Here are seven sanctuaries that should be included in your study:

(*a*) The memorial bird sanctuary in Hyde Park, London, dedicated to W. H. Hudson, writer and field naturalist. The memorial cost about $10,000, and the money was raised in England and America in small sums donated by the lovers of Hudson's books.

(*b*) The Hingham Wild Life Sanctuary. This is a tract of three thousand acres near Hingham, Massachusetts, where both birds and animals are protected.

(*c*) The Roosevelt Memorial Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

(*d*) The Baynes Sanctuary at Meriden, New Hampshire.

(*e*) The Kellogg Bird Sanctuary near Battle Creek, Michigan.

(*f*) The Bird Sanctuary on Avery's Island, Louisiana.

(*g*) Three-Arch Rocks, off the coast of Oregon, a sea-fowl sanctuary.

These references will be helpful in preparing your special reports: "Private Game Preserves" and "National and State Game Preserves and Bird Refuges," Hornaday (in *Our Vanishing Wild Life*); *Sanctuary! Sanctuary!,* Sharp; "Economic Value of Our Birds" and "Valuable Wild Life," Hornaday (in *Wild Game Conservation*); *The Bird Study Book,* Pearson; *The Bird Book,* Reed; *American Game Birds,* Reed.

THE PUZZLED GAME BIRDS*

THOMAS HARDY

They are not those who used to feed us
When we were young—they cannot be—
These shapes that now bereave and bleed us?
They are not those who used to feed us,
For did we then cry, they would heed us.
—If hearts can house such treachery,
They are not those who used to feed us
When we were young—they cannot be!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), "The Grand Old Man of Modern Letters," was a native of Dorchester, England. He was educated at local schools and by private tutors. For about ten years he worked as an architect and then, at the age of twenty-eight, turned his attention strictly to writing. Success came with his second novel, published when he was thirty-two. From then on, for more than fifty years, he wrote numerous novels, several volumes of short stories, and, in his later years, a considerable body of verse. In 1925, at the age of eighty-five, he published a notable volume of poetry.

1. To whom do the birds refer in the first two lines? What past good deeds do they recall?

2. What leads you to feel that the birds are not entirely convinced that their former friends are treacherous?

3. Prepare a special report on "Bird-banding." *Sanctuary! Sanctuary!,* Sharp, will be a helpful reference.

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HOW TO CATCH A BIRD

LELAND B. JACOBS

Don't hunt him with a sling or gun,
For that would surely spoil the fun;
For when all life has left his breast,
You then can pick up all the rest—
A crumpled body, red and small,
A bit of plumage, that is all.
You haven't got his song or call!
Don't kill him!

I'll tell a secret that I heard—
The perfect way to catch a bird.
Just get a bird book, called a guide,
And with field-glasses at your side
Go out into the woods and see
The bird perched up in some tall tree;
Stop, too, and hear his melody—
You've got him!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What do you get when you hunt a bird with a gun or sling? What do you lose? Which do you think is greater, the gain or the loss? Why?

2. What advice does the poet give you in this poem? You will find *The Bird Study Book,* by Pearson, helpful.

Other poems you may find helpful in your campaign for protection and conservation of bird life are "The Bloodless Sportsman," Foss, "The Catch," Bangs, "Three Things to Remember," Blake, "His Epitaph," Flynn, "A Bird in the Hand," Gale, "A Meadow Tragedy," Shorter, "Compassion," Hardy, "Stupidity Street," Hodgson (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals,* Clarke).

THE PLUCKING OF WILD FLOWERS

P. L. Ricker

Few persons can resist the temptation to pluck a handful of nature's jewels, no matter how rare they may be, and as quickly discard their wilted forms along the way. Many of the spring flowers, and especially those of the woodlands, are particularly susceptible to destruction from too much picking. Comparatively few of the spring wild flowers are so rare in most localities that they should not be picked at all in order to maintain their normal supply and provide for a moderate increase, but in this class should be included practically all of the orchids.

One may readily judge most other flowers by their abundance as to whether they may be picked very sparingly, in moderation, or freely. For the extremely rare kinds, certainly not more than one flower in ten should be picked and then rarely except for scientific purposes. Most of the middle group may have one in four or five picked with little danger of extermination. The last group includes many extremely bad weeds, together with an abundance of attractive flowers, most of which it would be impossible to exterminate if one tried. The greater part of these belong in the family with the aster, daisy, and goldenrod.

Notes and Questions

1. By what name does the author call flowers in the first sentence? Mr. Ricker is President of the National Wild Flower Preservation Society; what wild flower does he say is so rare that picking would mean extermination?

2. What general rule does the author give for picking wild flowers? What wild flowers are so abundant that there is no danger of extermination? For what purpose are you privileged to pick even *rare* flowers?

3. Make a booklet featuring the wild flowers of your community. Select, press, and mount a specimen of each kind of flower. Write a

short descriptive article or find an appropriate flower poem to accompany each specimen. You will find *Flowers Worth Knowing,* Blanchan-Dickinson, in *Little Nature Library,* a helpful reference.

Work-Type and Recreational Reading

You have discovered by this time that you read for many purposes; for example, you read "Ovis Poli, the Great Horned-Sheep," by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., to find out where these interesting animals live, and how specimens for museums are captured. "The Plucking of Wild Flowers," by Ricker, brings to you important facts which you should learn for future use. Both of these selections you probably read largely for information—to find out some interesting and helpful fact, to answer some worth-while question, to follow your teacher's directions, or perhaps to select some important point with its supporting details. Reading for these purposes we call *work-type* reading. It has to do with our work in discovering new facts and how we may apply these facts in our own lives. Thus most of your lessons in history, geography, civics, arithmetic, and science call for work-type reading. Almost all of the reading that you do in school for the definite increase of knowledge may be called work-type reading.

Recreational reading is simply reading for wholesome enjoyment. You probably would say that your reading of "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse" was recreational, because you read it for pleasure. In your leisure moments in school, at home, or in the library you choose a good book to read for recreation; for example, *Skyward,* by Admiral Byrd, or *The Leather-Stocking Tales,* by Cooper, are books which were written for you to enjoy.

Throughout life you will find occasion to use both work-type and recreational reading frequently, since these types contribute to your work and to your play. It is the desire of the authors that you learn to read effectively whatever you are called upon to read. Follow carefully the suggestions given in your text and by your teacher, in order that you may develop the proper skills in reading.

HERITAGE

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

This is the land that we love; here our fathers found refuge,
Here are the grooves of their plows and the mounds of their graves;
These are the hills that they knew and the forests and waters,
Glorious rivers and seas of rejuvenant waves.

Fruitful and broad are the billowing plains that they left us,
Mossy and cool are the trails that we tread as they trod,
Grand are the ranges and deep are the echoing canyons,
Holy and pure are the peaks as the altars of God.

This is our heritage, this that our fathers bequeathed us,
Ours in our time, but in trust for the ages to be;
Wasting or husbanding, building, destroying, or shielding,
Faithful or faithless—possessors and stewards are we.

What of our stewardship? What do we leave to our children?
Crystalline, health-giving fountains, or gutters of shame?
Fields that are fertile, or barrens exhausted of vigor?
Burgeoning woodlands, or solitudes blasted by flame?

Madly we squander the bounty and beauty around us,
Wrecking, not using, the treasure and splendor of earth;
Only is grief unavailing for glory departed—
Only in want do we count what the glory is worth.

Now let us heal and restore where we trample and plunder,
Cleansing and saving our shallowing rivers and rills,
Lending new life to the fields we have ravaged and beggared,
Calling new forests to gladden the desolate hills.

Then though we pass from the land that our fathers bequeathed us,
Mountain and river and wood shall our message renew—
"This is the land that we loved; oh, be faithful, our children!
Fair was it left to us; fairer we leave it to you!"

Notes and Questions

1. Describe in your own words the heritage "our fathers bequeathed us." Explain the significance of the lines:

"Wasting or husbanding, building, destroying, or shielding,
Faithful or faithless—possessors and stewards are we."

2. If we are good stewards, what shall we leave for the coming generations? How may we destroy our heritage for those who come after us?

3. What *"bounty and beauty"* does the poet refer to in stanza five?

4. What four suggestions has the poet made to assist us in restoring the damage we have done?

5. Read aloud the message that shall be carried on if *we* do our duty toward nature.

6. Read "Pawning the Heirlooms," by Emerson Hough, in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*. Compare this author's views on the preservation of our national heritage with Arthur Guiterman's. Which of the two selections did you enjoy the more? Why?

7. What is the meaning of the true "spirit of conservation"? (See "The Spirit of Conservation," Paine, in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*.)

8. Give in your own words the significance of the following quotations:

(*a*) "The groves were God's first temples."—*Bryant*

(*b*) "My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair, that rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."—*George Eliot*

WILD LIFE AND THE FOREST

William T. Cox

William T. Cox, graduate of the School of Forestry, University of Minnesota, has had wide experience in state and national forest services. As Assistant U. S. Forester at Washington in 1908, Mr. Cox had charge of reforestation, timber sales, and forest management of National Forests. He was instrumental in organizing timber protective associations in New England, the Rocky Mountain states, and the West coast.

To most of us an animal is more interesting than a tree or a weed or a flower. This is true even though the animal may be of little use to us and the plant essential to our well-being. Foresters have an unusual opportunity to observe the relationship or balance that exists between the trees and the wild creatures of the forest. I have studied this relationship long and with much interest, and I have come to believe a number of things that may seem rather shocking.

A forest is not merely a collection of trees. A forest, to function properly and to persist, must be balanced. It must have trees of different kinds as well as bushes and herbs, mosses and lichens, and fungi. It must have an insect population. It must have a bird population. It should have game birds and game animals. It is sure to have a rodent population—mice, squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, porcupines, and such gnawing creatures. Then, last but not least, there will be, apparently there must be, the carnivorous animals, the killers, the flesh-eaters.

What a little thing at times can upset the balance of nature! Set fire to the forest on a mountain range, burn over a marsh in the springtime when the wild fowl are nesting, blow out the rock ledge that for a thousand years has held back the waters

of a splendid lake, and you have profoundly affected the wild life of a considerable district. These things most people would notice. Less conspicuous happenings are occurring all around us practically unnoticed, causing the most sweeping changes and readjustments among the wild creatures we profess to know.

Nature seems to control all species through the appetite of some living things. If one kind of tree becomes too prevalent in the forest as a result of unwise logging, the insect enemies (admirers) of that tree wax fat and flourish until they have reduced the species to something like its normal position in the forest. In the meantime enemies of these insects have increased abnormally, because their supply of food for a time was so abundant. They now hold the other insects in check and thus prevent the complete wiping out of the species.

The same kind of thing occurs among animals. Mice became so abundant some years ago in the Red Lake country that they threatened to kill all vegetation over large areas. But foxes, weasels, and mink invaded the territory and in one year became so numerous that the mice were reduced to reasonable numbers. The foxes and weasels then had to feed on other creatures or migrate to find a better food supply.

Take out some of the insects that carry pollen from flower to flower, and some kinds of trees would no longer bear seed, and would thus disappear. Take out fly catchers and creepers among the birds, and in a few years moths or caterpillars would eat up the forest. Kill off the woodpeckers, and in a short time the bark beetles and boring beetles would girdle and destroy the trees.

If we trap and kill the skunks that feed on turtle eggs, the turtle, laying forty to a hundred eggs at a time, would soon thickly populate our inland waters and destroy fish life. But even the turtle in reasonable numbers probably serves a useful purpose in holding the so-called rough fish in check and preventing them from destroying our game fish.

We know that the heavy-seeded trees, like the oaks with their acorns and the nut-bearing trees, were distributed by having these heavy seeds carried across country, or from place to place, by wild pigeons, ducks, wild turkey, and other fowls, and then planted by squirrels. Have you never watched a squirrel planting acorns or hickory nuts? He digs the hole, jams in the nut or acorn, and then covers it with dirt to just the right depth.

Suppose we kill off the owls. Many people dislike owls because they are birds of prey and possibly because they look so wise and say so little. As soon as the owls were out of the way, we would have a plague of mice. I prefer a reasonable number of owls.

I know a district where the marten used to be quite plentiful. This valuable fur bearer has been trapped out, and his natural food, the pine squirrel, has increased to a point where it now collects and stores practically all of the pine seed produced in that territory. See what the price of fur can do to a pine forest!

The fisher is a fine fur-bearing animal and not so very plentiful anywhere. It is the natural enemy of the porcupine and is the only animal that can kill and eat a porcupine without danger of serious injury or death from quills. With fisher skins bringing fifty to one hundred dollars in the market, would it be surprising if the porcupine should feel happy and look forward to the time when his ungainly progeny would strip the bark from every pine and run the price of lumber beyond the reach of the wealthiest contractor?

Even the carnivorous animal that pulls down the deer or moose away back in the wilderness may be a friend, though a terrible friend, of the big game. Look at what is now happening on the Kaibab Plateau, Arizona. There, a few years ago, mountain lions and wolves were hunted relentlessly by government hunters. Now the mule deer, increased to thirty or forty thousand, has eaten out the food supply and is threatened with starvation. These animals have become so numerous as to be a menace to their own existence. They long ago became damaging to the

E.B.M.
NELSON

forest by destroying the little trees. It is a strange thought that a few wolves and mountain lions might have prevented much damage and headed off the threatened catastrophe among these deer by simply keeping the herd down to reasonable numbers.

I consider that in the Izaak Walton League we have an organization with somewhere near the right conception of conservation. Its members believe in conserving waters and woods and wild life all along the line. It is a job that cannot be done piecemeal.

Game protection and development is futile, without considering as fundamental the preservation of the forest and the proper management of other wild lands. Game and fur indeed are by-products of the wild lands, whether these lands bear trees, brush, or grassy cover.

As a consulting forester and engineer, I like to tell the owners of timber lands that, to be safe and profitable, woodland property, like a diversified farm, must have some variety, and that a proper balance is required not only among the different classes of trees, but also between the tree growth and the animal life. Even in a small tract of woodland, the game and other wild things constitute one of the assets of the property. In a state or the nation the wild creatures of hillside and mountain and stream are not merely useful; they are a vital part of the forests in which they live, and in turn they depend upon the forest for their food, their shelter, and protection from their enemies.

We cannot have wild life without the forest. Nor can we raise timber crops successfully without the aid of the wild creatures who work close to Mother Nature and who seem able to pull our human projects within the circle of God's plan.

Notes and Questions

1. Which is more interesting to you, an animal, a tree, a weed, or a flower?

2. Find one or more sentences in this selection to support each of the following statements:

(*a*) "A forest is not merely a collection of trees."

(*b*) "Nature seems to control all species through the appetite of some living things."

(*c*) "We cannot have wild life without the forest."

3. How may wild life be affected by a forest fire? Of what service are the woodpeckers? The skunks? The turtles? What share do the wild pigeons, ducks, wild turkey, and squirrels have in replanting our forests?

4. How does the wise-looking owl serve man? How may the demand for marten fur affect a pine forest? What animal may cause the price of lumber to advance?

5. What is the conception of conservation held by members of the Izaak Walton League? Explain in your own words why we cannot have wild life without the forest. How is the forest dependent upon wild life?

6. Summarize in one short paragraph the facts brought out in this selection.

A BACKWARD LOOK

A MERCHANT from time to time takes stock of his business to see what returns his investment is bringing him. It is well for you, too, after having read the selections in Part One, to see what profit your study has brought to you. Your reading, no doubt, gave you pleasure, the pleasure to be had from a good story or a beautiful poem. Which poets helped you to see new beauty in bird and flower and tree?

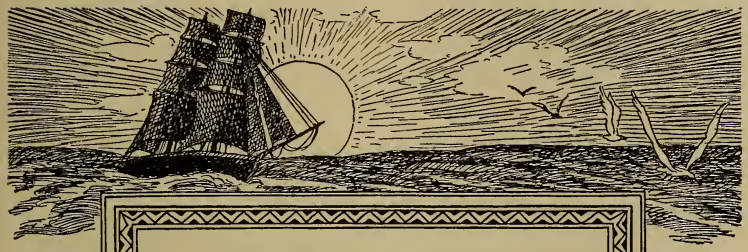
As you look at the Contents, page 5, you will notice that there are both poets and naturalists represented among the writers in Part One. Name five well-known poets and five well-known naturalists. What difference do you notice between the poet's treatment of a bird subject and that of a naturalist, such as Audubon?

Ernest Thompson Seton not only tells an interesting story, but he shows you qualities in Coaly-Bay that will make all animals more interesting to you and your treatment of them more sympathetic.

Which suggestion for helping to conserve wild flowers, trees, birds, and animal life did your class follow? Mention the names of national organizations for the preservation of wild life that are active in your community.

What progress have you made in becoming acquainted with your library, the arrangement of the books, the card catalogue, and *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature?* Are you keeping a record of your library reading as suggested on pages 24–25? Which of the magazines listed on page 36 are you reading? After reading about newspapers on pages 55–56, what interesting facts did you learn about your own paper? Which of the new books listed on page 525 have you read?

PART TWO
The WORLD OF ADVENTURE



THE SEA GYPSY

RICHARD HOVEY

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!
With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the Sea.

HOW TO READ ADVENTURE STORIES

ADVENTURE is something we all love to hear about. We enjoy our own adventures, the first airplane ride or the overnight hike and camping trip. It is thrilling if we ourselves can participate in such adventures as a hard-fought football or basketball game. It is only less exciting if we can sit in the grandstand and cheer and hold our breath as the fortunes of our team go up and down.

This section of our book is just as full of adventure as any game or any picture show. There is a great adventure in the air, told by Lincoln Ellsworth, a famous modern explorer. There are ballads, those fast-moving songs of action that we have already learned to know; and there are two extraordinary adventures in the world of fancy, one, the best Christmas story ever written, and the other, one of William Shakespeare's most exciting and joyous plays.

To enjoy all this you need just one thing, the power of making mind pictures, which we call imagination. If you wish to get the greatest pleasure from reading these selections, you must learn to see the stories as though they were plays acted on a stage.

Shakespeare makes one of his characters say to the audience:

> "Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth."

The same advice holds true in reading. See the story as you read, and from these accounts of adventure you may have your own private moving, talking pictures. Some people never find out this secret of reading. If you do, you will have a never-ending source of delight.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT

Alice T. Paine

This adventure takes you back to the time of the crusades in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. You will learn why the crusaders went to Jerusalem, and how they learned about the vast riches of the East. You will see how these riches were carried over the old Gold and Frankincense Road by the "ships of the desert."

You have probably read the story of Richard the Lion-Hearted, king of England in the twelfth century, who set out with an army of English and French knights on the third crusade to the Holy Land to fight the Saracens and win back Jerusalem to the Christian world. King Richard the Lion-Hearted is the most famous of the crusaders, but there were thousands and thousands of men from the British Isles, France, Germany, and Italy who joined in the many crusades of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to win the Holy Land from the Saracens.

Now look at a map and find England and Palestine (the Holy Land), and see how far apart they are. Then remember that there were no railroads or highways, no trains or automobiles or airplanes in those days—nothing but horses and mules and men's own legs to carry them where they wanted to go. Why did whole armies of men make the long and difficult journey from the Western world to the Eastern world, when most of them had to walk the whole way? They had to pass through the thick forests of central Europe, where bears and wolves still prowled in great numbers. They had to cross the high and difficult Alps, where the snow and ice were dangerous foes. When they reached Venice, at the head of the Adriatic Sea, they were obliged to crowd themselves, their arms, and their horses into the small,

frail ships of those days and sail to the shores of Palestine. When they landed at such ports as Joppa and Aden, wearied with their long journey, they had to fight the mighty hosts of the Saracens. Sometimes they won. Sometimes they lost. Many were killed in battle, and many died of disease. Thousands never saw their homes again.

What was the reason for the brave, but hopeless, crusades of King Richard and the other knights of the Western world?

There were two main reasons. The first was that people in those days believed that if they made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and visited the place where Christ had lived, their sins would be forgiven. So, for hundreds of years, men (and a few brave women, too) had been making the long, hard journey to the Holy Land. Then when the Saracens captured Palestine, they would not let Christian pilgrims enter. To the Christians of Western Europe this was a terrible thing, and kings, knights, and common people marched in great crusades to win back the holy places.

The second important reason was the spirit of adventure. Men in those days were just as eager to explore the whole earth as they are today. But during King Richard's time (which was two hundred years before Columbus discovered America) they did not even know that the earth was round. Therefore they did not dare to sail westward over the Atlantic Ocean, which they called the Sea of Darkness, for fear that they would reach the end of the flat earth and fall off. So the only way that they could go was eastward across the continent. Thus, two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, King Richard and the other pilgrims and crusaders discovered Asia.

And what did they find in Asia? When they landed on the coasts of Asia Minor and Palestine, they discovered the great desert caravan routes leading straight to the magic East. One of these was the "Gold and Frankincense Road," a main caravan road leading south from Damascus to Mecca.

Now Mecca is in southeastern Arabia, which is called Arabia the Happy because it is fertile and prosperous, and Damascus is on the edge of the northern deserts of Syria and Arabia the Desert. So the great caravans that traveled north along the Gold and Frankincense Road from Mecca to Damascus carried gold and incense (frankincense), spices and perfumes, from Arabia the Happy to Arabia the Desert.

Damascus is said to be the oldest city in the world. If you find it on a map, you will see that it is on the very edge of the desert. It is, in fact, the great market of the desert. Then, if you find Mecca, far to the South, you may trace the old Gold and Frankincense Road connecting them.

Other great caravan routes also lead to Damascus. Straight east across the desert lies Bagdad, the city of Haroun-al-Raschid and the Arabian Nights. Huge caravans from Bagdad came to Damascus bearing all the wonders of the far East—gold and silver, jewels, perfumes, fine silks, sugar and sweetmeats, rare spices, and drugs.

All these things the pilgrims and crusaders saw in Asia Minor and Palestine, and when they returned to their homes in the West, they took to the ladies who waited for them gifts of rare perfumes and rich silks, delicious spices and sweets, and drugs. Every great lady in England in those days had her "sweet coffer," a little casket containing the perfumes and spices brought to her from Asia.

Thus all Western Europe learned about the rare and beautiful products of the Orient and wanted to enjoy them. Crusaders became merchants, and commerce between the West and the East flourished. Venice, at the head of the Adriatic, sent her ships to all the seaports of Asia Minor and Palestine, and there they met the camel caravans from Mecca and Damascus and Bagdad, picked up the precious cargos that had come so far across the desert, and sailed back to Venice. From Venice the products of the Orient were carried all over Europe.

Now all this commerce between the East and the West depended chiefly upon the camel caravans of the desert, the hardest, most terrible kind of travel ever known, but the only kind that made communication between the East and West possible. People had not yet learned how to get to China and Japan and India by sea. There was in those days no Suez Canal by which ships could pass from the Mediterranean Sea to the Red Sea. Therefore the only way to India, China, and Japan lay through the terrible deserts of Syria and Arabia. Farther north were the great mountain barriers that men could not cross. So the deserts were the only way. In these deserts were killing heat and killing cold, hundreds of miles without water, sandstorms that smothered men to death, dangerous beasts of prey, and robbers that swooped down upon caravans to kill and to steal.

Men could never have crossed these vast wastes without the camel, the "ship of the desert." This wonderful animal seems especially made for desert travel. His stomach is provided with little pockets to store water, so that he can go for days without a drink. His hump provides a store of extra fat, so that he can go for days without food. His tough mouth makes it possible for him to eat hard and thorny desert plants. His flat, spreading, and well-cushioned feet do not sink into the sand as a horse's hoofs do. His knees have horny pads to protect him when kneeling to receive a load or to rest on the hot sand. His long neck enables him to see far over the desert and to reach far for the scanty reeds and grasses. The heavy lids over his eyes help to keep out the blowing sand. His ears are small, and though his nostrils are large, he can almost close them with folds of skin when he wishes to protect himself in the terrible sandstorms of the desert. His arched back can carry a great weight. The milk of the camel furnishes food in the desert. His hair can be woven into cloth for tents, into ropes, and into warm clothing. When a sandstorm overwhelms a caravan, his master can crouch down behind a kneeling camel and be sheltered from the worst of it.

Some people say that the camel is gentle. Some say that he is savage. Some call him stupid, and others, wise. At least he is necessary. When we see the great gray beast swaying along in a circus parade, with his head held high above the noisy crowd and his heavy-lidded eyes half closed, he looks bored and scornful. Perhaps he is dreaming of the days when he traveled the Gold and Frankincense Road and endured thirst and hunger so that men could have their rubies and diamonds and perfumes.

The camels of Arabia, those that travel the Gold and Frankincense Road, have only one hump. Farther north in Western China and Mongolia the two-humped camel is found. The dromedary is simply a lighter, swifter kind of Arabian camel, the finest type of camel known. It cannot carry such heavy loads as the big freight camels, but it is good for carrying messenger riders and travelers who wish to make fast time. From Damascus east to Bagdad and still farther east into India runs the caravan route known as the Dromedary Post Road to India, along which for many years swift dromedaries have carried important messages to India.

The usual freight caravan travels from six to eight hours a day and makes about three miles an hour. The usual camel load is about one thousand pounds. Sometimes a caravan is several miles long and contains many camels and hundreds of people. It is ruled over by a leader who has as much power over the caravan as a captain has over a ship.

If it is very hot, the caravan rests by day and travels by night under the brilliant desert stars. Sometimes in the silence of the night, a strange musical sound is heard, caused by the wind blowing the sand. In some parts of the desert, these "singing sands" are very remarkable. When the caravan stops to rest and eat, small tents are pitched, little fires are built of twigs, and coffee, the favorite drink of the desert, is boiled. At night the tiny coffee fires gleam brightly in the darkness. Around the coffee fires they talk over the news of the desert and tell

stories of robbers and the terrible spirits that are supposed to haunt the vast spaces of the Arabian sands.

There are many robbers in the desert, wild wandering tribes who live by stealing from the caravans, so that close guard must be kept. Along the great caravan routes are desert wells, and these are carefully guarded for the caravans. But sometimes they go dry, and then the caravan suffers. The camels cannot drink, and the men have to depend upon the water bags. Sometimes the caravan reaches an oasis in the desert, where there are date palms and water and houses. Here they may rest for a day or two and refill their water bags.

Sometimes the journey is so terrible that even the camels sink to the ground beneath their heavy loads and can go no farther. Then the desert seems cruel, and we see how brave and enduring men and camels must be to carry on the commerce of the desert.

Can you picture a long caravan of camels shuffling their slow way over the endless yellow sand under a blazing sun? The riders, sitting in the saddles especially made to fit the hump,

sway with the peculiar gait of the camel, which lifts both feet on the same side and then both feet on the other side, somewhat like a pacing horse. The Arabs wear loose robes of brightly colored stripes, which they wrap like hoods about their heads and faces to keep out the fierce glare of the sun and the stinging grains of sand. What is the caravan carrying in the boxes and sacks fastened across the camels' backs? Perhaps it is a butter caravan going with the clarified butter of Arabia, carried in skin bags, to some desert city. Perhaps it is a caravan of jade, taking the lumps of this beautiful stone to the jewelers to be carved into necklaces and bracelets of great price. Perhaps it carries pepper, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, camphor, or indigo. Or it may be laden with cloth-of-gold, rich silks, and fine muslins from India. Perhaps it is carrying precious rugs "like gardens of fresh colors and soft as the spring meadows." It may be an ivory caravan carrying elephants' tusks to the cities to be carved into exquisite shapes. Or it may be full of fine blades of Damascus steel or leather sleeping mats inlaid with gold and silver. It may be loaded with coffee or Turkish paste or other sweets.

Whatever the camel carries along these gold and frankincense roads of the desert is sure to be of great value and of small bulk, for the way is dangerous, difficult, and costly. It is a new story of "beauty and the beast." The beast carries the beauty to the world.

Many caravans carry passengers as well as freight and baggage, for people traveling in the desert need the protection of the caravan. If alone, they might lose their way and die of thirst, or be killed by robbers. But the men of the caravan do not lose their way. Their sense of direction is marvelous. Like the experienced sailors of the sea, these men who sail the "ships of the desert" find their way across the trackless sands in a way no man can tell. Of course they can read the stars, but even when the stars are hidden and the sand is as blinding as a fog, the caravan does not lose its way. The men of the desert can read it like a book, with camel tracks for print.

Today one can go from London to Bagdad in a few days. Near

Bagdad there is an airport, with regular aircraft service to Cairo in Egypt. A railway runs along the old Gold and Frankincense Road to Medina, and electric power performs its wonders in the Holy Land. Powerful liners and freight boats make the ports of China, Japan, India, and Ceylon to bring back precious cargos. But the day of the caravan is not over, and perhaps it never will be over. Automobile roads may cross the desert, as they do now in places, railroads will connect the great desert cities, and airplanes will sail the blue Syrian skies, but in all out-of-the-way places, in all the most difficult places, the camel caravans will still bring their precious loads to the markets of the world.

Notes and Questions

1. For what two main reasons did men join the crusades? What route did the English crusaders follow from the British Isles to Jerusalem?

2. A volunteer may make a blackboard sketch locating Damascus, Mecca, and Bagdad. Where was the Gold and Frankincense Road? The Dromedary Post Road? How did these caravan routes receive their names?

3. Explain why many of the crusaders became merchants. How did Venice happen to become so important? How was the commerce between the East and the West carried on? What were some of the dangers encountered in crossing the desert?

4. What fanciful name is sometimes applied to the camel? Try to tell ten different ways in which the camel is especially fitted for desert travel, using these words as a guide: *his stomach; his hump; his mouth; his feet; his knees; his neck; his eyelids; his ears; his back; his hair.*

5. Describe a freight caravan, as to:

(*a*) rate of travel
(*b*) its length
(*c*) its leader
(*d*) coffee fires
(*e*) appearance of riders
(*f*) different kinds of freight carried

6. What methods of travel are used today in the East?

AIR PIONEERING IN THE ARCTIC*

LINCOLN ELLSWORTH

Lincoln Ellsworth, one of the world's famous explorers, made a polar expedition by airplane in 1925 with Captain Amundsen, which he describes for you in this story. They did not quite reach the North Pole, but a year later they undertook another expedition, this time by dirigible, and sailed over the North Pole to Alaska, a crowning achievement.

It is fortunate that in the quest of the explorer romance joins with reality and that great adventure is found often to contribute to the welfare of mankind. It is strange how often big ambitions of life find realization from very small happenings. A chance acquaintance, an item in a newspaper, may prove to have been turning-points in life if you take the trouble to trace things back to their beginnings. Take my own case. I am certain I never should have gone to the Arctic had I not seen a small news-item buried inside one of our dailies, telling of Captain Amundsen's arrival in America on a lecture tour. This was in October, 1924. I was all packed ready to start for South America; in fact, I had my ticket bought—but the result of a chance meeting changed my plans, and instead of South America, I went to the North Pole.

To those of us who participated in both adventures—North to 88° by airplane and the first crossing of the Polar Sea by dirigible—the first, of course, will always be remembered as the greater, both because it was the first successful penetration of the Arctic via air and because so miraculous seemed the numerous escapes from destruction that it prompted the Bishop of Arizona to say to me, "Someone, surely, must have been watching over you."

*From *Boys' Life,* published by the Boy Scouts of America. Reprinted by permission.

Yes, I have no doubt in my mind that such was the case. Just listen to them in the order they occurred. But first the purpose of our flight with two airplanes must be made clear; neither Amundsen nor myself was interested in reaching the North Pole, because Peary had already been there. But beyond—lay what? Mystery—a mystery as luminous and yet as impenetrable as its own mirage—enveloped an area twice the size of Alaska. But in order to cover this immense area, it would be necessary to land at the Pole, to refuel one plane from the other, which we intended to abandon, so that we might reach Alaska, 1500 miles away.

We purposely chose five o'clock on the evening of May 21 for our start, so that the sun, which never sets at this time of year in that latitude, would be dead ahead in its circuit of the heavens; for we wanted a clear image unobstructed by the wings of the planes in order to hold our course by the sun-compass and at the same time secure sextant observations for latitude upon nearing the Pole.

As we had no idea upon what we were going to land, only faith that we would land safely on something, our two all-metal Dornier Wal planes were equipped for landing either in water or on ice.

As we ran smoothly over the ice of King's Bay for a mile in our take-off, little did we realize with what good luck fortune favored us, for the following year when we again returned to Spitzbergen for our dirigible flight, although the same time of year, lo and behold! instead of smooth ice, the harbor was nothing but a mass of upturned ice-blocks and open water. As the total weight of each plane with its load was six tons, we never could have taken off from land.

Everyone was skeptical about our being able to "take the air." Even the designer of our planes, who accompanied us to Spitzbergen, said that the attempt would be suicidal and that he would assume no responsibility whatsoever. We attempted no trial

flight before starting, fearful of some mishap; the control wires were stiff; we had an overload of 800 pounds apiece, and because of its weight and cost, carried no radio equipment. Although the rivets in the bottom of my plane were torn loose in sliding down the steep bank on to the harbor-ice for the take-off, which later was to cause her loss, and although we nearly met catastrophe by running into King's Bay Glacier, we did get off, telling the people that if we returned in three hours, to consider it as our trial flight; but if we didn't then, they would know we were on the way to the Pole.

They were not informed of our plan to continue on from the Pole, and so, instead of sixteen hours, when they expected our return, we gave them twenty-five days in which to think it over. And what a twenty-five days it was! Our trouble began when our trial flight should have ended—three hours after leaving King's Bay—when my mechanic, Omdal, passed a slip of paper to Dietrichson the pilot, telling him that the rear engine was hot; but there was no turning back now, although ever since leaving land, we were being heavily drifted to the westward by a strong northeast wind.

Amundsen describes the flight as "Just like jumping blindfolded into the Universe." There we sat, he in the navigating cockpit of one plane and I in the other, with nothing separating us from Eternity, so it seemed, but the thin metal bow in front. Behind sat the pilot, so far away, it seemed, as to give me a feeling of utter loneliness; and I seemed to be floating alone through the void like a lost soul, beyond the confines of a three-dimensional world. The 640 H.P. Rolls Royce motors above us roared defiance to the mystery and desolation that surrounded us and broke, for the first time, the silence, since the birth of this weird, strange world. With every hour that passed we were speeding seventy-five miles farther into the unknown.

Through rifts in the fog, which rolled beneath us like a great billowy ocean, we could see what lay beneath us. First we crossed

a great stretch of open sea, then on over an area of loosely floating ice-cakes—the broken fringe of the frozen Polar Sea, and on until, finally, as if by magic, the fog lifted to reveal to our astonished gaze the great "Polar-pack" in all its glory; and we looked down in wonder and amazement upon the most spectacular panorama of snow and ice ever beheld by the eyes of man. It seemed to me almost as though it were a sacrilege to intrude for the first time upon this serenely beautiful world, and as I gazed down upon it, I mutely hoped that it might never be desecrated by the foot of man; but that also is an affair of the spirit.

Eight hours had passed, and although it was thirteen degrees below freezing, still we didn't feel the cold. Directly ahead the sun, glowing a dull red, hung like an inanimate thing in a murky sky without cheer and without warmth. Could this be the North Pole? Yes, it must surely be, for I saw Amundsen's plane, which was ahead, descend and start to circle, and I knew he was looking for a landing, but, where among that chaos of "pressure-ridges" and upturned ice-blocks which looked as though some prehistoric giant had tried to wage war against the Polar Ice? Surely not into those narrow streaks and little lagoons of open water that nestled amongst the upturned ice, showing so dark green in contrast to the surrounding white?

Fortune was kind to us in our take-off from Spitzbergen. Here again is where it favored us. While we had flown six hundred miles, the exact distance of the Pole from Spitzbergen, our heavy drift to the westward of the meridian we should have followed made our "dead reckoning" longitude uncertain, and as we had been unable to obtain an observation for latitude, because of the foggy horizon, it behooved us to land somehow, in order to find out where we were. Here is where the miraculous came in. Both my own and Amundsen's mechanic had just reported the fuel supply half consumed. Below us lay the first open water, big enough for a plane to land in, that we had seen in our whole six-hundred-mile journey northward. Surely fortune was kind to us.

Upon landing we found ourselves to be in latitude 87° 44′ N. and longitude 10° 20′ W. Thus our drift of fifty miles off from our course, which means a great loss of longitude at that latitude, because of the convergence of the meridians at the Pole, was responsible for the loss in latitude and the fuel necessary to carry us to the Pole.

After emptying our bags, we began to wonder where Amundsen was. While Omdal kept at his bailing, Dietrichson and I climbed up on all the high ridges and ice-cakes we could find to scan the horizon with our glasses, but no Amundsen. "He must have gone on to the Pole," remarked Dietrichson. "No," replied Omdal, when he returned to the plane; "that's not like Amundsen."

It was not until six hours later that, with our glasses, we spied his plane, three miles off. Only the bow was visible, tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees above the top of the rough ice which surrounded it. Just ahead stood a great upturned block of blue ice. Of course we thought he had crashed until he told us by semaphore the second day—until which time he had no knowledge of our whereabouts—that in landing, his plane had nosed up on to an ice-shelf, which accounted for the position in which we saw it, just in time to break its momentum and avert a crash. He also informed us that while his forward motor had back-fired in coming down, he hoped to repair it. Again fortune had favored us.

Each crew now set to work trying to get its plane out of the water up on to an ice-cake, so that the pressure from the surrounding ice-field, which was gradually closing in upon us, would not crush them. But our task was hopeless because we had only one motor; after landing we could never start up again the rear motor of our plane, which had caused trouble soon after leaving Spitzbergen. We did, however, succeed in getting the nose of our plane up on to an ice-shelf, but that was all; for the tail, full of water, lay deeply submerged, although day and night we took turns in trying to pump and bail her out. Had we not been able

to do this, we could never have salvaged the gas-tanks, and without this reserve supply we could never have returned again to Spitzbergen with even one plane, as we finally succeeded in doing.

Although we tried three times to reach Amundsen's plane, the new thin ice that covered what water there was between us was just strong enough to bar our progress in our canvas canoe, and not strong enough to hold us up. But on the fifth day the surrounding ice-fields, which had been slowly and steadily pressing in upon us ever since our arrival, had brought the two planes within a half mile of one another. Again we were in luck, for the drift might just as well have been in the opposite direction, but it wasn't. We *must* get over to *N-25* with all possible speed if we were ever to get back again to civilization.

With our feet shoved loosely into our skis—for we never fastened them on here for fear of getting tangled up, should we fall into the sea—we shuffled along, slowly feeling our way over the thin ice. Omdal was in the lead, myself and Dietrichson following in that order. Suddenly I heard Dietrichson yelling behind me, and before I knew what it was all about, Omdal ahead of me cried out also and disappeared as though the ice beneath him had suddenly opened and swallowed him. The ice under me started to sag, and I quickly jumped sideways to avoid the same fate that had overtaken my companions. There just happened to be some old ice beside me, and that was what saved me. Lying down on my stomach, partly on this ledge of old ice, and partly out on the new ice, I reached the skis out and pulled Dietrichson over to where I could grab his pack and partly pull him out on to the firmer ice, where he lay panting and exhausted. Then I turned my attention to Omdal. Only his pallid face showed above the water. It is strange, when I think that both these Norwegians had been conversing almost wholly in their native tongue, that Omdal was now crying in English, "I'm gone! I'm gone!"—and he was almost gone, too. The only thing that kept him from going way under was the fact that he kept digging his fingers into the ice. I reached him just before he sank and held

him by his pack until Dietrichson could crawl over to me and hold him up, while I cut off the pack. It took all the remaining strength of the two of us to drag Omdal up on to the old ice.

Our companions could not reach us, neither could they see us, as a few old ice hummocks of great size stood directly in front of *N-25*. They could do nothing but listen to the agonizing cries of their fellow-men in distress. We finally succeeded in getting over to our companions, who gave us dry clothes and hot chocolate; and we were soon all right again, except for Omdal's swollen and lacerated hands. Both men had lost their skis. In view of the probability of being forced to tramp to Greenland, four hundred miles away, the loss of these skis seemed a calamity.

I was surprised at the change only five days had wrought in Captain Amundsen. He seemed to me to have aged ten years. We now joined with our companions in the work of freeing the *N-25* from her precarious position. We were enabled to get the fuel-tanks which we had cut out of my plane over to Amundsen on our improvised ski-sledge. This reserve supply proved to be our salvation, for without it we never could have returned home.

At last we were together again, and the twenty ensuing days we spent dragging our plane from ice-cake to ice-cake in the attempt to find one big enough from which to take off.

The mournful sound of the wind blowing through the rigging of our plane made us quick to seek shelter in its interior after our day's labor. Although our four-walled compartment was of metal and heavily coated with hoar-frost, it shut out the damp, fog-bound waste in which we were but mites in a colorless waste that seemed to reach into infinity. The scanty heat from our "Primus," together with that given out by our bodies, was sufficient to raise the temperature above freezing. The hoar-frost, melting, dripped down our necks and spattered into our mugs of chocolate, but nothing seemed to dampen our spirits, not even the thought of Riiser-Larsen's fast-diminishing supply of black chewing tobacco, which we were now smoking; for was not the thought of the warm sleeping-bag, with the ten malted-milk

tablets, each man's daily allotment, to munch contentedly as we dozed off to sleep and forgetfulness, that of Heaven itself? I never knew the real feelings of my companions, for the talk was mostly in Norwegian as we sat over our chocolate or pemmican soup, but I learned to accept what each day had to offer with abiding faith. Spitzbergen was but eight hours away. Maybe tomorrow we would be on the way. Thus passed twenty-four days, for the open water for which we longed never came.

On May 29, eight days after landing, we took an inventory and found that we would have sufficient provisions to enable us to reach the Greenland coast, four hundred miles away, with a ration of one-half pound per day per man, providing we started on

June 15. Each man was given his choice either of remaining with the plane, hoping for open water from which to take off, or of starting for Greenland on June 15. While all were loath to leave behind us two powerful engines, that might at any moment whisk us home, and start on a forlorn march to Greenland, which we knew we could never reach, with thirty pounds apiece on our backs and dragging behind us on our ski-sledge the canoe with which to cross the open leads, the majority of us voted to go on the date set.

But on June 7, after a search lasting all day and far into the night, Riiser-Larsen and Omdal returned to report that they had found an "ice-floe" five hundred meters in diameter, the proper dimension for a take-off. As the floe was nearly a mile away, it was not until June 10 that we succeeded in getting our plane safely on to it, and the night of the fourteenth before the snow was cleared and ready for a take-off. That night we made a try. We required a speed of one hundred kilometers an hour with which to rise, but as all we could get was sixty, the plane bumped over the course just as she had done so many times previously. We spent most of that night on hands and knees shaving off with our sheath-knives every hummock and bump that we could find. That night it happened to be my patrol. Each night we took turns at this in order to be ever watchful for open water, or any other eventuality that might suddenly occur. The ice-cake on which we rested might at any moment give way and drop us into the sea (they were all badly creviced), or a stray hungry bear raid our provisions. We never knew what to expect, and it was this mental strain that told on us.

Around and around the ice-cake I shuffled on my skis with my gun slung over my shoulder. The mean average temperature during the first two weeks of our stay had been ten degrees below freezing, but on June 2, with the breaking of Arctic summer, the fogs descended upon us, the thermometer rose to freezing and did not vary more than four degrees during the rest of our stay. That night it dropped to three, and in the morning the course was as hard and smooth as glass.

We dumped practically everything, sleeping-bags, fur "parkas," skis, cameras, field-glasses, rifles, and ammunition. We even left our boots behind. All we stored in the plane was one canvas canoe, a shotgun, two packages of chocolate, and one can of pemmican. We got into the plane and started off. She bumped for four hundred meters, then rose; our efforts were rewarded, and one plane with six men in it left there forever, on the day we had actually set, two weeks before, to start on foot for the Greenland coast.

Our return journey to Spitzbergen, which consumed eight hours and twenty-five minutes, was a wonderful piece of navigation, considering that we had been drifting around in the fog, six hundred miles away, for twenty-five days. Our course lay straight for the island, but we almost met catastrophe within sight of home, when, just after passing the "drift-ice," we were forced down into the heavy open sea by a falling aileron with only ninety liters (one-half hour's fuel supply) left in the tanks. But on we came in the wash of the incoming tide.

And what a change the interval had wrought in the appearance of the solid land, too. When we left, on May 21, Spitzbergen was buried deep in snow, but now, on June 15, the barren sun-warmed coastline echoed to the shrill cries of little hawks and gulls, while deep in the sheltering arms of the fjords eiderducks and geese were mating and building their nests, all happily oblivious to the kingdom of silence and death that lay so close at hand.

The scientific results, from an expedition that cost $150,000, consisted in the exploration of 120,000 square miles of hitherto unknown region and the taking of two soundings, which showed the depth of the Polar Basin at that latitude to be more than 12,000 feet, thus precluding the likelihood of any land on the European side of the North Pole. But we had had our compensations—we had blazed a trail, we had shown the way into the Arctic.

Notes and Questions

In *Amundsen, the Splendid Norseman,* by Partridge, there is a quotation from Amundsen that seems almost prophetic: "Ah, if you only knew how splendid it is up there. That's where I want to die; and I wish only that death will come to me chivalrously, will ever take me in the fulfillment of a high mission, quickly, without suffering."

1. A volunteer may locate on a map or a globe, for the benefit of the class: Greenland; Spitzbergen; latitude 87° 44′ N. and longitude 10° 20′ W.; the course from the North Pole to Alaska.

2. Test your reading of this story by answering these questions:

(*a*) How did Ellsworth happen to change his plans?
(*b*) What was the purpose of the flight?
(*c*) How many planes were there?
(*d*) Who were the passengers?
(*e*) How were the planes equipped for landing?
(*f*) How long did they originally plan to stay?
(*g*) How long did they actually stay?

3. "Fortune was kind to us in our take-off from Spitzbergen"; name three instances in which fortune favored these explorers. Read aloud lines that describe the most thrilling incident. What does the changed appearance of Amundsen tell us about the expedition?

4. Test your knowledge of the facts in the story by answering these questions:

(*a*) What did these six men decide, May 29, that they would do?
(*b*) How did they happen to change their plans?
(*c*) How long did the return journey take?
(*d*) How many miles was it?
(*e*) How many planes returned?
(*f*) What were the results of this polar expedition?
(*g*) Do you think the results justified the strain and hardships?

5. You will enjoy reading "The First Crossing of the Polar Sea," Ellsworth (in *Boys' Life,* May, 1928) and "North to 88°," Ellsworth (in *Natural History,* May and June, 1927). Have you read of a more recent expedition by Ellsworth? What became of Captain Amundsen?

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

High upon Highlands,
and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled,
and gallant rade he;
Hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he.

Out cam his auld mither
greeting fu' sair,[1]
And out came his bonnie bride
riving[2] her hair.

"The meadow lies green,
the corn is unshorn,
But Bonnie George Campbell
will never return."

Saddled and bridled
and booted rade he;
A plume in his helmet,
a sword at his knee.

Saddled and bridled
and booted rade he;
Toom[3] hame cam the saddle,
but never cam he!

[1] **greeting fu' sair,** weeping bitterly

[2] **riving,** tearing

[3] **toom,** empty

Notes and Questions

The Ballad. The old folk ballads, of which "Bonnie George Campbell" is an excellent example, have come down to us from the far-off past. Such ballads are not the work of any one author, but, like the stories of King Arthur and Robin Hood, were preserved mainly in the memories of men. Some of them were sung or recited to the music of the harp or lute by minstrels who wandered from village to village, and from castle to castle, entertaining their hearers in return for food and lodging; or by the bards and minstrels who were maintained by kings and nobles to entertain them and to celebrate their deeds in song. Often these ballads were made by the people, not by professional singers, and were expressions of the folk love of adventure. Indeed, the best definition of a popular, or folk, ballad is "a tale telling itself in song." This means that it always tells a story; that it has no known author, being composed by several people, or by a community, and then handed down orally from generation to generation; and finally, that it is sung, not recited. In this way such folk ballads as "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Bonnie George Campbell" were handed down for generations in different versions, before they were written down and became a part of what we call *literature.*

When the invention of the printing-press made it possible to put these old ballads into permanent form, they were collected from the recitations of old men and women who knew them, and were printed. Thus they have become a precious literary possession, telling us something of the life, the history, the superstitions, and the beliefs of distant times, besides thrilling us with their stirring stories. The beauty of these old ballads lies in the stories they tell, in their directness and simplicity, in their marked rhythm and rime, and in their use of quaint words and repetitions. The typical ballad-form is the four-line stanza, the first and the third lines having four accented syllables, and the second and the fourth having three; the alternating lines, usually the second and the fourth, carry the rime.

Many modern poets have written stories in verse which are also called ballads. Some of these imitate the old ballads, not only in form and simple language, but also in the use of quaint words and expressions, and of refrains and repetitions. Other modern ballads are simple narratives in verse—short stories dealing with stirring subjects. But while the

true old ballad directs the attention to the story only, the modern ballad often introduces descriptions of the characters and the scenes.

1. Who is the hero of this ballad? You will notice that the details of his death are left to the imagination. Who mourn him? What do the mourners say is the effect of his death?

2. Make a list of the Scotch words that you could easily understand; of those on which you needed help.

3. Find four characteristics of the typical folk ballad in this poem.

LOCHINVAR

Sir Walter Scott

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none.
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented; the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So, boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scar!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Notes and Questions

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He took a great interest in the traditions and history of his country.

Scott seems to have been a great favorite with his elders, who were ready to tell him the stories and legends of his native country. He, in

this way, came to know the past history of Scotland through tradition, and not through books. Much of his childhood was spent in the country with country people. He sat at their firesides listening to "scraps of old ballads and quaint songs, stories of border feuds and Scotch superstitions." These he made use of later in writing his books. In one of these, *Tales of a Grandfather,* he wrote stories from the history of Scotland for his young grandson.

As a writer of Scottish legends and ballads, Scott has never been surpassed in popularity. He worked constantly and rapidly, and each new book was hailed by his enormous reading public with delight and increasing demands for more.

1. What geographical reference tells you where the scene of this story is laid? What names do you recognize as Scotch?

2. (*a*) Find a line in the first stanza which sums up the character of Lochinvar.
   (*b*) Find a line in the second stanza which gives the character of the bridegroom.
   (*c*) Find a line in the third stanza which adds to the picture of the bridegroom given in the second stanza.

3. Read aloud the question asked by the bride's father. Why was his hand on his sword as he asked it? What impression did Lochinvar give the bride's father by his answer? Do you think Lochinvar was sincere in his reply?

4. Describe the picture the sixth stanza makes you see. What did Lochinvar accomplish by means of the dance? What were we told in the first stanza that explains Lochinvar's escape? Who are mentioned as the pursuers? What line describes the geography of the region? Was such territory of advantage or disadvantage to Lochinvar? Why?

5. What characteristics of the folk ballad do you find in "Lochinvar"? Can you imagine the singer of this ballad striking a chord or a run upon the harp for the accompaniment of the "Oh" at the beginning of the song?

6. A volunteer may bring to class and read the old folk ballad "Katharine Janfarie," found in any collection of folk ballads in the library, to see whether or not the class members think Scott improved upon the original. Another volunteer may read Longfellow's ballad "The Skeleton in Armor" (in *Elson Junior Literature, Book One*), noting the similarity in theme.

Reading Aloud

A poetry-recitation contest is held annually at Oxford, England, sponsored by John Masefield and others. These contests are for the purpose of encouraging oral reading and also for training the human voice in the reading of poetry.

Many of us think of poetry as it appears in lines and stanzas upon the printed page; but these contests aim to restore poetry to the human voice, that is, to have poetry make its appeal not to the eye, but to the ear. "Poetry should be heard and not seen."

At a recent Oxford contest there were three hundred contestants, and the poems read by them were by Wordsworth, Shelley, Milton, and others. Many of the contestants surprised both judges and audiences by the fine quality of voice, the observance of rhythm, and the depth of understanding. Their triumph—the delight of their audiences—convinced everybody of the loss which we moderns are suffering in the neglect of poetic recitation.

We in America do not pay as much attention to the training of a beautiful speaking voice as do the people of many European countries. And it is to be regretted that this is so when one thinks of the pleasure to be derived from a pleasant speaking voice. Those who heard Masefield read his poems when he was in America will never forget his deep, rich tones.

Your class may wish to inaugurate such a poetry-recitation contest to see whether the voice quality and the reading are not thereby improved. To such groups Mr. Masefield's notes to the Oxford judges and contestants may be helpful:

"The speech desired by the judges is speech so beautiful in sound, so exquisite in perception of the poet's meaning, that the illumination of the poet may kindle the hearers.

"The first requisite is that the speaker should sink himself or herself in the poem, not remain outside it. Then it is essential to give full value to the music of the poem simply as sound. If the speaker gives the rhythmical movement with a feeling for its beauty, full meaning will usually follow.

"The commonest faults are: 1. A kind of meagerness of voice, rhythm, emotion. 2. Literalness, draining the words of life and color. 3. Attempting to be dramatic where there is no drama."

JOHN GILPIN

WILLIAM COWPER

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
  Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
  "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding-day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
  All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
  Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
  On horseback after we."

He soon replied—"I do admire
  Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
  Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen draper bold,
  As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
  Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
" 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word.
But to the house went in;

When straight he came, with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John—"It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine to Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
  Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
  They raised a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
  Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
  Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
  Flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking, as before,
  That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
  For he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up,
  He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
  And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
  May I be there to see!

Notes and Questions

William Cowper was an English poet who studied law, but devoted himself to literature. With Cowper came a new sympathy for nature and a love of animal life which we find still further developed in the poetry of Burns and of Wordsworth.

Cowper suffered greatly all his life from melancholy; one day when he was feeling depressed, a friend told him the story of John Gilpin which she had heard in her childhood. He was so much amused that he determined to share his enjoyment with others, and the next day he wrote the stanzas. Later, when the merry ballad had attained fame,

Cowper wrote to a cousin, "I made him [John Gilpin] on purpose to laugh at, and he served his purpose well." But not alone in Cowper's day did he serve his purpose; each succeeding generation has enjoyed John Gilpin's ride as much as did the generation in which it was written.

1. You may tell the narrative briefly, using as a guide the complete title of the poem, "The Diverting History of John Gilpin, showing how he went further than he intended and came safe home again."

2. Notice that Cowper has used the typical ballad form of meter and rime. What other characteristics of the ballad do you find? The old folk ballads were not, as a rule, humorous, but in this modern ballad both the story and the language are humorous; select lines that you think especially funny.

3. In true ballad style John Gilpin's spouse is not described by adjectives, but we come to know her rather through a number of incidents. Find incidents showing that:

(*a*) She managed affairs.
(*b*) She was frugal.
(*c*) She cared about her neighbors' opinions.

How many incidents can you find that tell us John Gilpin, too, was frugal?

4. A volunteer or two with some ability to draw may make a blackboard sketch of the route of the ride, locating, from the information in the ballad, Islington, Edmonton, Ware, and, if possible, John Gilpin somewhere along the route.

5. A volunteer may make a blackboard list of American humorous writers about whom you have studied, with titles of their stories or poems. Part Four of this book and of *Elson Junior Literature, Book One,* will be found helpful.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
  Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
  Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was the Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
  Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life
  Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
  Garden-girt, his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
  Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore;
  Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
  Seeking, without guide, his way.

*By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of Longfellow's works.

Suddenly the pathway ends;
Sheer the precipice descends;
  Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
  He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
  Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
  "La Illah illa Allah!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
  Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
  Sings a bird before it flies:

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
  Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
  O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein;
Soft as woman's hair thy mane;
  Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
  Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head;
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook;
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment, like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

Notes and Questions

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. While in college Longfellow developed a great interest in foreign languages and also showed marked ability in verse-making. He spent three years in Europe and upon his return became professor of modern languages at Bowdoin.

From Bowdoin, Longfellow went to Harvard University to teach, but later he gave up his college work and devoted himself to writing. By his many translations from foreign languages Longfellow has greatly enriched our literature; but in his own poems he remained thoroughly American. The titles, "poet of peace, of the home, and history," and "the children's poet," which have been given him, show the nature of his work and the esteem in which he is held. Longfellow won recognition from the lovers of poetry in England, as well as in America; and after his death his bust was placed in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, where stand memorials to Shakespeare and others who have won imperishable fame.

1. Describe in your own words Roushan Beg's perilous position before the leap. What do you think had brought him to this peril? Find lines that tell how he gained his wealth.

2. Find and read aloud lines that:
   (*a*) Show Roushan Beg's love for Kyrat.
   (*b*) Describe Kyrat's leap.
   (*c*) Show the robber's confidence in his horse.

3. To which one, the horse or the rider, does the greater part of the credit belong? Why? To whom did the watching Arab give the credit? Compare Kyrat with Coaly-Bay (pages 13–21); what likenesses do you find?

4. Why would you call this poem a ballad? What other ballads by Longfellow have you read? What does the indention of lines three and six in each stanza show about the rime?

5. An excellent reader in the class will give the members enjoyment by reading Browning's poem "Muleykeh," the story of another splendid Arab steed whose owner gave proof of love for him even greater than Roushan Beg's for Kyrat.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX"

ROBERT BROWNING

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern; the lights sank to rest;
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride; never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime;
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I;
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Notes and Questions

Robert Browning was born in a suburb of London. His four grandparents were respectively of English, German, Scotch, and Creole birth. His father was fond of writing verse, and his mother was very musical. He married the poet, Elizabeth Barrett, and they lived for years in an old palace in Florence, Italy. After the death of his wife, he returned to England, but spent most of his summers abroad. He died in Venice, but is buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, London.

1. This poem, while without historical basis, nevertheless seems very real. What does this fact tell you of Browning's power of imagination? Does he tell what he imagined the good news was? Why do you think three riders started to carry this news? By locating on a map Ghent in Belgium and Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) in Germany, you can tell something of the distance covered by the riders.

2. How does the beginning of the poem give you the impression of haste? What is the effect of the repetition of the word "gallop"? Is it used throughout the poem? Which stanza gives the most vivid impression of haste? Does the meter, two unaccented syllables and an accented one, suggest to you the idea of rapid hoof-beats? Do you think the rime scheme also helps to produce the effect of speed?

3. At what time did the messengers start? How is the passing of time noted by the riders? When did the rider of Roland see his horse for the first time during the ride?

4. Find the stanza that tells the fate of Dirck's horse. Where on the way did Joris lose his horse? Find the lines.

5. To whom does Roland's rider give the credit for carrying the message? To whom would you give it? Why?

6. Compare the two horses, Roland and Kyrat (in "The Leap of Roushan Beg," page 145), as to their appearance, speed, performance, rider's treatment and affection, and the awarding of credit as expressed in the last stanza of each poem.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

ALFRED NOYES

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas;
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor;
And the highwayman came riding—
  Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doeskin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
  His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard;
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
  Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter;
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart; I'm after a prize tonight;
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burned like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!);
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A redcoat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn door.

They said no word to the landlord; they drank his ale instead;
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side,
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say:
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight,
Blank and bare in the moonlight,
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoof's ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding—riding—
The redcoats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath;
Then her finger moved in the moonlight;
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway;
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

Notes and Questions

Alfred Noyes is an English poet whose home is in London. He was educated at Oxford, where for three years he rowed on the college crew. While still a student, he wrote poetry, his first volume being published when he was twenty-two. Since the end of his college days, Noyes has devoted himself to literature, contributing to many English magazines. He has spent considerable time in America, teaching English literature at Princeton University, and lecturing and reading his poems in the larger cities of our country.

1. Where is the scene of this story laid? Is the time represented in the present or the past? How can you tell? How did people travel in those days? How do you think the highwayman expected to get his "prize"? Whom does he mean when he says, "if they press me sharply"?

2. What are we to imagine that Tim, the ostler, did? How does the poet's description of the ostler affect you? How do you think the poet wants you to feel toward Tim?

3. What did the troopers expect the highwayman to do? How was he warned? Why did he not remain in hiding after his escape?

4. Which is more terrible, the death of the girl or the death of the highwayman? Why? Does it seem fitting that the highwayman should meet a violent death? Why?

5. Alfred Noyes made a very conscious effort for musical effect in this poem; notice how he employs rhythm, rime, repetition, alliteration (repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words close together), and choice words to produce the musical effect. Point out striking examples. How does the poet suggest the movement of the horse in the third stanza? The movement of the troopers in the first stanza of Part Two?

6. The poem is full of pictures; which ones do you see most clearly? Select words that make the pictures vivid. Which comparisons seem to you most apt?

7. Which do you think contributes most to the beauty of the poem—the story, the music, or the imagery? What is added to the story by the last two stanzas?

8. For a discussion of the ballad, see page 129. How many characteristics of the ballad do you find in this present-day ballad? In what respects does it differ from the old folk ballad?

9. Alfred Noyes has said about his own poems that they should be read so as to emphasize the music; he tells us that sometimes he has worked nearly two weeks upon the meter of a single line. One who reads this poem should have a beautiful speaking voice and a fine appreciation of the imagery and the musical quality of the lines. The class members may select readers who can give the stanzas worthy interpretation. Volunteers may bring to class and read "Kilmeny," "Search-Lights," and other narrative poems by Alfred Noyes.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHARLES DICKENS

It is Christmas Eve, and Scrooge, an old sinner hard as flint, is visited by the ghost of his former business partner, now doomed to a terrible existence. He wishes to spare Scrooge from a like fate, while there is still a chance, and so he has arranged to have three spirits visit Scrooge. What these spirits show Scrooge, together with the effect it all has upon him, makes this one of the best Christmas stories in the world. You will find suggestions for reading this story on page 245.

STAVE ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night in an easterly wind upon his own ramparts than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names; it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill, him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his countinghouse. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already; it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come dropping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coalbox in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter

and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things, from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the

grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!''

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded; becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

''Let me hear another sound from *you*,'' said Scrooge, ''and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.'' ''You're quite a powerful speaker, sir,'' he added, turning to his nephew. ''I wonder you don't go into Parliament.''

''Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.''

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

''But why?'' cried Scrooge's nephew. ''Why?''

''Why did you get married?'' asked Scrooge.

''Because I fell in love.''

''Because you fell in love!'' growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. ''Good-afternoon!''

''Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?''

''Good-afternoon,'' said Scrooge.

''I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?''

''Good-afternoon,'' said Scrooge.

''I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!''

''Good-afternoon,'' said Scrooge.

''And A Happy New Year!''

''Good-afternoon,'' said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings

of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him, "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentleman, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good-afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic window in the wall, became invisible and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with

tremulous vibrations afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke; a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up tomorrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

> God rest you merry, gentlemen!
> Let nothing you dismay!

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the countinghouse arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool and tacitly

admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide and seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone. was fain to grope with

his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look—with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand on the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking

out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs, slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach and six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter bar toward the wall, and the door toward the balustrades; and done it easily. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well; so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that; darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for some purpose, now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on

through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes, and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its

head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart as a means of distracting his own attention and keeping down his terror; for the Specter's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit staring at those fixed, glazed eyes in silence for a mo-

ment would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the Specter's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, skirts, and tassels were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick!" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the Vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the Spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise that Scrooge held on tight to his chair to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when, on the Phantom's taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful Apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the Specter raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you?*"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob."

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our countinghouse—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time!"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace."

"You travel fast?" asked Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain hideously in the dead silence of the night.

"Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed," cried the Phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the Specter said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me!*"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the Specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the Specter took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The Apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the Specter reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The Specter, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge, and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigue of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of

the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE TWO

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day and taken possession of the world.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within him-

self, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter-past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them; as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which

hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For, as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again, distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him, but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap, and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having willfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said, immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm. "Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but, finding that the Spirit made toward the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good heavens!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it

had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would. "You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervor—"I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

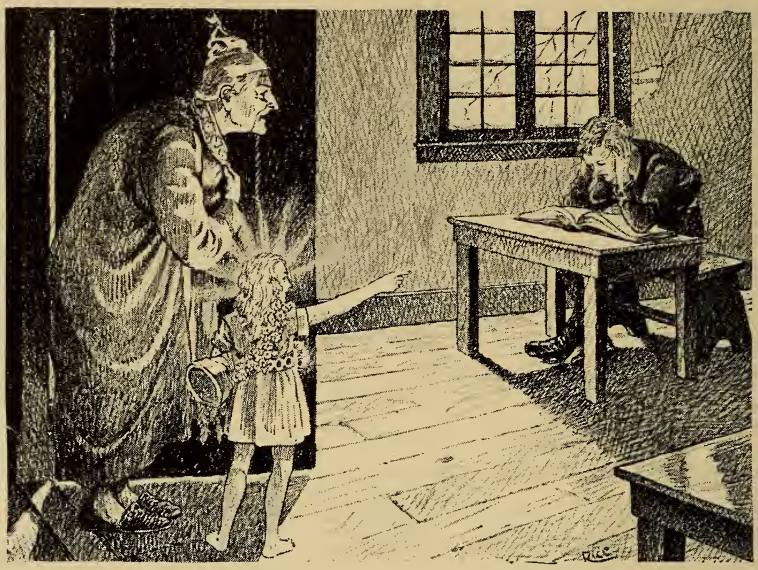
They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree, until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting toward them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at crossroads and byways for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still." Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the highroad, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-



surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candlelight, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed waterspout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly, a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an ax stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood, by the bridle.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas-time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serves him right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Whoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual

character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish—" Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that here he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost and, with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously toward the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy "Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home's like heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child,

opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, toward the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered installments of those dainties to the young people; at the same time sending out a meager servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not.

Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-by right willingly; and getting into it, drove gayly down the garden-sweep, the quick wheels dashing the hoarfrost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I'll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas-time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it. "Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered; the lamps were trimmed; fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master, trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple

starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pairs of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, ah, four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance—advance and retire; hold hands with your partner; bow and curtsy; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place—Fezziwig "cut," so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came up on his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr.

and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge or to anyone whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now, a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off, one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed toward you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words? No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had

never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him, "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed:

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost. "No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place, a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her,* now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated

state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief, but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price; in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she, with laughing face and plundered dress, was borne toward it, the center of a flushed and boisterous group just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenseless porter! The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth,

and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children got out of the parlor and, by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a springtime in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed; "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its

influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon his head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed, and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy slumber.

STAVE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awakening in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of ONE. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as

hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the Bell struck ONE, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it, too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock a strange voice called him by name and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that dull hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn,

great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have you never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant, kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings and from the tops of their houses; whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs and with the dirtier snow upon the ground, which last deposit had been plowed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons—furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shoveling away on the housetops were

jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk biffins, squat, and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks

of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humor possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bystreets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch.

And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For, they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven, where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking, too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the seventh day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"*I* seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous,

hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

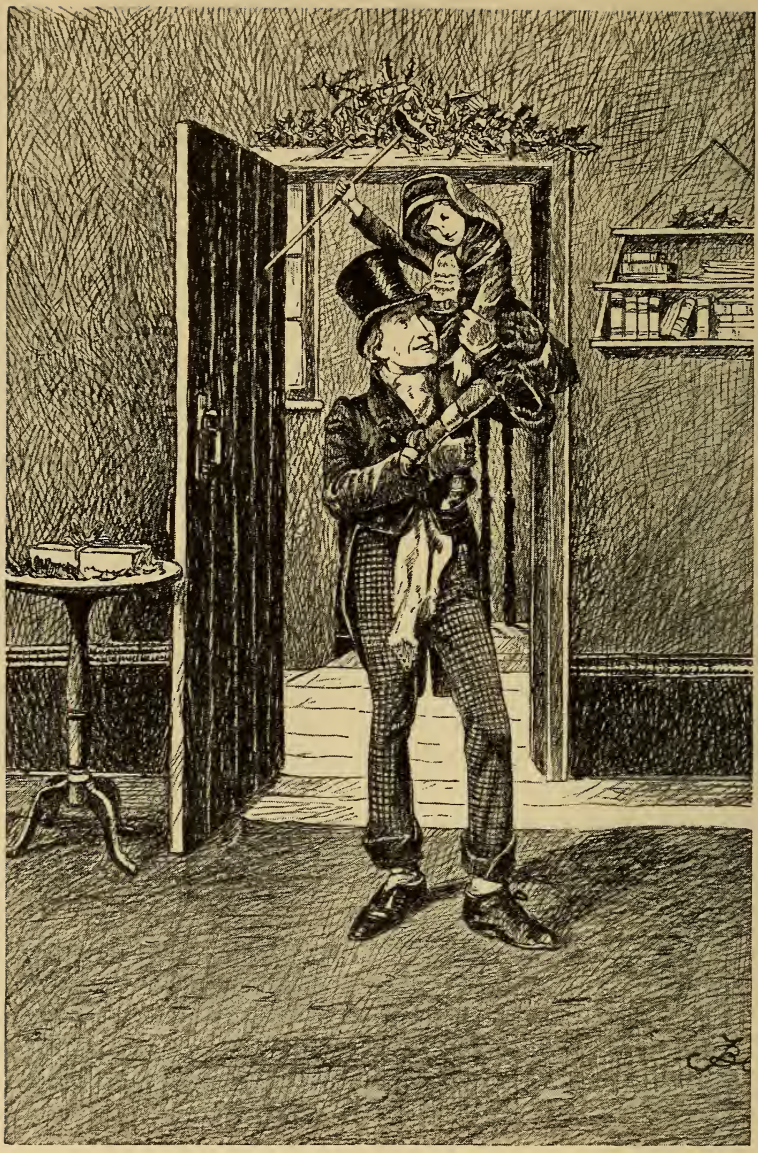
"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple; and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."



Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner

for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannonball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Crat-

chit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke and, trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer. "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many

hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song about a lost child traveling in the snow from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last. By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches! well they knew it—in a glow!

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was

at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth, on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed; though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth," returned the Spirit. "But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced toward it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sang again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose as seaweed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figurehead of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch—dark, ghostly figures in their several stations—but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moan-

ing of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as death—it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at the same nephew with approving affability. "Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say, is, I should like to know him, too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way—holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions—Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty, exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would call provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear!" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same; and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner, and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I'm very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew reveled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar, his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office or in his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sang a glee or catch, I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things the Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains; wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her, his pretending that it was necessary to touch her headdress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great and, to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow; though they

were sharp girls, too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed quite right, too; for the sharpest needle, warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge, blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of question to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal senti-

ment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!' "

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath

of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it until they left a children's Twelfth-night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends tonight."

"Tonight!" cried Scrooge.

"Tonight at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe it brought two children,

wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meager, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shriveled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say that they were fine children; but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?" The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE FOUR

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its fold, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague, uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed. "I fear you more than any Specter I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants, who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuffbox. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked toward the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two

persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem, in a business point of view, that is, strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas-time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good-morning!"

Not another word. That was their greeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of anyone immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clue he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been

revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he aroused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand and its situation in reference to himself that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offenses of smell, and dirt, and life upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a penthouse roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupt fat, and sepulchers of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without by a frowsy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in, too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah, how it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling; we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool, crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds, then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old

screw,'' pursued the woman, ''why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.''

''It's the truest word that ever was spoke,'' said Mrs. Dilber. ''It's a judgment on him.''

''I wish it was a little heavier one,'' replied the woman; ''and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe.''

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found there was nothing more to come.

''That's your account,'' said Joe, ''and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?''

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

''I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself,'' said old Joe. ''That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half a crown.''

''And now undo *my* bundle, Joe,'' said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as *he* was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman, coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust which could hardly have been greater, though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon

the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened everyone away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed, a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced toward the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the Specter at his side.

O cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand WAS open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this

man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting someone, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband, a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by

the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?"—to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature, if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of the heart.

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night said to me when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep tonight with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed, and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were quiet!

" 'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.' "

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it, rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was so very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised

the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas greens. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of someone having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the by, how he ever knew *that,* I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us so much

as for his kind way that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with someone, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was—although he was a little, little child—we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again. "I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before —though at a different time, he thought; indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions save that they were in the Future— into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. He advanced toward it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's course will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went; and following

the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe. "Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope!"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In this agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down to a bedpost.

STAVE FIVE

THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge

repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas-time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here; I am here; the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time, turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. "I am as light as a feather; I am as happy as an angel; I am as merry as a schoolboy; I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again and frisking round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right; it's all true; it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded everyone with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word,

that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his countinghouse the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Mr. Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

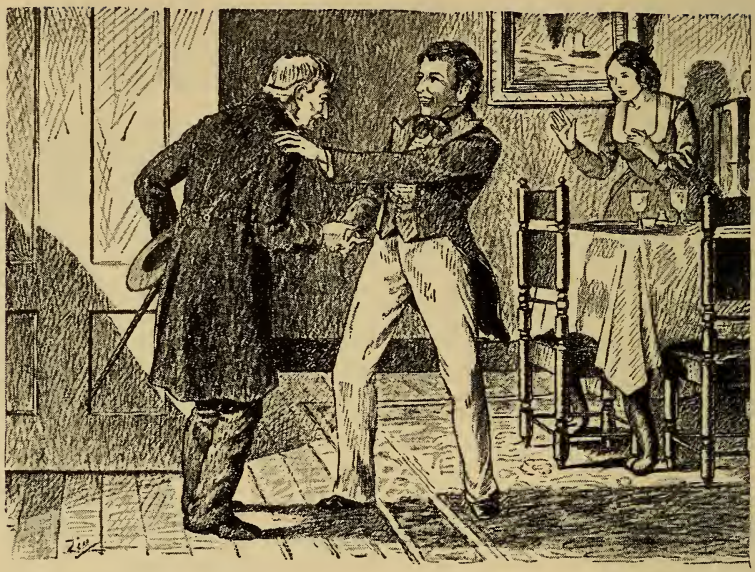
"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could



yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on

such points, and like to see that everything is right. "Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonder-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter-past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not

going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family; and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter at the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

Notes and Questions

Charles Dickens was a great English novelist. In his story *David Copperfield* he has given us a picture of a miserable, neglected boy, and we are told that he took these incidents from his own childhood. He had very little education, but by means of his ambition and his natural ability to write, he gained a place as a reporter on a London newspaper. People soon learned to look for his sketches, signed "Boz." Before he was thirty, he was the most popular writer in England. He wrote about the poor and unfortunate in prisons, workhouses, and the slums of London. He attacked some of the schools for the poor children of England in which the pupils were not well treated. He opened the eyes of the people to the cruelty and stupidity from which the poor often suffered. He saw, also, like Robert Burns, the sincerity and simple happiness that often make the poor more to be envied than the rich.

No other novelist has invented so many characters that seem flesh and blood; they appeal to us because they are "folks," not imaginary dwellers in an unreal world.

Dickens made two visits to America, where he was received with great enthusiasm, notwithstanding the fact that in one of his books he described some Americans of whom we could not be proud.

It has been said that if you would appreciate and enjoy to the full the peculiar interest and charm of the Dickens stories, you must read them while you are young.

Read the story through silently. (There are approximately 28,450 words in the story; if you time your reading, you can easily figure your silent reading rate.) For testing your understanding of the story, you may use, as an outline, the scenes in the dramatization on page 249, or you may make an outline, using the subtitles of the five Staves as topics. An interesting exercise is to divide the class into five groups, and assign to each group one Stave of the story. Each group will then prepare an outline and select one of its members to tell the substance of the Stave to the class, following the outline.

Stave One. Marley's Ghost. 1. Tell what you learned about Scrooge's character from:

(*a*) the author's description of him.

(*b*) his conversation with his nephew.

(*c*) his conversation with the two gentlemen asking for a contribution.

(*d*) his treatment of the carol singer.

(*e*) his treatment of his clerk.

2. It is interesting to notice how Dickens prepares the reader, step by step, for the appearance of Marley's Ghost by:

(*a*) the repetition in the beginning of "Marley was dead."

(*b*) Scrooge's answer to the gentleman's question, "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

(*c*) the knocker incident.

(*d*) the pictures on the tiles.

Find the passage in each case, and discuss the author's method with your classmates. What fact in Scrooge's answer to the gentleman is especially significant? What do the incidents (*c*) and (*d*) tell us about Scrooge's state of mind?

3. Show how the descriptions of the weather, the house, the rooms, Scrooge's actions, the bell, all combine to make a proper setting for the Ghost's appearance. What was the purpose of the Ghost's visit? In the story the Ghost is called a shade; try to find four other words used for "Ghost."

4. You may enjoy reading aloud the lines that describe:

(*a*) Scrooge, pages 160–161.

(*b*) The nephew defending Christmas, pages 163–164.

(*c*) The clerk sliding down hill, page 168.

(*d*) Marley and Scrooge, pages 172–178.

Stave Two. The First of the Three Spirits. 1. Describe the Ghost of Christmas Past. What did the Ghost say was its business in visiting Scrooge? What did Christmas Past first show Scrooge? How soon did Scrooge show that he was affected by what he saw?

2. What stories was the boy, Ebenezer Scrooge, reading? How do you know? Do you think Scrooge's childhood had been a happy one? Give reasons for your answer.

3. The Ghost shows him scenes that make Scrooge realize his mean treatment of his nephew, his clerk, and the carol singer. You may complete these statements:

(*a*) The vision of himself as a boy made Scrooge think of———.

(*b*) By the vision of his little sister he was reminded of———.
(*c*) The happy Christmas Eve at Fezziwigs' made him wish he might speak to———.

4. The Ghost of Christmas Past showed Scrooge four Christmas Eves in his past life. Where were they each spent? Which of them made him feel most keenly what he had missed in life? What is your feeling toward Scrooge when he was a schoolboy? An apprentice? A man in the prime of life?

5. You may like to read aloud lines that describe:
(*a*) The Spirit of Christmas Past, pages 180–181.
(*b*) The scene at the Fezziwigs' ball, pages 188–191.
(*c*) Scrooge and his former sweetheart, pages 192–194.

Stave Three. The Second of the Three Spirits. 1. Notice how throughout the Stave the Spirit of Christmas Present brings with it blessings—joy and good will and plenty. What does it do to Scrooge's room? Why do you think Dickens described in such detail the fruiterers' and grocers' shops? Give an instance in which the Spirit changes quarrelsomeness to good nature. Find the paragraph on page 220 that sums up very well the effect the Spirit has upon those whom it visits.

2. What was the Spirit's object in taking Scrooge to the miners on the desert moor, to the lighthouse on the rocks, and to the ship at sea? What other places did they visit? Where did they make the longest stay? Which of these visits did you enjoy most? What feelings were awakened in Scrooge by these sights?

3. Select passages that made you smile as you read them. Give instances which show that the Cratchits were a contented family and pleased with each other. Find two instances in which the Spirit turned upon Scrooge with his own words.

4. You may enjoy reading aloud lines that describe:
(*a*) Christmas Day at the Cratchits' home, pages 204–211.
(*b*) The party at the home of Scrooge's nephew, pages 214–219.

Stave Four. The Last of the Spirits. 1. Describe the appearance of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. Notice that it never speaks, only points. What effect does this have upon Scrooge and upon the reader as well?

2. The Phantom lets Scrooge know about his death and how people feel about it by taking him to different scenes and by letting him overhear conversations:

(*a*) The conversation of the merchants and of important business men
(*b*) The conversation of the charwoman, the laundress, and the undertaker in old Joe's shop
(*c*) The scene showing his own room and the bed
(*d*) The scene at the home of a creditor
(*e*) The scene at the Cratchit's
(*f*) The scene showing his office with all the furniture changed and a strange figure in his chair
(*g*) The scene in the churchyard

At which place do you think Scrooge began to realize that he was the man under discussion? What incident shows that he shrinks from being convinced that he really is the man?

3. The Phantom shows Scrooge two scenes, one where there is pleasure and the other where there is tenderness connected with death. Where were these contrasting scenes?

4. Why is Scrooge so eager to know whether all the scenes the Phantom has shown him are shadows of things that *Will* be or that *May* be? Find the paragraph that tells of Scrooge's determination to honor Christmas and to keep it all the year.

Stave Five. The End of It. 1. What did Scrooge do to make sure he was alive? What tells you that he had really suffered in the night? How did he express his joy at being alive?

2. Who received his first attention? How do you account for the "wonderful happiness" at his nephew's? Find the paragraph that makes you feel the change in Scrooge is real and complete.

The Story as a Whole

1. Dickens called this story "A Christmas carol in prose." How does its message compare with that of the first Christmas carol, "Peace on earth, good will toward men"? Why did Dickens divide the story into staves instead of chapters? What is the "theme" or central idea of the carol?

2. Dickens was interested in conditions under which people worked. In your study of civics you have learned of laws which your state has enacted for the improvement of working conditions in industry; a volunteer may make a report of these to the class.

3. Reading a story such as this one offers an opportunity for increasing your vocabulary. Make a list of ten words that you looked up in the Glossary. It is said that after using a word three times, it becomes one's own. Are there any words from this story that you may call your own?

4. Cruikshank's illustrations of Dickens's characters are famous; perhaps a volunteer can bring to class some of his illustrations. You will enjoy the pictures by Arthur Rackham illustrating *A Christmas Carol.*

Other books that you may like to read are: *Ten Boys from Dickens,* Sweetser; *Ten Girls from Dickens,* Sweetser; *Short Plays from Dickens,* Browne; "The Greatest Little Book in the World," Newton (in *The Greatest Book in the World*); *The First Christmas-Tree,* van Dyke.

A Dramatization

The class members may wish to dramatize *A Christmas Carol* for the school's Christmas program. The conversation in the story will furnish ideas for the dialogue. To keep the flavor of the carol, it will be well to use the words of Dickens whenever possible. The descriptions, as well as the story itself, and the illustrations offer suggestions both for costumes and for acting. The different scenes indicated below may be assigned to groups and worked out independently of each other. This plan affords a large number of pupils an opportunity to take part and reduces the work and responsibility. The enjoyment and the advantages gained will be worth the effort even if the dramatization is not a finished one.

Act I

Scrooge on Christmas Eve.

Scene 1. In Scrooge's countinghouse. A visit from the nephew. (See the picture on page 162.)

Scene 2. In Scrooge's room. Appearance of Marley's ghost. (See the picture on page 172.)

Act II

The Spirit of Christmas Past, showing Scrooge "shadows of the things that have been."

Scene 1. The school of Scrooge's childhood. (See the picture on page 184.)

Scene 2. Christmas at the Fezziwigs'. (See the picture on page 191.)

Act III

The Spirit of Christmas Present, showing Scrooge the universal happiness at Christmas-time.

Scene 1. Christmas at Bob Cratchit's. (See the picture on page 206.)

Scene 2. Christmas at the nephew's. (See the picture on page 219.)

Act IV

The Spirit of Christmas Yet To Come, showing Scrooge the effect his death has upon those who knew him.

Scene 1. In Joe's shop.

Scene 2. In the churchyard.

Act V

Scrooge awakes transformed on Christmas morning.

Scene 1. In his room giving orders for Christmas cheer.

Scene 2. At his nephew's. (See the picture on page 242.)

Scene 3. Next morning at the countinghouse.

AS YOU LIKE IT

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

In his delightful comedy, *As You Like It,* Shakespeare tells the story of a banished duke and his life in the forest of Arden. The duke's daughter, Rosalind, one of Shakespeare's loveliest heroines, dresses as a shepherd boy and brings confusion to her father and to her lover, but in the end everything turns out exactly "as you like it." Charles and Mary Lamb, two hundred years later, wrote the story in simple prose form in their *Tales from Shakespeare.*

During the time that France was divided into provinces, or dukedoms, as they were called, there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful

moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralizing turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, Duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment and her own dependence on the false usurper made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling was a favorite sport, even in the courts of princes and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had been long practiced in the art of wrestling and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men; in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you cannot move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was, like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The Duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger, and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke; therefore, when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all

his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humor.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend. The ladies went up to him, and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys's son, who reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room and, with looks full of anger, ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace and follow her father into banishment, telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, risen at the same instant, learned, played, and eaten together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for

you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed between them, that, as Rosalind was the taller, she would wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister. Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary he could find it in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman. And Aliena declared she

could go no farther; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." Though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke; and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves and perished for want of food; but, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with traveling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was.

They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had traveled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden; and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother, Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father that, without any advantages of education, he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no bounds; and he

swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him by setting fire to his chamber that night; and, in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight. Knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and he that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you; let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "we will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam traveled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food in which Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food; I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old

servant up in his arms and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was. He and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners. On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he; "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, if ever you have looked on better days, if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church, if you have ever sat at any good man's feast, if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshments as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in

his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome"; and they fed the old man and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was, and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection; and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets, fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him. He thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind. Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest and spoils our young trees with carving 'Rosalind' upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the

same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage and feign a playful courtship. Every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learned from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man, lying asleep on the ground, around whose neck a large green snake had twisted itself. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting until the sleeping man

awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him and had threatened to destroy him by fire. He was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness, but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him; they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life; and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery and his own escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offenses made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver, observing how much

she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who, hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview. He talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be tomorrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this; she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he

should have his wish; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learned of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married tomorrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede, throwing off his male attire and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said that he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed; and while they were eating their venison under the

cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force and advanced toward the forest, intending to seize his brother and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword. But, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design.

Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

Notes and Questions

William Shakespeare is England's greatest poet and playwright. He is one of the greatest poets the world has ever known, because he wrote for all times and all peoples. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, where fifty-two years later, he died. At the age of twenty-two he removed to London. There for twenty years he wrote poems and plays, acted in plays, and in time built his own theater. The last six years of his life he spent quietly at Stratford. His stories and the characters he created are immortal.

1. After you have read the story through silently, you may wish to test your understanding of it by telling some facts about each topic in this outline:

(*a*) Life of the banished duke in the forest of Arden
(*b*) The wrestling match
(*c*) The banishment of Rosalind
(*d*) Life in the shepherd cottage
(*e*) Orlando and Adam
(*f*) The mock-courtship
(*g*) The meeting of Oliver and Orlando
(*h*) The happy ending

2. What do you think of Rosalind's disguise? In Shakespeare's time no women acted in plays; the characters of women were taken by young boys. Would this make the disguise seem more reasonable to the audience of that day? What attracts us most to Rosalind, her kindly disposition, her misfortune, or her sense of humor? How does she reveal her sense of humor?

3. Tell how these characters happened to be in the forest of Arden:

(*a*) The duke and his followers
(*b*) Rosalind and Celia
(*c*) Orlando and Adam
(*d*) Oliver

4. A group of volunteers may find in Shakespeare's play *As You Like It* certain well-known passages, and read them to the class:

(*a*) "Sweet are the uses of adversity," Act II, Scene i.
(*b*) Adam's loyalty to Orlando, Act II, Scene iii.
(*c*) Scene between Duke Senior and Orlando, Act II, Scene vii.
(*d*) "All the world's a stage," Act II, Scene vii.
(*e*) Orlando's poems on the trees, Act III, Scene ii.

You may like to read other stories in *Tales from Shakespeare.* You will enjoy the pictures in the edition illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

A BACKWARD LOOK

ADVENTURES related in such a manner that they fire our imaginations have in them the elements of literature. What was Lincoln Ellsworth's great adventure, and how does he tell us about his own experiences? What other selection in this group relates adventures based upon facts? What ballads in Part Two do you think may have been based upon old legends? Name two stories in which the adventures are purely the creations of the author's fancy. As you think over the various adventures in Part Two, which one stands out most vividly in your mind? Was it the adventure itself, do you think, or the manner of telling it, that made it seem so real?

Mention three facts that you learned about ballads. How does a folk ballad differ from a ballad like "The Highwayman"? Both "John Gilpin" and "The Leap of Roushan Beg" are modern ballads. Which one resembles the folk ballad more closely in rime, meter, and directness? What ballads have you heard on the phonograph or over the radio?

Name one interesting fact about each of the following authors: Scott, Longfellow, Browning, and Alfred Noyes. What library reading have you done in connection with Part Two? What progress have you made in the use of the library catalogue? In *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature?* Which book report inspired you to read the book?

What new words have you added to your vocabulary during the past month? How many new words, on an average, do you add to your vocabulary each month? Is there anyone in the class who has made such marked improvement in reading poetry aloud as to qualify for a poetry-reading contest such as is described on page 133?

PART THREE
The GOOD CITIZEN

THE AMERICAN BOY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

What we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and be able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of man of whom America can really be proud.

GUIDES TO CITIZENSHIP

LET US IMAGINE, using that power of making mind pictures which we employed as we read of adventure, that we have been away from home a year, not in another town, nor in the next state, but across an ocean, the Atlantic or the Pacific. Then we come home on a foreign boat, so that it is not until we approach our own harbor that we see floating against the sky the "stars and stripes" which we have not seen for a twelvemonth.

Will that flying pattern of red and white and blue be to us just a piece of cloth? And if a band on our boat or on shore should strike up "The Star-Spangled Banner," will that be just a lively tune? Hardly! The flag and the music will say "Home!" to us, and we shall find that nothing we have heard or seen on our whole trip was quite so beautiful as the banner and the song that await us on our return.

The joy we feel will soon show us how deep our love for America really is. It is as natural for us to love our country as to love our mother.

Here is a section of our book about people who wholeheartedly loved their country. There are scenes from the past which remind us that the United States as we know it today is a costly heritage, left us by men and women who gave up life or personal happiness to build this country.

There are stories of good citizens, not only soldiers and statesmen, but scientists, a brave mother, and boys and girls in the schoolroom. Last of all come poems and essays which tell us of ideals that patriots have held for themselves and their country. As you read these guides to good citizenship, which one would you like to make your very own?

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night," and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset,* British man-of-war—
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,

On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side;
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

The hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,

And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,

And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Notes and Questions

1. Read the poem thoughtfully and be prepared to tell the story from this outline:

(*a*) The understanding as to signals between Paul Revere and his friend

(*b*) The friend in Boston

(*c*) Paul Revere on the Charlestown side of the river

(*d*) The ride

What was Paul Revere's message?

2. How does Longfellow make you feel the hurry of the rider? What do you consider the most expressive line in the poem?

3. Draw a sketch showing the relative positions of Boston, Charlestown, Medford, Lexington, and Concord. Suggest a series of pictures that would tell the story of this famous historic ride.

4. What famous rides did you read about in Part Two of this book? Which of the poems about rides, including "Paul Revere," do you think most interesting? Why?

5. Make a study of the famous rides in history and literature. Which rides have historical significance? Which are humorous? Which rides took place in America? Which rides were written about by American authors? Find as many pictures to illustrate the rides as you can. You will find *Fifty Famous Rides and Riders,* by James Baldwin, a helpful reference.

6. Look up in the Glossary the meaning and pronunciation of: *barrack, grenadier, impetuous, spectral.*

7. Your Glossary will help you to understand the meaning of:

night-encampment (p. 272)
tent to tent (p. 272)
fate of a nation (p. 273)
night-wind of the Past (p. 275)

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those freemen dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

Notes and Questions

Emerson wrote this poem to celebrate the completion of the monument which marks the spot on which the Battle of Concord was fought, April 19, 1775. This monument is the work of the American sculptor, Daniel C. French. The "Concord Hymn" was sung at the celebration, April 19, 1836.

1. In what sense was the shot "heard round the world"? What did this battle mean to the world?
2. For what purpose does the poet say the "votive stone" is being set? How does this poem help memory "to redeem the deed"?
3. Why do we observe Memorial Day? Armistice Day?
4. The last stanza tells us to whom the shaft was raised; which of these is the greater, the "freemen" or the "Spirit"?
5. Find in the Glossary: *arched, embattled, votive stone.*

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

Daniel Webster

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington that, having been intrusted in revolutionary times with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aris-

tocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory.

At the period of the birth of Washington there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities except in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious Revolution of 1688. Everywhere else despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. The king was the state, the king was the country, the king was all. There was one king, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned, and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. All above was intangible power; all below was quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chamber shows us how public opinion on these subjects is changed. A minister had spoken of the "king's subjects." "There are no subjects," exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the king!"

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order is equal to the force

with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful, admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

Notes and Questions

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) stands out as America's foremost orator. His eloquence, his clear thinking, and the force of his personality made him equally great, whether answering an opponent in the Senate or delivering less passionate orations on anniversary occasions. He was the champion of the idea of complete union among the states. His service in the Senate, representing not only the people of Massachusetts, but all who believed with him in "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and his service as Secretary of State in President Tyler's cabinet, made him one of America's great statesmen.

1. This selection is taken from an address, "The Character of Washington," delivered at a public dinner in Washington, D. C., on February 22, 1832, the centennial of Washington's birthday. Why was a discussion of the "American Experiment" especially appropriate on such an occasion?

2. Find lines in the first paragraph in which Daniel Webster defines this experiment? Explain the two distinctive features of the experiment. Why was the use of "the principle of representation" so necessary in the American experiment in free government?

3. In the second paragraph Webster reviews the situation with reference to political liberty in Europe. What change in France within the century does he note? Can you mention any like changes in Europe since Webster's time?

4. In the last paragraph what prophecy does Webster make? To what extent has this prophecy come true?

5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of these phrases:

fabric of social order (p. 277)
various communions (p. 278)
delegated power (p. 278)
despotic power (p. 278)
prostrates principalities (p. 279)
contemplation of theorists (p. 279)

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

After the battle was fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on July 1–2, 1863, the battleground became a national cemetery in which thousands of soldiers from the North and South were buried. On November 19, 1863, a large crowd of people met there to dedicate the ground. Lincoln was asked to be present and to say a few words at the dedication. Like all his writings, the Address shows intense thought and feeling expressed in simple words. Edward Everett, who delivered the oration of the day, wrote to Lincoln, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they

gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Notes and Questions

Abraham Lincoln (1809–1865), the sixteenth President of the United States, was born on a farm near Hodgensville, Kentucky. When he was seven years old, the Lincoln family moved to Indiana, and in 1830 to Illinois. Lincoln's boyhood was full of hardships and privation. He was able to attend school only a few months altogether, but he had a small number of good books, which he read again and again. By hard struggles he educated himself, became a lawyer, a member of Congress, and in 1860 was elected President. He was assassinated by an actor

named Booth, April 14, 1865. There are many memorials to Lincoln: the farm where he was born was presented to the nation in 1916; the Abraham Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., stands in Potomac Park, near the shore of the Potomac River; there is a beautiful monument in Springfield, Illinois, where he is buried; a national highway crossing the continent from east to west has been named the Lincoln Highway; one of the most famous statues of Lincoln is the one made by Saint Gaudens, which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

1. "Fourscore and seven years"; to what date and event does this refer? Read the words which tell you that Lincoln was unconscious of the fact that he was able to produce a literary masterpiece.

2. Do you think that the prophecy, "the world will little note, nor long remember," the words uttered on that occasion, has been fulfilled? What parts of the speech are most frequently quoted?

3. Locate on a map of the United States the battleground at Gettysburg. A section of this region has now become a national park.

4. In a speech delivered in Independence Hall in 1861, just before he became President, Lincoln said, "I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. . . . It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but, I hope, to the world for all future time"; what is the sentence in the Declaration of Independence to which Lincoln refers?

5. You will probably wish to memorize the address.

6. You may be interested in seeing the established version of the "Gettysburg Address." If possible, draw from the library and bring to class "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," *The Century,* for February, 1894. Note Lincoln's handwriting; compare the three versions of the address: Lincoln's first draft, the Associated Press report, and Lincoln's revised autograph copy. Show the accepted version to the class.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WOODROW WILSON

This address was delivered September 4, 1916, by Woodrow Wilson when the Lincoln birthplace farm near Hodgensville, Kentucky, was presented to the nation and accepted by the War Department. By popular subscription the log cabin itself was inclosed in an imposing granite memorial building.

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the

ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy—the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many a horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy: that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own, Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And

yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln, the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated

with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of his own silent thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln—he stands in need of none—but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled, and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide

and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

Notes and Questions

Thomas Woodrow Wilson (1856–1924), twenty-eighth President of the United States, was born in Staunton, Virginia. In college he was known as a man of strong character, and he showed a great enthusiasm for outdoor sports. He also sang in the glee club and became one of the leading debaters for Princeton.

A very fitting tribute to Wilson, man of letters, was written by John H. Finley:

"Woodrow Wilson will be remembered, long after his name becomes but one of a hundred or hundreds in the lengthening list of Presidents' names, as the author of words upon which the nation hung—words that caused the millions to pause in their fighting and which became the basis of the parley of peace—words which framed a covenant for the 'enduring' peace of the world. They are only words, but they carry an exalted hope of humanity and must some day find their guerdon in deed."

1. How does Lincoln's life demonstrate "the vigor of democracy"? Discuss, *"Genius is no snob."* What sentence in the second paragraph describes Lincoln? What do you think of this sentence as an example of saying much in a few words?

2. What are some of the "mysteries of democracy" which Lincoln's life expressed? How do your school and other democratic institutions help you "to make the most of every gift and power you possess"? What is the "test of every American"? In what way were Washington and Lincoln typical Americans?

3. In what way might this cabin "keep alive the hopes of mankind" even better than "constitutions, doctrines of right, and codes of liberty"? What is your opinion of people who are willing to enjoy the privileges of the society to which they belong, but are not willing to share its duties? What is expected of "real democrats"?

4. Which sentence helps you to *see* the occasion—the cabin and the crowds listening to the President? Be prepared to read to the class a sentence selected because it seemed especially significant to you.

5. Arrange a program for the celebration of Lincoln's birthday in your school, and invite your parents. You may have:

(*a*) A bulletin board exhibit of Lincoln pictures.

(*b*) Talks about some prominent Lincoln Memorials, such as: the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.; the Nancy Hanks Memorial; the Home of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois; the Hodgensville Farm, Kentucky.

(*c*) Famous statues of Lincoln, such as St. Gaudens's, Lincoln Park, Chicago; statue in Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C., by Daniel Chester French.

(*d*) Appreciations of Lincoln, such as "O Captain! My Captain!" Whitman; "Lincoln, the Man of the People," Markham.

(*e*) Sayings of Lincoln, such as the following: "Let us have faith that right makes might." "The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds." "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother." "I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end."

6. Find in the Glossary the meaning and pronunciation of: *democracy, aristocracy, fealty, validity, catholic, permeating, consummation, sovereign, vestal, transmute.*

7. Explain the meaning of each of the following phrases. Your Glossary will be helpful, if they are not clear to you:

creed of caste (p. 283)	familiar of men (p. 284)
conventional standards (p. 283)	natural sequence (p. 285)
to the manner born (p. 284)	read the destiny (p. 286)

Some more interesting stories about Lincoln are *Abraham Lincoln,* Sandburg; *He Knew Lincoln,* Tarbell; *Boy's Life of Lincoln,* Nicolay; "Abraham Lincoln," Holland (in *Historic Boyhoods*).

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke, and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

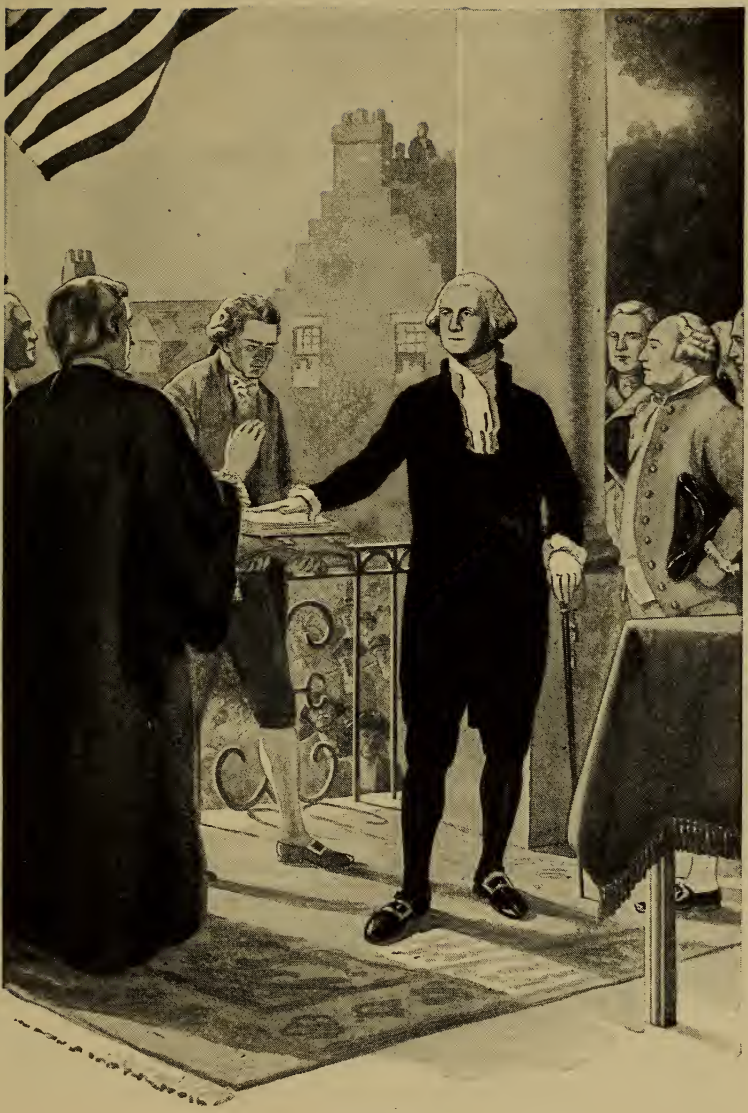
In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one could wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours withindoors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train;



and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

Notes and Questions

Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826), a native of Virginia, was Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Vice President, and President. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and was the founder of the University of Virginia. Jefferson was a brilliant scholar, a good violinist, a skillful horseman, and an accurate marksman with a rifle. His influence was clearly felt in the framing of the Constitution, though he was in France at that time. His speeches are sound in policy and clear in statement.

1. What peculiarity fitted Jefferson to describe the character of Washington? What conflict gave Washington an opportunity to show his greatness? How had Washington's life prepared him to take advantage of his opportunities?

2. Name the qualities, as given by Jefferson, that made Washington so great a leader. How did he show prudence? Integrity? Justice? From your readings can you give any instance in which he showed fearlessness? How did he show sureness in judgment? What, in Jefferson's opinion, was the strongest feature of Washington's character?

3. How does Jefferson summarize his estimate of Washington? Give a brief summary of the things Washington accomplished.

4. Find in the Glossary, or dictionary, the meaning of: *delineate, judiciously, deranged, prudence, integrity, consanguinity, colloquial, mediocrity, fluency, constellation, destiny, arduous.*

5. With the help of your Glossary, explain the meaning of each of the following phrases:

little aided by invention (p. 289)
dislocated by sudden circumstances (p. 289)
enemy in station (p. 289)
habitual ascendancy (p. 289)
whatever promised utility (p. 290)
visionary projects (p. 290)
solid esteem proportioned (p. 290)
deportment easy (p. 290)
orderly train (p. 290)

PATRIOTISM BEGINS IN THE HOME

HENRY W. GRADY

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and for the hills that stand in his pathway.

I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep-rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until he gathers up the broken threads of his life—this, lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government.

We note the barracks of our standing army with their rolling drums and their fluttering flags as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—*he* shall save the Republic when the drumtap is futile, and the barracks are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its rooftree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there, every sacrifice endured, and every victory won should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity.

Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of the government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle,

and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government nor merge it with the mob.

Let him ever stand upright and fearless, a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his state, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

Notes and Questions

Henry W. Grady (1851–1889) was born in Athens, Georgia. He was graduated from the University of Georgia and studied at the University of Virginia. At an early age Grady became editor of the Rome *Courier* and later established the Atlanta *Herald.* In 1882 he became part owner and managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* one of the great newspapers of the South. He was an eloquent speaker, and was widely known and admired for his broad sympathies and kindliness.

1. "The germ of the best patriotism," according to this author, is in the love that a man has:

(*a*) for his home.
(*b*) for the soil that he tills.
(*c*) for the trees that give him shade.
(*d*) for the hills that stand in his pathway.

How does Henry W. Grady tell you that this love for home and nature will save the Republic when war cannot do so?

2. Which do *you* believe is of more importance in saving the Republic, the patriotic citizen or the drum-beat, the flag, and the barracks? Give reasons for your answer.

3. See how many suggestions made by the author for the exaltation of the citizen you can recall. He has given several, for example: *"Teach him that his home is his castle."*

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion, Washington
November 21, 1864

Mrs. Bixby
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

Notes and Questions

1. What fine personal qualities in President Lincoln are you impressed with by reading this letter? Notice the date of the letter. How does this help you to locate in American history the sacrifice made by the mother?

2. Memorize these words from Lincoln's second inaugural address: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." Do these words from Lincoln support Woodrow Wilson's characterization of him in "Abraham Lincoln," page 283?

CITIZENSHIP: THE NORTHFIELD IDEAL

WILLIAM HEYLIGER

The Spirit of the Leader, from which "Citizenship: the Northfield Ideal" is taken, is a book dealing with the real school problems of students who are managing their own affairs. Heyliger, before writing this book, visited one hundred seventy-eight high schools, traveling over six thousand miles to do so, and addressed over two hundred twenty-five thousand high-school students. It is an inspiring and interesting story written to show boys and girls the real meaning of citizenship.

UNEXPECTED SURPRISES AT NORTHFIELD

The football season was over—the last game had been played. Basketball had not yet begun the hectic run of its schedule. Perry King, at his desk in Home Room 13 of the Northfield High School, sighed dolefully.

"Might as well be a hermit," he reflected. "There won't be enough excitement for what's left of this semester to muss a fellow's hair."

But Perry was wrong. Life has a way of bobbing up with unexpected surprises. Three days later, Frank Baldwin, president of the Northfield Congress, resigned with the announcement that his family was moving from town. And the school, aroused from its quiet, found itself confronted with the duty of electing someone to fill his place.

"Praska!" cried Perry. "Room 13 wants George Praska. Nothing to it but Praska. Might as well hold the election at once and get it over with."

If Perry's plan had been to stampede the school for his candidate, he almost succeeded. The cry was taken up in the halls. Northfield remembered how, under Praska's leadership, the school had marched to the City Hall and had had muddy Nelson Avenue improved. Perry, flushed and excited, buttonholed Littlefield in the doorway of the physics laboratory.

"If we can get that election called at once," he said, "Praska will go over without opposition. And then we'll have a Room 13 fellow bossing the whole show. Room 13 has three votes in the Congress—yours, Praska's, and mine. I'll make a motion to hold the election at once. You and Praska will vote for it. We'll pick up enough support from other members of the Congress to jam the motion through. If you ask me, I'll say that it will be pretty work."

But student participation in the government of Northfield High had endowed many of the body with a true sense of values, a gravity of thought, and a perception of real responsibility. Littlefield, instead of giving off sparks of enthusiasm, grew sober. His eyebrows drew down in a frown. "I don't like that," he said. "And I know Praska wouldn't be a party to it. It's not Praska's style."

"Do you think the school could get anybody better than George Praska?" Perry demanded hotly.

"No. But rushing through an election just to seat our own candidate would make a bad precedent. This year it would give us Praska. But how about next year, or the year after? We've got to think of the school. You and Praska and I will be through here in a year or so, but the school will be here long after we're out. That's what counts—not tomorrow, but a long line of tomorrows."

Perry was silent. "I guess you're right," he said at last. Littlefield flashed him a look of approval. The abrupt manner in which he had surrendered an unsound theory was indication of what Northfield was doing for its young citizens.

But though Perry had surrendered, he could not stifle a secret regret. He had developed an uncanny knack of interpreting popular sentiment. The sharp brain, functioning above his thin, bony body, seemed able to read what a group might be thinking. He knew that, at the moment, Praska was the choice of the school. But the moment would pass. Other candidates would be brought forward—it was in the nature of things that this should happen.

And shrewd instinct told Perry that certainty passed out of an election once the friends of rival candidates began to run main issues up obscure and unexpected bypaths.

In due time the Northfield Congress met and promulgated its findings. Nominations, the Congress ordered, must be made from the home rooms; and each home room was limited to one choice. The names of candidates would be placed on the ballot in alphabetical order, and the Congress would supervise the election. Five days were given in which to make nominations.

Room 13 promptly nominated Praska. Three other home rooms promptly indorsed him. Then came a halt. Perry went scouting to learn the reason.

"Opposition," he reported to Littlefield.

Littlefield scowled. "Where?"

"The girls."

Next day one of the girls' home rooms nominated Lee Merritt, who was serving as a member of the Congress.

In Room 13 there were outbursts of mirth at the news. Hammond, the captain of the eleven, was convulsed with laughter.

"You don't mean that they've named old 'Nimble-feet' Merritt?"

Perry nodded.

"Why, all that fellow can do is dance. That's where he got his nickname. What did he ever do for the school?"

"He was chairman of the committee that gave the Thanksgiving Day Entertainment," said Littlefield.

Hammond snorted. "He had a good live committee. The committee members did the work and saved his bacon. He's a favorite with the girls, and that's the only place he shines."

"Yes," Perry said slowly, "and there are four hundred fifty girls in Northfield and about three hundred fifty fellows. He's the best dancer in the school, and the girls crowd each other for a chance to be his partner. He has a way with them. There's no getting away from that. He's popular with them. And if they really get behind old 'Nimble-feet,' they've got the votes."

"Who," asked Littlefield, "who sprung his nomination?"

"I don't know. But Betty Lawton is helping his candidacy."

Littlefield gave a low whistle of consternation. Betty Lawton was, without question, the leading spirit in the girls' rooms.

"Confound girls, anyway," Hammond said bitterly.

NORTHFIELD GUILTY OF POOR CITIZENSHIP

The following morning two more of the girls' rooms came out for Merritt. Betty Lawton's influence was showing its strength. In a corner of the cafeteria, Perry, Hammond, and Littlefield held a council of gloom.

"If the worst comes to the worst," Littlefield said, "we might try stuffing the ballot boxes."

"No crooked work at Northfield," Perry said sharply.

Littlefield gave him a glance of scorn. "Did you think I meant it? Of course there's nothing crooked at Northfield."

But there was. Just before classes were dismissed that afternoon, the news spread through the school that money had been stolen from three clothing lockers on the first floor.

In the auditorium the following morning, Mr. Rue, the principal, faced the students with unwonted gravity.

"As a rule," he said, "the faculty prefers to have matters of ordinary interest to Northfield announced by duly elected officials of the student body. We like to see Northfield citizens function intelligently for themselves. But the matter that must come before you this morning is of such extraordinary character that I deem it best to handle the matter myself.

"Three of the clothing lockers were rifled yesterday, and money was stolen from all three. Fortunately, the amounts taken were small; but that does not lessen the seriousness of the occurrence. All of us, alive to the best interests of Northfield, have been asking, in our hearts, one question. Was this thing done by a citizen of Northfield? I can tell you that it was not.

"We have definitely established the fact that some outsider entered the school, committed the thefts, and left. However,

there is an aspect to the case that must give us pause. The intruder did not force a door nor break a lock. Each locker that was robbed had been left open. This was, in itself, a frank and careless invitation to loss.

"To this extent Northfield has been guilty of poor citizenship. *Good citizenship writes as its cardinal virtue obedience to law.* The law calls for clothing lockers to be kept locked. The person who committed the thefts broke the moral law and the law of organized society. The students who left their lockers invitingly open broke the law of the school. No bank leaves its money out on the sidewalk. Such a condition would be akin to tempting people to steal. The giver of a bribe is as guilty as the taker; and he who by carelessness tempts another to commit a theft is as guilty, in the larger meaning, as the one who steals.

"We must have no more of this laxness at Northfield. Last night we got in touch with every member of our Congress. The school day has hardly begun, but the Congress has already met, and is organized to handle the situation. A 'Safety Committee' has been organized with Mr. Lee Merritt as chairman; and it will have Room B-2 in the basement as its headquarters. This committee will patrol all corridors and will test lockers during the day to see that they are kept locked. If a locker is found open, a warning slip will be left on the knob. A second slip will be for the second offense. But if a locker is found open for the third time, everything in it will be taken to the committee room; and the owner will have to identify his property in order to get it back.

"The members of this committee will wear arm bands, and on each band will be two letters—'S' and 'C.' Their authority, where open lockers are found, is to be accepted by the school. I am sorry that the Congress has had to name such a committee. It should not be necessary for us to police ourselves. The Congress asks me to inform you that the committee will be disbanded just as soon as Northfield shows that it is capable of obeying its own laws without supervision."

The school filed soberly from the auditorium; but once in the corridors the walls echoed a medley of excited debate and speculation. Back in Room 13 Mr. Banning held the boys while waiting for the next period bell.

"I think," he said, "that Room 13 has a representative on the Safety Committee."

Perry King arose. "I'm on the committee. We won't have our arm bands until tomorrow."

"Can't do anything in this school," little Johnny Dunn chortled, "without Room 13 having a finger in the pie."

"Let Room 13 keep its hands clean by not making it necessary to be reported by the Safety Committee," Perry said savagely. Plainly he was chewing some cud of bitter reflection. Mr. Banning looked at him in surprise. Littlefield nudged Hammond.

"Something's gone wrong," he observed wisely. "I'll bet it has something to do with the election."

It did have something to do with the election. Twice, before the period bell rang, Perry tried to catch Praska's eye; later there was no chance to overtake him in the orderly lines out in the hall. During the morning he heard that one more room had declared for Praska. That was good. The information was followed by the announcement that the two remaining rooms—a girls' room and Merritt's own home room—had taken a stand for the rival candidate whose specialty was dancing. Perry's face grew long. He counted the minutes until noon, and then hastened down to the cafeteria. Praska was eating at a corner table.

"Speed it up," Perry said. "I want to talk to you, and I can't do it here. There's too big a crowd." He got a tray, and brought his own meal back to the table. "I've got an earful for you," he added, "and don't make any mistake about that."

Twenty minutes later, on the quiet landing of a little-used rear stairway, the earful was duly delivered.

"Four home rooms have declared for you," Perry said, "and four have declared for Merritt. Of course the fact that a home room indorses a candidate doesn't mean that the other fellow

won't get any votes from that room. You'll get everything in your room; Merritt will get everything in his. But in the other rooms that indorsed Merritt, you got some votes; and he got some votes in the rooms that indorsed you. A room indorsement is simply a majority opinion. It doesn't bind the fellow who voted against the majority to swing into line and make the choice unanimous."

Praska smiled his slow smile. "Why get excited about that?"

"Four rooms against four rooms," said Perry. "The girls' rooms have the most votes. They're going to control this election."

"Why shouldn't they, if they have the most votes?"

"But 'Nimble-feet' Merritt is chairman of the Safety Committee."

There was something in the way the sentence was said that brought Praska's brows together in a frown. Plainly his friend was hinting at something queer—but he could not follow him. "What of that?" he asked at last.

"Oh, you ninny," Perry said pityingly. "Can't you see what's going to happen? By and by some of the girls will leave their lockers open for the third time. Their things will be brought down to the committee room. And what will 'Nimble-feet' do? Will he make them toe the mark? He will not. He'll apologize to them for making them come down, and they'll go away figuring that he's just the nicest fellow in Northfield. What chance will you have against *that?*"

Praska's face was grave. "You mean Merritt will use the Safety Committee as part of his campaign?"

"No; no." Perry was impatient. "He won't be able to do anything else. It's his way. He always gushes over a girl. And members of the committee, that the whole school knows are for you, will have to play along as he plays, or your election is gone."

They looked into each other's eyes as men do who seek to read each other's souls. Praska was the first to speak.

"Let's go back," he said, and started down the stairs.

Perry sighed. The interview had not gone as he had counted. He had come there to warn Praska of the defeat that lay ahead; to tell him——. A chill of doubt stabbed at him, and he grew icy with apprehension. As he started to follow, his steps were slow, his feet were heavy.

"Praska stooping to that," he said in a whisper. "I can't believe it."

And then Praska turned and came back up the stairs. In his eyes now was a look of pain as though the thing that brought him back might hurt; but his jaw was squared.

"Perry," he said rapidly, after the fashion of one who seeks to get an unpleasant duty over with, "the presidency of the Congress is the greatest honor that Northfield can give. It's a big temptation, but——. Oh, we've got to play the game. If I thought that a single vote came to me because some friend in

Room 13 let things slide and winked at——. You know what Mr. Rue said this morning about open lockers. Bad citizenship! We can't stand for that. I don't care how many votes——''

Perry gave a cry of understanding. ''You mean you think I'm going to do 'Nimble-feet's' stunt and play for votes?''

''Isn't that what you were trying to tell me?''

''You poor prune! I wanted you to see what you were up against. I wanted to tell you that I was going to treat everybody who came down to the committee room without gloves. I was trying to tell you I was just about going to lose you that election.''

''And I thought it was the other thing,'' said Praska.

Perry was going to announce what he had believed, but stifled the words before they were uttered. Somehow, the thought itself seemed to carry a sting of insult. After a moment his lips twisted into a crooked smile.

'' 'I would rather be right than be president.' Regular Henry Clay stuff. Remember when we first heard that saying of Clay's? Back in the eighth grade of grammar school. It didn't mean much then; but Mr. Banning said something about it last week. I'll tell the world he drove it home to me.''

''It's the spirit of America,'' Praska said passionately. And Perry wondered how he could ever have dreamed that Praska would sell his ideals for an honor.

THE WORK OF THE SAFETY COMMITTEE

There are, in every school, a shiftless few who cannot be touched by the finer things, and who take their responsibilities lightly. Close on their heels tread the laggards, the thoughtless and indifferent. Northfield was no exception to the common rule. And so it came to pass that before many days lockers were being emptied by the Safety Committee, and uneasy and blustering students were coming down to Room B-2 to claim their temporarily confiscated belongings.

It was in Room B-2 that Perry's scathing tongue won for him the nickname of the ''Bawler-Out.''

"Why," said Littlefield in admiration, "you never heard such dressing-downs in your life. To hear that long-legged bantam talk you'd think he was the Constitution of the United States and the Supreme Court rolled into one. Half the fellows who go down there could squeeze his ear and make him dance to their music; but they take what he has to say and walk out like tame ducks."

Friend or mere acquaintance—it was all the same to Perry. He had been placed in power to see that a necessary and vital law was obeyed. He recognized no other creed. Those who came to wheedle grew abashed before his indignant glare. A few came to threaten, only to become silent under his withering indignation. He knew neither fear nor favor, excuse nor extenuation. Northfield had soiled itself through contact with a thief. It was never to happen again. Soft words had no power, friendship no appeal, to turn him from that.

Between times he found occasion to campaign for Praska. One boy whom he had flayed in the morning, he approached for support in the afternoon. The student eyed him coldly.

"You were certainly around when nerve was given out," he commented. "A few hours ago you scalped me; now you're asking for favors."

"What do you want me to be," Perry demanded, "a Northfield fellow or a trimmer?"

The student flushed. "A Northfield fellow," he said after a moment. "I wouldn't promise to vote for Praska; but I haven't promised to vote for Merritt, either."

Merritt, on the other hand, took his duties with light ease. During his periods of patrol, he walked the corridors faithfully; but there were times when Room B-2 did not see him for an entire day, and the committee took care of itself. When he would come in, he would always wear an air of busy importance. He would glance briefly through the record book, sign the reports that others had prepared, and then he was gone.

"Good work," he would say from the doorway. "Somebody had better stay on deck. That stuff we took out of locker 136—

Morris will be down looking for that this afternoon. Somebody'll have to be here to give it to him."

Perry regarded him with sour disfavor.

The campaign ran on and grew feverish with the days. Twice the auditorium was given over to political mass-meetings—once so that Merritt's friends could plead his case, again so that Praska's adherents could advance his claims. Neither Betty Lawton nor Perry was among the orators. Perry was down in Room B-2 doing work that had to be done. Betty was in the assembly, merely a listener, but she applauded each speaker who said a good word for Merritt. Littlefield, who was watching her narrowly, saw that.

It was after the meeting called to help him that Merritt made one of his brief visits to the headquarters of the Safety Committee. He had been praised for the sharp manner in which the committee was supervising the lockers; his spirit had expanded mellowly under the tide of approval. No doubt he thought he had earned all the good things that had been said of him. And while he was in the committee room making his perfunctory examination of the records, a girl from the junior class came in to claim several articles that had been removed from her open locker.

Merritt sprang nimbly to his feet. "Miss Hunt! I'm sorry you have had to come down here. Has it inconvenienced you? Really, I could have taken care of this if you had let me know. We had to take them; no way out of it. It's a school order. You'll keep your locker closed hereafter, won't you? Going right upstairs?"

"Yes; Betty Lawton is waiting for me." In fact, Betty stood in the doorway.

"Let me carry them for you," Merritt said quickly, and draped the girl's coat over his arm. Chatting and laughing, he led the way from the room.

Perry, who had seen it all, made a bow to an imaginary visitor. "O Miss Dillpickle! What an outrage that your own things should have been taken from your own locker. I am humiliated

that this should have happened to you. Of course, the school says you deserve this punishment, but what's good citizenship between friends?'' He kicked over the chair that Merritt had just vacated. ''Of all the rot,'' he said in disgust.

But calling Merritt's methods names did not minimize their danger to Praska. Here was a girl offender who had been treated apologetically, and another girl who had witnessed the deference that she had been shown. They would spread a report of Merritt's consideration through the girls' home rooms. And with Betty Lawton telling it——

Perry waited glumly until another member of the committee came to relieve him. This was Wednesday. The election was to be held Friday. All day tomorrow for the telling of a sympathetic story of what a thoughtful, engaging young man Lee Merritt was. All of Friday, until the hour of the election, for the story to be told and retold. If Merritt had been deliberately seeking votes through his connection with the Safety Committee, Perry might have found a savage joy in counterplotting; but Merritt, who could find so little time for his committee chairmanships, seemed innocently unaware of the strength he was building up behind his gallantries. Perry shook his head helplessly and went upstairs.

The hour was well on toward four o'clock; yet by rare good luck, he met Praska going out of the school door. Perry was nothing if not curious.

''What kept you so late?''

''Room 13 is turning out an election circular tomorrow. They asked me to wait while they got up the copy. Johnnie Baffin owns a small printing press; some of the fellows are going around there tonight, and after Johnnie sticks the type, they're going to print the job.''

''Funny I wasn't told about that,'' Perry said, with a shaft of jealousy.

''One thing at a time,'' Praska said. ''You're making a job of the Safety Committee—and a good job, too.''

Perry's face lengthened. He told of what had happened in Room B-2—told it bitterly, for he was sore in spirit. Praska looked past him, a far-away stare in his eyes, as though in the distance he saw visions of strength and truth.

"Betty Lawton and every girl in Northfield," he said at last, "is a citizen of Northfield. That's the thing to remember. They're just as proud of Northfield as the rest of us. They're just as much interested in the school as any fellow. Of course, girls expect fellows to be nice to them, but I don't think they look for it, or want it, at the price of something big."

"Big what?" Perry demanded.

"Northfield citizenship," Praska answered. "Not the make-believe kind; the real thing."

Perry sniffed. "You wouldn't say that if you had seen the way those two girls acted today."

"Maybe they haven't thought of it from the right angle. Maybe they just accepted what Merritt did as the courtesy a fellow would naturally show a girl. Down in my heart I believe they're just as much alive to the real things as any of us are. I think they'd be insulted if they thought the school had one line of treatment for the boy citizens and another for the girl. I think they want to play the big game with us, and that they're ready to play it with us. I think they're eager and willing to take the knocks that go with the big game. They're not asking to be babied. They're citizens; and the fellow who refuses to judge them as citizens belittles them and belittles the school."

Perry had listened with a rising color in his cheeks. At the end he shook his head as though breaking away from a charm of words.

"Wouldn't it be fine for the school if things ran like that?" he asked wistfully.

Praska was disappointed. "You're one of those who think a girl has to be babied?"

"The bulk of 'Nimble-feet' Merritt's support is coming from the girls' home rooms," Perry said practically. It was an argument that admitted of no answer. He trudged off and left Praska

there still staring into the distance as though he still saw a vision.

THE "BAWLER-OUT"

Next morning the circulars that had been run off on Johnnie Baffin's press made their appearance in the school. Perry read one with interest:

GEORGE PRASKA

ROOM 13 ASKS YOU TO ELECT HIM ON HIS RECORD

You will vote a prepared ballot for President of the Congress.

Why?

Because George Praska fought for a prepared ballot last fall in Room 13 elections. The principle for which he fought was sound. Every home room in Northfield has adopted it.

You won't have to wade across muddy Nelson Avenue hereafter.

Why?

Because George Praska led Northfield to the City Hall and had the street improved.

A VOTE FOR PRASKA

IS

A VOTE FOR PROGRESS

"That," said Littlefield over his shoulder, "is what I call a mighty fine campaign document. It ought to swing this election."

"Who wrote it?" Perry asked.

"I did," Littlefield said modestly. "Don't you like it?"

Perry liked it immensely. The more he thought of it, the more its arguments seemed conclusive and sweeping. Coming the day before the election, it would rivet attention on the candidates and their known capabilities. Later, in physics, when his mind should have been dissecting some problems that had to do with the energy of steam, his imagination was captivated by pictures of signs that the school would find on Nelson Avenue next morn-

ing. He intended to erect them. He even know how the signs would look: "Thank Praska for a Clean Street." That, he told himself proudly, would be a knock-out, the last straw, the winning hit, the grand finale that would bring home the bacon.

At noon, after eating, he went outdoors to decide just where the signs should go. On the outdoor steps he paused. Merritt was on the sidewalk, the center of a group of eagerly questioning girls. He held in his hand one of the Praska circulars, and was talking lightly. Some of his audience began to laugh.

"Isn't that perfectly ridiculous," came a clear soprano voice. Perry turned on his heels and re-entered the school. He was in no mood to go back to Room 13. It was not his hour for Safety Committee duty; yet a sort of restlessness led him down to Room B-2. The committee quarters were deserted. Clothing, in neat piles over in a corner, told him that some lockers had been cleaned out that day. He began to look through the slips on his desk. George Hartford, Frank Mason, Elizabeth Lawton——. Even as his eyes opened wide, there was a sound from the hall, a patter of feet on the floor, and then a voice.

"Oh, Perry, won't you please let me have my things? I'm in an awful hurry."

For just a moment Perry hesitated. Temptation to make political capital of the situation touched him—he who had vowed to handle the work with honor. This girl was a leader. She could influence votes. And then the temptation was gone, routed before his feeling for a higher duty and the stern necessity of upholding a Northfield ideal. Slowly he took from the desk the paper that bore her name.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

She looked at him in surprise. "But I'm in a hurry."

"That's twice today you've been in a hurry. The first time when you were so much in a hurry that you forgot to protect your locker. The doctors say that hurry kills people. You don't want to die young, do you?"

She thought for a moment that he was joking; but the look on his face dispelled that theory. A judge, sentencing a prisoner to

death, could not have been more serious. His voice carried a solemnity that made her uneasy. She did not mean to do it—and yet she sank into the chair toward which he had motioned.

"Socially, Miss Lawton," he said, "it is always a pleasure to meet you, but I do not care to meet you under the circumstances that prevail today. You have left a locker open. Because you and others are careless, one student had to give up part of a study period to patrol your corridor, to take your things out, and to bring them here for safe-keeping. I have to stay here, too, to give them back to you when you get ready to come for them. Do you think it fair that your carelessness should make extra work for others? You may be waited on at home; I have nothing to say about that. But you can't expect to have people pick up and carry for you here. It isn't the Northfield spirit."

An angry spot of red had begun to burn in the girl's cheeks.

"I came for my clothing," she said icily; "not to be lectured by you."

"No," Perry said. "You came here convicted of bad citizenship. We can't pass bad citizenship over with a smile. It's too serious. If you object to getting both clothing and the truth at the same time, you can go to Mr. Rue's office and complain."

The girl half arose from her chair, and then dropped back. She bit her lips. This tall, thin monster who stood before her with the austere gravity of an executioner had all the best of it. She could not go to the principal's office without having to explain there how her locker had come to be open. Better a session with Perry than a session with Mr. Rue. She leaned back in the chair, turned her eyes toward the door leading to the hall, and began to hum.

Perry went over to the clothing and brought back one of the piles. "Personal belongings must be identified before surrender," he said.

"One silk handbag."

The girl continued to stare out of the door.

"Not identified," said Perry. "We'll put that aside. It must belong to somebody else."

Betty sprang to her feet. "That's mine. My initials are inside. My mother gave me that last Christmas."

"You must value it," Perry observed, "to throw it in an open locker and leave it there."

The girl's cheeks were burning. "I won't stay here to be insulted."

"You wouldn't be here at all if you obeyed the Northfield laws. One felt hat and one coat trimmed with fur."

"Mine," Betty snapped. "My name's stamped on the hat lining, and one of my notebooks is in the right-hand coat pocket."

"One vanity case, one pair of gloves with a hole in one finger."

"You needn't criticize my gloves," the girl cried angrily.

"I wouldn't know anything about them if they hadn't been brought here," Perry reminded her.

She wanted to walk out, to leave her belongings there, to turn an outraged back upon him and leave him to a hollow triumph.

But, somehow, even in her wrath, she felt a compelling, arresting force that would not let her go. He was gathering up the clothing, piling it neatly, and she walked toward him tight-lipped, to take what was hers. He did not push it to her across the desk.

"It's worse for a girl to be careless," he said, "than it is for a fellow. People expect a girl to be orderly. If she isn't orderly, what kind of home will she have after she's married? Everything will be upset. I'd think about that, Miss Lawton," he said gravely, and held the pile toward her.

She snatched it from him. "The 'Bawler-Out!' " Her voice shook, "No wonder they call you that. 'Bawler-Out!' They ought to call you a tyrant."

"And a girl like you," said Perry, "who's a leader, ought to stand *with* the law of Northfield and not *against* it."

A stamp of her foot, a toss of a raven-black head, something that sounded like a cry of protest, and she was gone. Carefully, methodically, Perry wrote on the slip the date when the things taken from the locker had been claimed. Under this he signed his name with curious deliberation.

Upstairs, in one of the corridors, he met Littlefield. "Seen Praska?" he asked.

Littlefield shook his head.

"If you see him——" Perry paused a moment. "Tell him Betty Lawton came to Room B-2 for her clothing. Tell him he's licked to a frazzle. He'll understand."

A STRONG HAND ON THE TILLER

Leaving the basement of the school, Betty Lawton did not go directly to her own home room. She had begun to cry, and had then dried her tears with the resolve that nothing Perry King *could* do or say would make her cry. But her eyes were red, and she did not want to take this telltale sign back where others could see it.

She was in one of the rear corridors, between a window and the foot of a side stairway. Two boys began to descend the stairs.

She walked to the window, turned her back, and looked outdoors as though absorbed in something she saw. But the first words caught her attention.

"Perry King" came a voice. "He's nothing but a bag of wind. Likes to hear himself talk."

"I don't think you've got him sized up right," came an answer.

"I didn't know you were in love with him. You wanted to beat him up after that dressing-down he gave you in the Safety Committee room."

"Well, I've changed my mind about that. He came to me that same day and began to urge me to consider Praska for President of the Congress. 'You've got a fine nerve,' I told him, 'to ask favors from me after what you said to me today.' He came right back at me. 'What do you want me to be,' he asked, 'a trimmer or a Northfield fellow?' There's a whole lot in that. If he had wanted to trim, he could have made a lot of votes for Praska; and I'll bet a gold mine he's lost Praska votes by the way he's bawled out fellows. But that's Perry. He's for the school, and nothing else matters. I'll bet if Praska got nailed with an open locker, he'd bawl him out as hard as he'd hand it to you or me."

The footsteps went along the corridor, turned a corner, and were swallowed in a host of other sounds. By and by, across the willful face of Betty Lawton a new expression began to find its way. He had spoken of the Northfield spirit. "You can't," he had said, "pass bad citizenship over with a smile." And he had added something that gave her pause the longer she thought of it. A leader ought to stand for the law of Northfield and not against it. He had called her a leader—and in the same breath had condemned her. All at once a new and strange respect for this monster, this bawler-out, began to run through her veins.

Presently she was stirred to action. Going to her locker, she hung up her clothing and carefully locked the door. As she turned away, she saw Merritt. Suddenly she was moved to try a strange conclusion.

"Lee," she called, as she reached his side, "my locker was emptied by the committee."

"Gosh," he said. "Isn't that tough luck? You girls who forget to turn a key will get into trouble. When did it happen?"

"This morning some time."

"I wish you had told me sooner. I might have been able to fix it up for you at once. Wait here. I'll go and get your things."

"You needn't," she said in a voice that baffled him. "I got them a little while ago from Perry King." As she went to her home room with the red now gone from her eyes, her heels seemed to tap out "bad citizenship, bad citizenship" on the floor. Merritt had tried to smooth things for her; Perry had called her strictly to account. As between the two her choice ran to the sturdy, uncompromising viewpoint that gave no favors and asked none.

Yet, after a time, she was conscious of a vague disquietude. Suppose Praska, confronted with complaint of Perry's methods, should try to pour an unctuous oil of insincerity upon the troubled water. Her mouth grew thin-lipped again, as it had done earlier that day down in Room B-2. She had tested Merritt by the light that Perry King had given her. Now she would test Praska.

She did not come upon him until just before school closed for the day. They met outside the office of Mr. Rue, to which both had gone on errands.

"George," she said boldly, "Perry King is one of your chief lieutenants, isn't he?"

"Yes; he is."

"I had to go to the Safety Committee room today to claim some clothing. You know what the school calls him—the 'Bawler-Out.' Do you think he ought to talk to a girl the same way he talks to a boy?"

"I have nothing to do with the Safety Committee, Betty."

She felt a stirring of regret. In her present mood she wanted to encounter the strength of a leader with the courage to stand for his convictions. Praska, she thought, was trimming.

"Never mind that," she said. "I know you're not on the committee. But you're running for office, and Perry is one of your chief supporters. You know what he's been doing in Room B-2. The whole school knows. Do you believe in his talking to a girl like that?"

"I believe," Praska said slowly, "that if a girl and a fellow are to be equal in their citizenship, they must be equal in their responsibility. Perry wasn't insulting, was he?"

"N—no, not exactly. He hurt my feelings."

"Perhaps you hurt his feelings by breaking a Northfield law. Did you not leave your locker open?"

"Yes."

"Then Perry did what I would have done had I been in his place."

At that moment the message that Perry had sent to him ran through Praska's mind—"licked to a frazzle." A wry smile twisted his lips even as he bowed and took a step past the girl.

But she stopped him with a quick little gesture, half imperative, half entreating.

"George," she said, "I've been doing some campaign work for Lee Merritt, but I've seen some things today that have changed my mind. You never met my Uncle Bob, did you? He's captain of a steamer that runs to South America. He says that no boat can sail a true course without a strong hand on the tiller. You can count on my support when the Northfield Congress opens the polls tomorrow."

Notes and Questions

1. Find five instances in this story to show that Northfield was training its young citizens to stand for high ideals. For example: *Perry agreed with Littlefield that his (Perry's) original plan for rushing through the election was unsound.*

2. What is the correct answer to each of these questions:

   (*a*) Why did Littlefield object to Perry's plan to stampede the election of Praska?

   (*b*) How do you know that the girls at Northfield were good citizens?

(*c*) Why was Perry, a member of the Safety Committee, a better citizen of Northfield than Merritt, the chairman?

(*d*) Why did Betty Lawton support Praska?

3. Do you believe Praska would make a good president of the Northfield Congress? Why? What did Praska believe to be "the spirit of America"? Is the following statement true in your school: "There are, in every school, a shiftless few who cannot be touched by the finer things, and who take their responsibilities lightly."

What other classes of undesirable citizens does the author believe you will find in every school?

4. What is the difference between "a Northfield fellow and a trimmer"? Why did the real citizens at Northfield dislike Lee Merritt?

5. Select from this story five sentences that would make good slogans or mottoes.

6. Make a special report on one of the following:

(*a*) "Good citizenship writes as its cardinal virtue obedience to law."

(*b*) "No bank leaves its money out on the sidewalk."

(*c*) "The giver of a bribe is as guilty as the taker."

(*d*) "I would rather be right than be president."

(*e*) "No boat can sail a true course without a strong hand on the tiller."

7. If you do not know the meaning of each of these phrases, look them up in your Glossary:

student participation in the government (p. 297)

chewing some cud of bitter reflection (p. 301)

austere gravity of an executioner (p. 311)

unctuous oil of insincerity (p. 315)

8. You may wish to prove yourself a good citizen by reporting upon one of these reading references:

(*a*) *For report by individuals or committees:* "The Voice of the People," Heyliger (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "A Matter of Proper Spirit," Heyliger (in *The Spirit of the Leader*).

(*b*) *For use in leisure moments—recreation:* "The Making of a Man," Taft, "The Meaning of Citizenship," Roosevelt, and "Why and How I Became an American," Pupin (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ—MAKER OF LIGHTNING

JOHN WINTHROP HAMMOND

Artificial lightning is considered Dr. Steinmetz's greatest invention. He was the first man to succeed in producing bolts of real lightning at will. This achievement gained for him the popular title of "Jove, the Hurler of Thunderbolts." One author has said of him, "A strange figure, wistful, pathetic—that was Steinmetz. Deformed, an undersized, hunchbacked dwarf with the mind of an angel and the soul of a seer; that was Steinmetz."

HE STUDIED LIGHTNING—AND MADE IT

Lightning, about which Dr. Steinmetz knew a great deal, is a strange and startling thing, but, although it sometimes kills, the fear that people have of it is, in most cases, quite needless.

It is true that lightning now and then causes damage to property. Being a discharge of electricity in enormous volume, it is especially dangerous to electrical supply systems. To show how these systems can be protected against lightning is indeed worth while. That is one of the very things that Steinmetz helped to do. It was one of the important achievements that made his life useful to the world. It was a great stone in the structure of his life tower, which lifted him still higher among men.

For fully twenty years of his life, Dr. Steinmetz studied lightning. His study of it came under the head of "transient electrical currents." By his investigations he was trying to discover the cause of sudden, unexpected high-voltage currents that bring damage to the electrical machines in power-houses and to the cables of transmission lines, unless they can be prevented.

He found that lightning was one of the causes of such destructive currents. Lightning does not often actually strike an

electrical transmission system. But it may come so close to the wires that it causes what is known as "induced current" in the electrical system, which is a much greater current than the system can stand without breaking down.

As electrical systems, supplying electricity to cities and towns, began to increase in size, they needed protection against such disturbances more than ever. Their very size made them more exposed to trouble from lightning. Realizing this, Dr. Steinmetz, some time before 1900, began to use his great ability to solve the problem. Other electrical engineers also worked at it. Out of these efforts came the invention of the lightning-arrester, which was first used long before Steinmetz had begun to study lightning.

A lightning-flash, Dr. Steinmetz declared, lasts only one millionth part of a second. That is far too short a time to make it of any use to human beings, even if there were any possible way of using it.

After he had studied lightning for many years, Dr. Steinmetz came to know so much about it—how it was caused, how much power it could produce, and how it behaved—that many people called him the "friend of lightning." It is certain that he was never afraid of it. Instead of wishing to hide during a thunderstorm, as some foolish persons do, he enjoyed watching the lightning as it flashed across the sky. He always knew it was dangerous if it struck close to where one happened to be; but he had discovered that the chances of this were very small, and that there is not so much reason to be afraid of it as most people believe.

Hence he did not practice any useless precautions during a thunderstorm. But he knew just what to do and what not to do to protect oneself from lightning. He knew there was no more danger in watching lightning from an open window or from the porch of one's home than in going down cellar and staying there until the storm was over. But he was always careful never to seek shelter, during a thunderstorm, under a tree standing all alone in a field, or one on top of a hill, for such trees are very often just like targets for lightning-bolts.

As he went on with his study of this tremendous thing which has always so awed human beings, Dr. Steinmetz gathered all the data he could about lightning storms and places that had been struck by lightning. And, strangely enough, his very best chance came when lightning struck his own camp one day in the summer of 1920. Rather fortunately, perhaps, Dr. Steinmetz was not there at the time. But within a day or two, he had heard about it. He at once put everything else aside in order to go out to the camp and see what the lightning had done.

There he went over the ground just like a detective on the scene of a crime. He took careful notes of the path followed by the lightning, and secured photographs of the damage.

Most singular of all, he carefully collected the fragments of a looking-glass which the lightning had smashed into many pieces. These fragments were like a Chinese puzzle; but he wished to put them together, for he believed that thereby he

could discover how the looking-glass had been marked by the lightning. He was sure this would give him important information. Several friends who were with him at the time thought his idea a peculiar one. They could hardly believe that the results would be worth the trouble of piecing the glass together. However, they said nothing, for they knew that Steinmetz would never do anything foolish or unnecessary.

It took days and days to put the looking-glass together. No one without a great deal of patience would have done it. Steinmetz, however, had the patience; and he kept at the puzzle. Nothing could tire him or induce him to give it up. And he succeeded, after a great deal of time, in getting all the pieces back where they had been before the lightning smashed the glass.

After this had been done, the looking-glass was very carefully placed between two pieces of plate glass, which were sealed along the edges. In this way it was taken from the camp to Dr. Steinmetz's laboratory at the General Electric Works in Schenectady, where he studied it and was able to form several interesting conclusions from it.

In 1921 Steinmetz designed and had built a piece of electrical apparatus for producing artificial lightning in his laboratory. He called this machine the lightning-generator. It was built from data and knowledge which he had gained through years of study. It was just as carefully designed as the great electrical generators in a power-station.

The purpose of this machine was to allow Steinmetz to watch lightning strike. As he had often said, when an actual lightning-bolt strikes some point upon the earth, in a thunderstorm, no one is there to see it. No one knows beforehand when and where it will strike. Therefore it is impossible to obtain that precise information which engineers and scientists need in order to carry on their work and increase human knowledge.

By means of his lightning-generator, however, Steinmetz believed he could produce his own lightning, and produce it whenever he desired. It would be ever so much weaker than real lightning, to be sure, but it would have exactly the same charac-

teristics and would behave in exactly the same manner. And he would have the advantage of being present when it flashed. His experiment worked out just as he had expected it would. His calculations, seldom wrong, were right in this instance. His lightning-generator was a success, and he was able to learn a great deal from it in the next few years.

The knowledge which he obtained in this manner was useful in helping the General Electric Company to produce better lightning-arresters. Lightning-arresters are automatic in their manner of operating. But for many years, engineers were not able to make them good enough to work without fail. It was not until information about lightning, such as Steinmetz secured, could be studied, that these lightning-arresters began to be of the utmost reliability.

Thus it is seen that the Steinmetz lightning-generator was no mere "electrical show," intended simply to amuse and amaze. It had a sound, everyday, common-sense use. It helped to produce lightning-arresters which could be counted on to do just what men wanted them to do. How the lightning machine worked must be told in a chapter by itself. It was a most interesting device. And it is noteworthy that Steinmetz continued, with his lightning-generator, to make his work more and more useful to every one who uses electricity. He was still building a "useful life."

HOW HIS LIGHTNING MACHINE WORKED

Everyone was so astonished at the idea of a man's ability to produce lightning that he did not consider whether or not the discovery made by Steinmetz announced in 1921 was a particularly useful one, but the public showed tremendous interest. The inventor was called "a forger of thunderbolts." Some newspapers spoke of him as a modern Jove. Everywhere his name was heard in conversation, always spoken in tones of great admiration.

But he himself paid little attention to the excitement created by news of his artificial lightning. It was simply one part of his

effort to accomplish a useful work for electrical engineering. He kept on with his work, using his lightning-generator all through 1922 and during a large part of 1923. By that time he found that he needed a more powerful apparatus—one that would discharge a larger lightning-bolt. Such a machine was completed only a few months before his death; but he never had an opportunity to use it.

Dr. Steinmetz's artificial lightning was astounding. It was something that few people would have supposed was possible. It caused thousands of people to talk about him; and within a few months he was one of the best-known scientists in the United States. In the popular sense, he had become famous.

Up to this time he had been widely known among engineers, especially electrical engineers. The whole engineering profession looked upon him as one of its most distinguished men, and knew that he had done a number of exceedingly useful things. Therefore, his experiments in making lightning opened a new period in his career. It was the period when people in general became acquainted with his work and began to understand, to a small extent, how useful his life was to the whole world.

It is quite true that Steinmetz did generate, or "manufacture," lightning by means of his lightning-generator. But we must remember that this artificial lightning was many times less powerful than real lightning. According to Steinmetz's own calculations, a lightning-bolt, in a thunderstorm, discharges at a pressure of a hundred million volts. The lightning-flash which he produced had only a hundred and twenty thousand volts. In the same way a flash of lightning has an actual energy estimated to be about five-hundred-million horse-power. The energy of his lightning was a million horse-power, or only one five-hundredth as much as that of real lightning.

The manner in which Dr. Steinmetz produced his artificial lightning was exactly the same as the way in which real lightning is produced in a storm. He learned, by study and observation, just what happens when lightning is seen.

He found that lightning comes from a thundercloud, which is

made up of a countless number of raindrops. During sultry summer weather, these raindrops keep gathering together in the atmosphere, each one of them having a small charge of electricity. Sometimes two or three small drops unite to make a large one, and the electrical charge then finds much less room on the one large drop than on several small ones. That means that the electricity is crowded for space, and hence an electrical tension, or voltage, is produced.

As more raindrops keep coming into the thundercloud, a still larger amount of electricity is crowded together within the cloud. This cannot go on forever; a thundercloud cannot stand more than just so much electrical voltage. So at length, when the electrical energy can find no more room on the millions of drops in the cloud, it discharges as lightning; the electricity goes off into space in the form of a lightning-bolt.

Dr. Steinmetz imitated all this in making his lightning-generator. He placed a number of large glass plates, each one coated with a magnetic substance, upon two or three racks. Then he connected them with an electrical circuit in such a manner that electricity would slowly flow into these plates—or condensers, as they were known—just as it flows into the thundercloud by means of the raindrops. The condensers stored up this electrical energy in just the same way that the thundercloud does.

The lightning-generator was so designed that it could receive stored-up electricity in this manner until 120,000 volts was reached. This was the "breaking-down point" of the machine. It corresponded to the point at which the thundercloud can no longer hold the stored-up electricity of the raindrops.

When the electricity in the condensers of the lightning-generator reached 120,000 volts, then came the artificial lightning-flash. That meant that the condensers, like the thundercloud, could not hold any more electrical energy, and so had to get rid of it by a "lightning discharge."

Dr. Steinmetz and his assistants knew beforehand just where their artificial lightning would strike. They knew what path it

would follow, and where to watch for its destructive effects. That was the great value of the lightning-generator. In allowing the engineers to watch where the lightning was going to strike, the lightning-generator made possible something which in a thunderstorm is never possible. No one ever knows where real lightning will strike. The path of the artificial lightning provided a line of least resistance for the discharge to follow. At a certain point in this path there was a gap, and in the gap was placed the article or object which the engineers wished the lightning to strike, so that they could see what would happen.

In one experiment a stout piece of wire was placed at the point where the gap occurred. When the discharge came, this wire glowed white from the sudden heat, like a white streak, and then disappeared altogether into dust.

The small limb of a tree was next placed in the path of the lightning. This was split into fragments by the bolt, and the pieces were hurled all over the room, some of them as far as twenty or thirty feet.

When the generator discharged its artificial lightning, a loud report was heard somewhat like the discharge of a firecracker. This corresponded to the crash of thunder when lightning flashed in a thunderstorm. In proportion to the size of the lightning-bolt, it was every bit as real as the thunder that is heard following a flash of real lightning

Notes and Questions

Charles Proteus Steinmetz (1865–1923) owed his passage and even his entry to America to a young American student at an engineering school in Zurich, Switzerland. The immigration officers decided to bar him because they saw only a little man with a crippled body, defective eyesight, and no money—a man who would in all probability become a public charge. The young student interceded for him, and Steinmetz was allowed to come into the country. Few Americans can match the career of early struggles against obstacles which, through patience, perseverance, and hard work, this genius of electricity overcame. Of his

own success Steinmetz said, "Any boy can achieve as much as I have achieved if he has the right opportunity."

1. This selection brings to you important scientific information; what is the most interesting fact you learned from your reading?

2. Dr. Charles Steinmetz was often referred to as "the little wizard of electricity." What evidence have you gained from reading this selection which leads you to believe he deserved the title? What discovery made by Steinmetz is considered of great importance in the world of industry?

3. Read lines from the selection to show that Steinmetz lived up to his own ideals expressed in the following quotation: "If a young man goes at his work only as a means to an end—I am not much interested in him. I *am* interested in him if he seems to do his work *for the work's sake.*"

4. What is meant by the term "induced current"? What causes it? Why was Steinmetz called the "friend of lightning"? Why was he not afraid of lightning?

5. What assistance did Steinmetz get in solving his problem from the fact that his own camp was struck by lightning? For what purpose did Steinmetz design the lightning-generator? What "sound, everyday, common-sense use" did the lightning-generator have?

6. Account for the fact that the newspapers referred to Steinmetz as a "modern Jove" and "a forger of thunderbolts." How did the making of "artificial lightning" change the life of Steinmetz?

7. Explain in your own words how Dr. Steinmetz actually made lightning. Briefly tell about the experiments Dr. Steinmetz and his assistants made.

8. Read aloud the lines which:

(*a*) Tell you that Steinmetz had a mathematical mind.
(*b*) Show his perseverance.
(*c*) Tell you how Steinmetz produced his artificial lightning.

You will enjoy reading *A Magician of Science,* by John Winthrop Hammond, the book from which this selection was taken; *The Boy Electrician* and *Boy's Home Book of Science and Construction,* Morgan; "Steinmetz, Wizard of Electricity," Rice (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

LOUIS PASTEUR: HIS SERVICE TO MANKIND

ERWIN F. SMITH

Louis Pasteur (1822–1895) received during his lifetime the world's praise as few men have ever received it. This admiration was not merely a passing sentiment. His reputation for service still lives, and the glory of his work is likely to increase rather than diminish. His is one of the very greatest names of the nineteenth century.

Why is he so great, and wherein lies his genius?

WHY PASTEUR WAS SO GREAT

One of his masters called him a dull boy, but he had what many a bright boy lacks—an ambition to do fine things and a dogged persistence in following out whatever he undertook. Coupled with these traits was a keen understanding of men which was often of great service to him, enabling him to choose wisely when selecting assistants. To these qualities we must add a wholehearted devotion to truth; a deep and ever-increasing love of humanity; much good common sense; a keen insight into obscure phenomena; the desire to bring every hypothesis to the test of exact experiment; and, finally, a militant spirit often in evidence.

If Pasteur had been a mild, retiring sort of man, he would never have moved the world. Without the fighting spirit he could not have forced his discoveries upon an unwilling generation and have revolutionized the practice of medicine and surgery. He was an innovator, a torchbearer, a discoverer, an explorer of unknown continents of knowledge, the maker of new pathways in half a dozen fields of science; but his greatest title to everlasting remembrance is the fact that his discoveries roused the world from its inertia, and started those lines of research which have led during the past fifty years to the amazing discovery of the causes of most of the communicable diseases, to the development

of the use of vaccines, antitoxins, etc., to the general application of asepsis in surgery, and to a multitude of important uses in the arts, such as the manufacture of cheese and butter, the preservation of foods and drinks, and, finally, to vast and varied hygienic undertakings for the suppression of disease.

The boy is father of the man, according to a wise old proverb. To understand Pasteur we must certainly look first at the young man and his ways. He appears to have been an unselfish youth, devoted to his home and friends, and religious in the best sense of the word. He had a good father and mother whom he never forgot, nor were his sisters long out of mind. He was a studious boy, good rather than brilliant in his studies. His record when he graduated was as follows: "Good in Plutarch (Greek), good in Vergil, good in rhetoric, mediocre in history and geography, good in philosophy, good in French composition, and very good in the elements of the sciences." His homesickness, when he first went to Paris to study, and his fondness for drawing, in which he excelled, are strikingly early characteristics. Later he won

the praise of various masters of his first scientific studies which, they said, gave promise of a distinguished career.

THE STUDIES HE MADE

Pasteur first came into public notice by certain revolutionary studies on crystals. A little later he became profoundly interested in fermentation—in what makes fruit juices change first into alcohol and then into vinegar, why milk sours, why foods spoil. The study of crystals led him naturally into this new field, and that opened up other vistas. He discovered that microscopic organisms are the cause of all the common fermentations. His studies showed him that each fermentation was a separate problem with ramifications in every direction. In one direction Pasteur's study of fermentation led him to suspect that minute ferments might be the cause of devastating human and animal diseases. The advance of science has been so great in this direction during the last half century that it is almost impossible to put ourselves mentally into the cloud of ignorance and misinformation current everywhere when Pasteur first began his studies. What every schoolboy knows now, even the wisest hardly suspected then; and as for proofs such as Pasteur furnished later, there were none.

The first diseases he studied, if we exclude those of yeasts, were two diseases of the silkworm. These were so destructive that the entire silk-worm industry of France was threatened with extinction. At first he supposed that there was only one disease. Later, to his dismay, he discovered that there were two diseases and that his work must all be done over again with this fact in mind.

But nothing discouraged for long this indomitable man, not even the partial paralysis which occurred at this time. Eventually he found simple remedies for the diseases of the silkworm and saved the industry. These silkworm studies absorbed all his time for several years and laid the foundation of all his future greatness, because they led him definitely away from chemistry into the study of the causes of diseases of man and domestic animals.

THE LESSON HIS LIFE TAUGHT

Pasteur was endowed with a tireless energy. He acquired from his father the best thing any father can give to any son, namely, a love for work. No man can hope to amount to much without plenty of well-directed, hard work. It is the saving grace of human life.

Next to work, the law of service is the highest and most obligatory of all the moral laws, and Pasteur was fired with the noble ambition to be of service to mankind. Herein he has left a lesson for all of us.

We may very well leave our great man with this sentiment taken from one of his addresses and graven over the entrance to his tomb, and which, translated, reads: "Happy is he who bears in himself a God, an Ideal of Beauty, and who obeys it; Ideal of Art, Ideal of Science, Ideal of Country, Ideal of the Truths of the Gospel."

Notes and Questions

On November 14, 1881, the Pasteur Institute was founded at Paris, France. Thousands of people of all lands, suffering from bites of rabid animals, have been treated in this Institute, and the death rate from this cause has been reduced to less than one per cent.

1. The author has given you several outstanding qualities of Pasteur which account for his success. For example:

(*a*) "He had an ambition to do fine things."

List six additional qualities.

2. At the beginning of his great work Pasteur wrote his father that he prayed he might be able to add one little stone to the temple of human knowledge. What admirable human quality does this show?

3. What great discoveries did Dr. Pasteur make?

4. What brought Pasteur into public notice?

(*a*) His "study of crystals."

(*b*) His study of fermentation.

(*c*) His study of diseases.

5. What admirable quality did Pasteur inherit from his father? What were the words "graven over the entrance to his tomb"?

Read "Pasteur, Conserver of Human Life" (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Oliver Wendell Holmes

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Notes and Questions

"The Chambered Nautilus" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858. The poet makes the "wrecked" shell that lies before him a symbol of life. The nautilus, a shellfish, builds each year a new and larger cell or compartment, into which it moves, closing up the cell that it previously occupied. If you have seen a nautilus shell, you will understand how well it symbolizes progress and growth, and how well the poet has described both the form and the color of the shell.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the son of a Congregational minister. He attended Phillips Andover Academy and was graduated from Harvard College in 1829. After studying medicine and anatomy in Paris, he began practicing in Boston. In 1847 he was made professor of physiology and anatomy at Harvard University, in which position he continued for thirty-five years. Holmes became famous when only twenty-one through the stirring stanzas of "Old Ironsides," a poem which he wrote as a protest against the dismantling of the historic battleship *Constitution.*

When James Russell Lowell was offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly,* he made it a condition of his acceptance that Holmes should be a contributor. The result was a series of articles entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* Among his best poems are "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Deacon's Masterpiece."

1. In what stanzas does the poet talk to us about the nautilus? In what stanza does he address the shell? Which stanza tells the message brought by the shell? Why was it necessary for the poet to tell us the history of the shell before he interpreted its message?

2. What made it possible for the poet to hear the message brought by the shell? Does this help you understand what kind of boy Oliver Wendell Holmes must have been?

3. To what old belief concerning the nautilus does the poet refer in the first stanza? What things mentioned show that the poet is thinking of the warm waters in which the nautilus lives? Do you like the use of the word "wrecked" in connection with the nautilus? Why?

4. Who was the "frail tenant"? What does the broken shell reveal? Find lines in the third stanza which tell how the cells are formed and why they were "sunless" as long as the shell was unbroken.

5. How may the soul build more stately mansions? What thoughts will help? What actions will help?

6. Find in the Glossary the meaning and pronunciation of: *siren, coral, wont, irised, rent, crypt, lustrous, Triton.*

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

In order to get the full meaning and beauty out of your reading of this poem, you will wish to read the first paragraph under "Notes and Questions," page 334.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes;
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland, faintly blowing!
Blow—let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river.
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Notes and Questions

This song is one of the most perfect specimens of Tennyson's lyrical art. It was a favorite with him for reading aloud. The rhythm of the poem was suggested to Tennyson by the echoes of a boatman's bugle on the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, one gorgeous evening at sunset. The theme of the poem is the influence of our deeds upon those about us, an influence which is ever increasing, while the echoes of nature die away.

1. The castle referred to in the first line is Ross Castle on Ross Island in the Lower Lake. The most famous echo of this region is from Eagle's Nest in the Upper Lake. Find a picture of an old castle which you think was similar to that mentioned in the poem.

2. The snowy summits referred to in line 2 were not literally "snowy." About these mountains are clustered innumerable tales of legendary heroes; read aloud the words which tell you this fact.

3. Find the two lines that express the heart of the poem. The echoes of the bugle die; what becomes of our words and actions? Can you give an illustration from your school experience of the fact that a good example is contagious?

4. What words in the poem are particularly expressive? Notice how the choice of words, the varied and interesting rimes, and the alliteration all contribute to the music of the poem. Read again the note about "The Lyric," page 55, and then tell why this poem is called a lyric.

5. It is interesting to notice that Bryant in "To a Waterfowl" (page 53), and Tennyson in this poem follow the same plan—first stating a fact and then following with an interpretation of it, beautifully expressed. Read aloud these two poems to discover the fact in each poem and state it in clear, concise English.

6. Which poem do you think has the more pleasing rhythm? Which poem do you like better? Select lines from the poem of your choice to memorize and recite to the class.

IF

RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
  And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on the turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;

If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

Notes and Questions

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was born in Bombay, India, where his father, an Englishman, was director of the art school. At the age of six the boy was sent to England to be educated. Until he was thirteen Kipling studied with private tutors, and then entered Westward Ho, a boarding-school in Devonshire, attended for the most part by the sons of British officials abroad. There the young Kipling's genius for writing soon showed itself to such a degree that he was made editor of the school paper, to which he contributed much original work.

Among Kipling's best-known prose works, in addition to the two *Jungle Books,* are *Just So Stories, Soldiers Three, Kim,* and *The Day's Work.* Of his verse, the poems about the British soldier, Tommy Atkins, in *Barrack-Room Ballads,* have a ring and a movement that suggest the old days when the song writer was a man of action, living the adventures that he celebrated in verse.

1. Which of these "If's" seem to you especially difficult to practice? Notice how in the first two examples the conditions are made doubly difficult by the additions, "and blaming it on you" and "But make allowance for their doubting, too." What is better than looking good and talking wise?

2. What does Kipling imply should be the aim of dreaming and thinking? How does he regard Triumph and Disaster? Can you give an instance in which victory proved disastrous, or one in which disaster was turned into triumph?

3. Which "If" embodies advice especially good for athletes? Choose the lines that you think would make a motto for you to follow when a difficult task is before you. Choose the lines which would help you to become a good loser.

4. How might "loving friends" hurt one? Which "If" suggests making good use of one's time? Do you believe the reward is worth striving for? Give reasons for your answer. Recall to mind the "Golden Rule"; in which lines of this poem does Kipling suggest the same idea?

YUSSOUF

James Russell Lowell

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food—
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, 'The Good.' "

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.' "

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born; sleep in peace!"

Notes and Questions

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891) came from one of the oldest and most influential Puritan families of New England. He was born in an atmosphere of learning, in the old family house at Cambridge, Massachusetts; and he spent most of his lifetime in his birthplace. Naturally the young Lowell entered Harvard College and enjoyed every advantage for culture that inherited tastes, ample means, and convenient opportunity could offer him.

After leaving college, Lowell studied law and opened an office in Boston. The legal profession, however, had no charms for him, and it was soon given up for literature. When he was twenty-one, he published his first volume of poetry. A few years later, having become deeply interested in the political issues of the times, he wrote a series of brilliant and witty poems, *The Biglow Papers*, expressing his views. These made him well known and popular.

When Lowell was thirty-six, he succeeded the poet Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard College, a position he held for over twenty years. This was a busy time for him. In addition to his teaching, he became the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and wrote many essays and poems of a high order. Lowell stands out today as one of America's greatest literary men.

1. Into which two lines is the thought of the poem condensed? Summarize the thought of the poem in your own words.

2. Where do you think the scene of this poem is laid? Give reasons for your answer. Why did the stranger come to Yussouf's tent? Read aloud the lines in which he describes his condition.

3. How does Yussouf make the stranger feel welcome? What evidence do you find in this poem to show that Yussouf deserved his title "The Good"?

4. What light does stanza four throw upon the character of the stranger? What was the one black thought of Yussouf? How did the confession of the stranger affect him? How did Yussouf avenge his son?

5. Contrast the feelings of the stranger on coming to Yussouf and on leaving him. What change took place in the feelings of Yussouf as a result of the stranger's visit? Contrast the effects of Yussouf's charity upon the stranger and upon himself. What was Yussouf's most charitable act?

6. Give examples from your own experience to show that charity brings joy to the giver. What institutions in your community are made possible through charity? What opportunities do you have in your school to be charitable toward others? In your home?

7. Make a special report on one of these topics:

(*a*) A true incident I know in which good was returned for evil.

(*b*) A story I have read in which good was returned for evil.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A'[1] THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there,[2] for honest poverty,
  That hings[3] his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
  We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
  Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
  The man's the gowd[4] for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin[5] gray, an' a' that?
Gie[6] fools their silks, and knaves their wine—

[1] **a'**, all
[2] **Is there**, is there a man
[3] **hings**, hangs
[4] **gowd**, gold
[5] **hoddin**, coarse woolen cloth
[6] **Gie**, give

A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae[1] poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd[2] a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof[3] for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband,[4] star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon[5] his might—
Guid[6] faith, he mauna fa'[7] that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that),
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree,[8] an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

[1] **sae,** so
[2] **birkie, ca'd,** fellow, called
[3] **coof,** fool
[4] **ribband,** ribbon
[5] **aboon,** above
[6] **Guid,** good
[7] **mauna fa',** must not claim
[8] **gree,** prize

Notes and Questions

Robert Burns (1759–1796) was a Scottish poet, whose home was near Ayr in Scotland. He was the eldest of seven children; his father was a farmer, and a "very poor man." Burns went to school in his native village, where he received training in the elements of style in prose and verse.

The soul of the peasant class reveals itself in the simple music of Burns's songs, with the rich humor and the irresistible melody learned from the popular ballads of his native land. It has been said that "Poetry comes from the heart and goes to the heart"; this is true of Burns's poetry, which has that "heartfelt and broadly human quality which penetrates where more cultured verse sometimes fails."

Burns was a strong believer in equal rights for everyone. He felt no envy to those who were accounted great, but glorified in the privilege of being himself independent. His poem "A Man's a Man for A' That" expresses the same idea of equality that we find in our Declaration of Independence.

1. When Robert Burns wrote this poem, he was struggling against the direst poverty. Read the lines which tell you that in spite of his hardships he believed that honest poverty and an independent mind are greater than rank or wealth.

2. What characteristics has the man that Burns believes to be a king among men? Explain the meaning of lines 7–8. What other selection have you read in this unit that brings to you a similar message?

3. Which stanza of this poem did you find most interesting? Give the thought of each stanza in a clear and concise statement.

4. Burns, the humble poet, made the world happier and better through his poems of brotherhood and love; how does he exemplify the spirit of democracy? Why do you think men treasure this poem and will not let it die?

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

Cardinal Newman

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by a mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him; and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes; never takes unfair advantage; never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments; or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we

should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries; and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents; he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

Notes and Questions

John Henry Newman (1801–1890), a distinguished clergyman, was born in London. He was graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, and became noted as a scholar and a preacher. In 1879 he was made a Cardinal. This selection is taken from his book, *The Idea of a University.* Cardinal Newman is well known as the author of the familiar hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which he wrote while on a sea voyage.

1. Make a list of five suggestions gained from Cardinal Newman which you resolve to put into practice, choosing the ones that apply especially to you; keep this list before you and check up on yourself. (Similar means were used by Washington and Franklin to improve their manners.)

2. Make a list of undesirable qualities mentioned by Cardinal Newman. Which one of these have you discovered in yourself—or in others—that you have determined to make war against?

3. What useful hints have you gained for making and preserving friendships, and for the treatment of enemies?

4. Memorize and apply Tennyson's lines:

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

5. Have you observed in your school social affairs that everyone has a good time when all the boys and girls "have eyes on all the company," instead of separating into cliques?

6. Find in the Glossary the meaning and pronunciation of: *concurs, initiative, insinuate, indolent, irreparable, misconceive, candor.*

7. The meaning of these phrases may not be entirely clear to you. If not, look them up in the Glossary:

unseasonable allusions (p. 343)
imputing motives to (p. 343)
philosophical principles (p. 344)
disciplined intellect (p. 344)

CREEDS

GIVE YOUR ALL

Elbert Hubbard

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service, or none. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, resign your position; and when you are outside, complain to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

RULES FOR THE ROAD

EDWIN MARKHAM

Stand straight:
Step firmly, throw your weight;
The heaven is high above your head;
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:
Sing to your heart a battle song;
Though hidden foemen lie in wait,
Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:
Nothing can harm if you are true;
And when the night comes, rest;
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE

HENRY VAN DYKE

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be contented with your possessions, but not satisfied with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace.

Notes and Questions

1. Give the main thought or theme of each of these creeds. Which creed do you think is the most helpful? Memorize the creed that you like best.

2. The thought of the first stanza of "Rules for the Road" may well be expressed by the word *self-reliance*. Suggest suitable words to express the thought of each of the other stanzas.

3. Which of the "little guideposts on the footpath to peace" are most helpful to you?

4. Study "Definition of a Gentleman," and then make a code of conduct for yourself, as suggested on page 344. Indicate the lines in the text that deal with each particular item included in your creed, so that reference may be made to the author's own words, and the passages readily located for purposes of oral reading; for example, *"I will not inflict pain"* (page 343, lines 1-2).

A BACKWARD LOOK

EVER SINCE the world began, liberty-loving men have fought to win freedom for themselves and for those that come after them—a heritage through all the ages that a good citizen appreciates. On the occasion of the *one*-hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, Daniel Webster traced the growth of political freedom through the century from 1732 to 1832. Name historical events which an orator may stress at the celebration of Washington's *two*-hundredth anniversary, February 22, 1932.

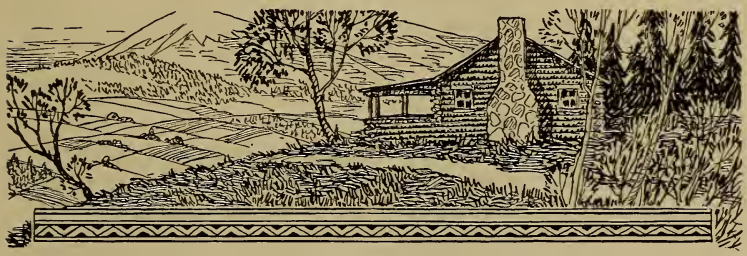
You have discovered, no doubt, that *history,* which deals with a record of facts, appeals to your *understanding,* while *literature,* which takes the facts of history and treats them with imagination, appeals particularly to your *feelings.* Compare the poet's treatment of Paul Revere's ride with the historian's. Discuss in class which method, the literary or the historic, is the more likely to inspire noble conduct.

Boys and girls have daily opportunities to render *individual* service; what opportunities for *organized* service does the Junior Red Cross offer? The Camp Fire Girls? The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts? What part does your school take in these organizations? What five examples of good citizenship in everyday life have we in the story of the Northfield high school? What great service to mankind did Steinmetz render? Pasteur? Name other scientists and inventors who have served mankind. What fine expression of his feeling for a great sacrifice did Lincoln make?

Read again what is said about lyrics (page 55), and note that brotherhood of man and patriotism are also favorite themes for lyric poets. Name four lyrics in this Part and the author of each.

PART FOUR

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND



TO MY COUNTRY*

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Beams from your forest built my little home,
And stones from your deep quarries flagged my hearth;
Your streams have rippled swiftly in my blood,
Your fertile acres made my flesh for me,
And your clean-blowing winds have been my breath.
Your prophets saw the visions of my youth,
The dreams you gave have been my dearest dreams,
And you have been the mother of my soul.

Therefore, my country, take again at need
Your excellent gifts, home, hearth, and flesh and blood.
Young dreams and all the good I am or have,
That all your later children may have peace
In little homes built of your wood and stone
And warmed and lighted by the love of man!

*Reprinted by courtesy of *The Forum*

AMERICA'S OWN LITERATURE

AMERICANS have a double literary heritage. Because our native tongue is English, we can, without learning a foreign language, read Shakespeare and Browning and Dickens and Alfred Noyes just as we have done in the preceding pages of this book. What it means to be able to read English literature without learning a new language, any Frenchman, who must struggle with our difficult tongue in order to read Shakespeare, can tell us.

Great as English literature is, it can never take for us the place of the work of our own writers. America has a younger literature than England; it is less rich and varied, but it is a growing literature, to which many different minds are contributing today.

To read what well-informed Americans have written about our country is one of the best means of knowing our nation and its people. History and geography furnish us facts about the United States; literature inspires in us greater love and understanding of our fellow-citizens.

A New England farmhouse of nearly a century ago, a beautiful Southern river, a modern steel mill, an up-to-date wheat ranch, flights with two famous aviators, and many other scenes of American life will furnish abundant opportunity to make mental pictures as you read the selections in "Literature and Life in the Homeland."

You will be more proud of America than ever before when you have finished reading these pages. America will soon be yours. It will be largely your responsibility to make of it the kind of country you wish it to be.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE*

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide";
The willful water-weeds held me thrall;
The laving laurel turned my tide;
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay";
The dewberry dipped for to work delay;
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,

*From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Said: "Pass not so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl;
And many a luminous jewel lone
(Crystals clear or acloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, or amethyst)
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall
Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Notes and Questions

For a biographical note on Sidney Lanier, see page 57.

1. In this poem the river is represented as talking; in which line of the first stanza does it tell its purpose? In which line of the last stanza does it tell why it holds to this purpose?

2. Which lines show that the river intended to give itself in service to others when it reached the plain? Do you think the poet is drawing a parallel between the Chattahoochee and life?

3. If the poet, in the second stanza, may have had in mind the small delights that make for contentment, what may he have had in mind in the third? In the fourth?

4. Find the meaning of: *amain, thrall, laving, manifold, lures, avail.*

SNOW-BOUND

A WINTER IDYLL

JOHN G. WHITTIER

You will enjoy this poem more if you turn to page 375 and read Whittier's own introduction to "Snow-Bound" before you begin to read the poem.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn,
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,

Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window frame,
And through the glass the clothesline posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corncrib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;

The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?),
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal; we had read

Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosened drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air; no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak—
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
Beyond the circle of our hearth
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,

The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became;
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed;
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rime: *"Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,

Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about.
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draft
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow;
The apples sputtered in a row;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray

As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn;
We sit beneath their orchard trees;
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read;
Their written words we linger o'er;
But in the sun they cast no shade;
No voice is heard, no sign is made;
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old;
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told;
Or stammered from our schoolbook lore

"The Chief of Gambia's Golden Shore."
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
  Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
  The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
  And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
  The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clamshell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or ran the new-knit stocking-heel,

Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrimed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple countryside;
We heard the hawks at twilight play
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook; knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew;
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down;
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The duck's black squadron anchored lay;
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewel's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,

And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence, mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew;
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies;
And foul or fair could well divine
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meaning clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds

Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got;
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold;
The bitter wind unheeded blew;
From ripening corn the pigeons flew;
The partridge drummed i' the wood; the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,

Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay;
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon;
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,

Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south winds blow,
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,

Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face,
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blindman's buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,

Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
  But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
  And hostage from the future took
In trainèd thought and lore of book.

Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentered, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
  Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,
  Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
  And under low brows, black with night,
  Rayed out at times a dangerous light;

The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout,
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert-throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,
What mingled madness in the blood,
A lifelong discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful, and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke;
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,

Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tossed,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snowflakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near

To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptossed,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders thrashed their hands acold,
  Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
  From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled;
Then toiled again the cavalcade

O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low-drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot;
At every house a new recruit;
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snowballs' compliments,
And reading in each missive tossed
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief, autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on; a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er;

Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had),
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
  A stranger to the heathen Nine,
  Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvel that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
  And daft McGregor on his raids
  In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding bell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and lovelorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
  And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow

Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed;
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears—
Life greatens in these later years;
The century's aloe flowers today!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few

Who yet remain—shall pause to view
  These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
  To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
  The benediction of the air.

Notes and Questions

This is Whittier's own introduction to *Snow-Bound:* "The members of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother, and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition there was the district schoolmaster, who boarded with us. The 'not unfeared, half-welcome guest,' was Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over a violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally ready to exhort in schoolhouse prayer meetings and dance in a Washington ballroom while her father was a member of Congress. At the time referred to in *Snow-Bound,* she was boarding at Rocks Village, about two miles from us.

"In my boyhood, in our lonely farmhouse, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the almanac. Under such circumstances, story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father, when a young man, had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing, and it must be confessed, with stories which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-

haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and of the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cocheco, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession the wizard's 'conjuring book,' which he solemnly opened when consulted."

Whittier, after the death of his mother and two sisters, lived with his brother, Matthew, in the old homestead. At the age of fifty-nine he wrote *Snow-Bound* as a memorial to those who were gone and to the happy, peaceful home life they had always lived. He dedicated the poem "To the memory of the household it describes."

1. Divide the poem into four large parts, giving a title to each. Use these four main headings as a beginning for an outline, and fill in with the details, so that you will have a complete outline to use in testing your knowledge of the poem.

2. *Snow-Bound* has been called "a picture gallery"; select what you think is the most interesting word-picture and read it to the class. Your classmates should be able to locate in the poem the scene you have chosen.

3. How long a period of time did the events in the poem take? Make a time outline for the poem, giving quotations in support of it.

4. The poet himself calls the scenes in *Snow-Bound* "Flemish pictures" (see Glossary); can you give a reason for this? Select three paragraphs to read aloud which graphically picture the "works and ways of the honest people of New England."

5. What kind of day is described at the beginning of the poem? Read aloud the lines in which the poet makes you feel the cold. List picturesque words used to describe the storm. Find the lines that tell you the changes the snow made in the appearance of familiar objects.

6. Summarize in your own words the impression you get of Whittier's father. What leads you to think Whittier was happy in his humble surroundings? Select lines to support your answer. What preparation did the boys make "as night drew on"? Contrast the scene in Whittier's home with a scene in your home on a stormy evening. What kind of entertainment did the family enjoy on the winter's night?

7. Characterize the mother of Whittier in three carefully chosen sentences. Explain the reference in the following lines:

"We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book."

What contribution was made to the evening's entertainment by "the dear aunt"? The uncle?

8. What ideals of justice, brotherhood, industry, and thrift does this poem show were characteristics of the simple folk of this region? Select quotations to support your answer. Memorize the lines you like best.

9. Read aloud:

(*a*) Lines in which Whittier gives his own personal views on certain topics.

(*b*) Lines which tell the effect of the storm upon the "buried brooklet."

(*c*) The description of the moonlight on the snow.

(*d*) Lines which tell of the teamsters breaking through the snowdrifts.

10. Select one of these topics and be prepared to give an oral or written report on it in class:

(*a*) Contrast a modern farmhouse with which you are familiar with the Whittier house pictured in the poem

(*b*) Contrast the opportunities for education in rural districts in Whittier's boyhood days with those of the present time

(*c*) Discuss the influence that the schoolmaster might exert on such a household as Whittier describes, illustrating from Whittier's own life

(*d*) Modes of co-operation in country life in early days, and the necessity for it

(*e*) The most interesting person about the Whittier fireside

(*f*) Rural customs in old New England, as "the village dance," etc.

11. Find the meaning of each of these phrases in your Glossary:

geometric signs (p. 354)
bodiced zone (p. 360)
painful Sewel's ancient tome (p. 361)
Nature's unhoused lyceum (p. 362)
glistened at her noon (p. 364)
hostage from the future took (p. 367)
soul's debatable land (p. 369)
mail of Calvin's creed (p. 372)
Flemish pictures (p. 375)

RIP VAN WINKLE

Washington Irving

Irving wove the old tales, scenes, and legends of the Dutch landlords and housewives into the story of "Rip Van Winkle." Before reading this story, read the "Note" and "Postscript," pages 396–397, written by the author himself, in which he gives you the setting for the story.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly timeworn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet

rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in

perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house —the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods —but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their

hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree, so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it;

but never mind, my lad; whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent, but majestic, course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direc-

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tion, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others

jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weatherbeaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were over-

powered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets

of birch, sassafras, and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none of whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything

was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead

of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short, but busy, little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planted himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanding in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He

doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

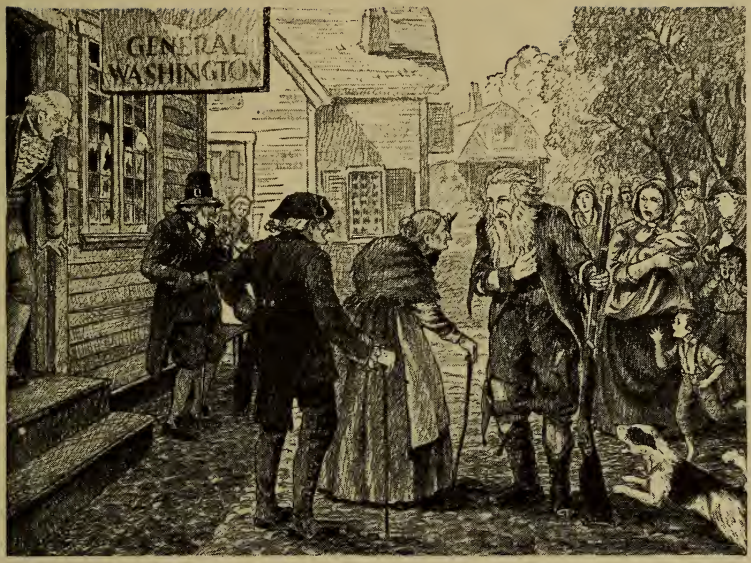
"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried



he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one

of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon,* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor: how that

there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end! he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draft out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Notes and Questions

Washington Irving (1783–1859) was born in the city of New York, in the very year in which the Treaty of Peace that ended the Revolutionary War was signed. He was destined to do for American literature what the war had already done for the American government and people —make it respected among all nations. Irving's mother said, "Washington's great work is done; let us name our boy Washington," little dreaming when thus naming him after the "Father of His Country"

that he should one day come to be called the "Father of American Letters" (literature).

NOTE

"The Catskill Mountains have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like the flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

"In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou, or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red man. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead a bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

"The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry

of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of Kaaterskill."

Postscript

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

1. Diedrich Knickerbocker was the pen name used by Irving; how does this add to the interest in his writings? Are the "Note" and the "Postscript" given above convincing? How do they make the tale seem more real?

2. Irving refers to the mountains as "barometers" and "fairy mountains"; give a reason for this. (See "Note.")

3. Give a brief, but clear and interesting, oral description of Rip's appearance. Why do you think the author introduced you to the main character first?

4. List Rip's personal qualities as they are brought out in his associations with:

(*a*) his dog.
(*b*) his friends.
(*c*) his wife.
(*d*) the children in the village.

Do you think Irving chose a man of the right character for the part? Give reasons for your answer.

5. How does the character of Dame Van Winkle add to the interest of the story? Do you think Dame Van Winkle was originally of a shrewish temper? If not, what do you believe might have changed her?

What contribution does Wolf make in the development of the narrative? Irving takes several pages for his introduction; did these details seem tiresome to you? Why?

6. Describe Rip's day of hunting. Tell in your own words of the encounter between Rip and the strange characters he met on the mountain. How much space does the author use in telling you about Rip's sleeping years? How does Irving make the reader feel the long space of time that has elapsed since Rip went to sleep?

7. Rip did not notice his long beard until he reached the village; why does the author delay this evident sign of age? Briefly relate the changes that had taken place in the village. Find lines about Rip's visit to his old home that show both humor and pathos. Who tells Rip he had been gone twenty years?

8. Select to present to the class the most humorous parts of the story. In *Elson Junior Literature, Book One,* you read Irving's story "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"; which one of these two stories do you like the better? Which is more humorous? Find lines to support your choice.

9. Read aloud:

(*a*) Irving's picture of the mountain scenery on the day Rip went hunting.
(*b*) The lines which tell you about Rip's awakening.
(*c*) Rip's return to his home.
(*d*) The most pathetic passage in the story.

10. Make a special report on one of these topics:

(*a*) The character of Rip Van Winkle
(*b*) The character of Dame Van Winkle
(*c*) Irving as a short-story writer

11. "Rip Van Winkle" is a very interesting story to dramatize. You may wish to work out the costumes, settings, dialogues, and all other details, or you may prefer to use the dramatization of the story by Joseph Jefferson, a famous actor.

12. Find these words in the Glossary, if you do not know their meaning: *descried, obsequious, termagant, patrimonial, reciprocated, alacrity, impenetrable, connubial, phlegm, corroborated.*

If you have enjoyed "Rip Van Winkle," you will want to read other selections from *The Sketch Book,* Irving.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The story of "Evangeline" will mean much more to you if you get first the historical background of the country in which the scene for the story is laid. Turn to page 458 and read the explanation given there.

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty blasts of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forest old; and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents; and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest; and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded; and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside;

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
There, too, the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm; and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows;
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth; and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" she was called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While, arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watchdog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barndoors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak on the back of his armchair,
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hobnailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend; and tonight may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing, Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-shoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public:
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story that often consoled me
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.''
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table;
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draft-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful maneuver;
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the
king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the house-
hold.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with glad-
ness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-
stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her
chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its
clothespress
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in
marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a house-
wife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant
moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the
heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the
ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover, and watched for the gleam of her lamp and
her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moon-
light
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon
pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant,
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is His Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sting of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures,
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger;
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted:
"Down with the tyrants of England! We never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees; and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill; and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangéline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad, ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen;
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth; on the board stood the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm; and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer; for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye; and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist, still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded;
Rose no smoke from the roofs; and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes full of tears to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffalos rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head; and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, and its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones;
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence,
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its bank, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles—a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hear say,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current;
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoofs on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers;
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far-off—indistinct—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the green-sward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered:
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.''

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountain of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at yuletide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dovecots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas

Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still, damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart, and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? Is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only today he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away tomorrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the *ci-devant* blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without; and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the ax are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung around one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors.
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near, the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlight meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river.
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind River Mountains,
Through the Sweetwater Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish Sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel Comanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a *coureur-des-bois,* had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them

On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended,
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrous and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say, "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on that city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn;
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor you always have with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the nighttime;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood:
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,

In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them:
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Notes and Questions

At a dinner at Craigie House, Longfellow's home in Cambridge, Reverend H. L. Conoely repeated the following legend he had heard from a French Canadian:

"On the marriage-day of a young couple in Acadie all of the men in the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. They were all then seized and shipped off to various places in New England—the new bridegroom was among their number. His bride spent her lifetime wandering about in search of him, and finally, when old age had come upon her, she found him on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her."

Hawthorne, who was also present at the dinner and had previously heard the story, showed but little interest in it, and readily gave his consent to Longfellow to use the plot. Later Hawthorne read the poem

Evangeline, and wrote to Longfellow that he had read it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express."

The conflict for supremacy between the French and the English is a part of the early history of Nova Scotia, which was called Acadia by the French. The Acadians were French in their blood and in their sympathies, though the English were from time to time in authority over the country. At one time the English demanded an oath of allegiance from the Acadians. This they refused to take unless it should be so modified as to exempt them from bearing arms against France. It was finally decided to remove the Acadians from the country, and to scatter them throughout the American colonies. Accordingly, they were driven on board the English transports, and three thousand of them banished (1755). In the confusion, families and friends were separated, in many cases never to meet again.

THE STORY

1. Without referring to your book, complete the following exercises:
   - (*a*) Name and locate each of the main characters in the story. For example, *Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.*
   - (*b*) What is the point of highest interest, or climax, in this story?
   - (*c*) Trace the plot of *Evangeline* from the departure of the exiles to the conclusion of the story.
   - (*d*) Describe in your own words Longfellow's setting for the story.
   - (*e*) When did the events related in *Evangeline* actually take place?
   - (*f*) What facts does the poet bring out in the brief conclusion?

2. Contrast the appearance of Evangeline, the pride of the village, with the picture of Evangeline, the Sister of Mercy. Read aloud lines to show how skillfully the poet paints these two pictures for you.

3. In what four lines is the theme of the whole story definitely stated? (See Prelude.)

4. The love story is the background for the central thought of the poem; state this thought in one sentence. What lesson does the poet teach you in this poem?

5. List the qualities of Evangeline that made it possible for her to catch and hold your interest.

6. Make a written report of not more than one page on one of the following topics. (Use quotations from the poem in these essays.)

(*a*) A character sketch of Evangeline, Basil, Gabriel, or Benedict
(*b*) Evangeline as a Sister of Mercy
(*c*) The great lesson Longfellow teaches in this poem

7. Make an oral report on one of these topics:

(*a*) Trace the wanderings of Evangeline in her search for her lover, keeping the events in correct order
(*b*) The stories of the Shawnee squaw
(*c*) Contrast the character of Basil with that of Benedict
(*d*) Flowers and birds mentioned in the poem

You may enjoy reading *Stories of the Land of Evangeline,* Rogers.

FOR ORAL READING IN CLASS

1. Read aloud:

(*a*) The description of the little village of Grand-Pré.
(*b*) Lines describing gentle Evangeline, the pride of the village.
(*c*) Longfellow's word-picture of that beautiful season called "the Summer of All-Saints."
(*d*) The conversation which took place between Benedict Bellefontaine and Basil, the blacksmith, on "the night of the contract."
(*e*) The author's word-picture of the lakes of Atchafalaya.
(*f*) The description of the welcome given to Evangeline and the priest at the home of Basil, the herdsman.

2. Select lines you like very much and be prepared to read them aloud to the class so as to bring out their full meaning and beauty.

3. Choose to read aloud lines which bring out the character of:

(*a*) Father Felician
(*b*) Basil, the blacksmith
(*c*) René Leblanc, the notary

4. Find and be prepared to read aloud lines describing the personal appearance of:

(*a*) Gabriel
(*b*) Michael, the fiddler
(*c*) Benedict Bellefontaine

MEMORIZATION WORK IN CLASS

1. Choose the description you most enjoy in this poem and memorize it. Select at least *two* speeches made by characters in the poem, and memorize them.

2. *Memory Test:* Locate from memory the following quotations, and tell who said each one:

(*a*) "Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."

(*b*) "Perhaps some friendlier purpose brings these ships to our shores."

(*c*) "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?"

(*d*) "Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous."

(*e*) "Down with the tyrants of England! We never have sworn them allegiance!"

(*f*) "Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?"

(*g*) "Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted."

(*h*) "Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike."

(*i*) "Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."

(*j*) "Patience! have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!"

DRAMATIZATION

It will be simple and interesting for you to dramatize parts of this poem. For example:

(*a*) The scene within the farmhouse on the evening the marriage contract was signed

(*b*) The feast of the betrothal of Evangeline and Gabriel

(*c*) The presentation of the "royal commission"

(*d*) The departure of the exiles

(*e*) The reunion of old friends at the Louisiana home of Basil, the herdsman

(*f*) Evangeline, the Sister of Mercy

The pictures given in your book will be helpful in planning stage effects and costumes for the characters. If the dramatization is well done, you may enjoy presenting some of the scenes before other classes.

THE RAVEN

Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore.
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered; and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore;
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming;
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Notes and Questions

Edgar Allan Poe became, in his short life, a master of both prose and poetry. Born in Boston, he was early left an orphan and was adopted by a Mr. Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, Virginia. Poe was sent to school in London, and later he attended the University of Virginia and the military academy at West Point. Mr. Allan lavished money and other inducements upon him in vain efforts to get him to settle down to a permanent profession, but finally abandoned him to his own resources. From that time on, Poe eked out a living by publishing poems and tales, by contributions to newspapers and magazines, and by editorial work. But he was too erratic in his habits to retain long either positions or friends. His writings, like his character, were weird, mysterious, haunted by brooding melancholy. But his poetry is perhaps the most purely musical of any in our language—for Poe believed that poetry should be the language of the feelings rather than of thought, and that it should therefore seek to produce its effects through "harmony of sweet sounds" rather than through the meaning of its lines. His prose tales of mystery and adventure are remarkable for their imaginative and poetic style; they have served as models for many well-known writers.

1. In "The Raven" Poe aimed to write a poem of just the right length to produce a single effect. He wished to have the poem express beauty, and beauty, he thought, in its highest form always has in it an element of sadness. The story of the poem, told in the first person in order to help make the effect real, is the story of a man, a student, who, mourning for his dead love and trying to find relief from his sorrow in his books, is surprised at midnight by a visit from a raven. Summoning his courage, lest the answer be negative, he asks the raven three questions that are uppermost in his mind: Will he ever be able to forget Lenore? Will he ever again be comforted? Will he ever meet Lenore again? Find the stanzas

in which these questions are asked and note the poetic effect of such words and phrases as, "nepenthe," "balm in Gilead" (*Jeremiah* 8:22 and 46:11), "Aidenn." What is the setting for the visit?

2. The refrain, "Nothing more," "For evermore," "Nevermore," is most significant; notice its importance in the various stanzas and also how it determines the rime of the second, fourth, and fifth lines of every stanza throughout the entire poem.

3. Poe, perhaps more than most poets, made use of melody in his verse. This poem illustrates admirably his feeling for the music of certain sounds and combinations of sounds. Find examples of alliteration, that is, the repetition of the same sound at the beginning of two or more words in close succession, as "nodded, nearly napping." Find lines in which Poe produces a musical effect by the repetition of words or phrases. Notice, also, the effect of the double rimes, like "dreary, weary," in the first and the third lines of every stanza. In the fourth line of every stanza, what word rimes with two words in another line? There are rimes, too, in unexpected places; can you find examples? Find words that give or suggest the sound described. Which line would you select as the most musical of all?

4. Poe's young wife, to whom he was affectionately devoted, was desperately ill, and Poe may have uttered his own forebodings in "The Raven." The small house at Fordham, near New York, in which she died was a sharp contrast to the luxuriously furnished room described in the poem. Find lines that describe the room.

5. A notebook record may be kept which may include a list of riming words of two syllables, alliterative phrases, words of unusual interest, and lines that are especially musical.

6. A member of the class who is a ready reader may volunteer to make a report to the class on "The Philosophy of Composition," an essay in which Poe tells, step by step, just how he wrote "The Raven." After the report the members may discuss whether they think it possible that Poe wrote the poem in the manner he describes or whether he was merely writing an interesting essay.

NEW YORK TO PARIS*

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

On the morning of May nineteenth a light rain was falling, and the sky was overcast. Weather reports from land stations and ships along the great circle course were unfavorable, and there was apparently no prospect of taking off for several days at least. In the morning I visited the Wright plant at Paterson, New Jersey, and had planned to attend a theater performance in New York that evening. But about six o'clock I received a special report from the New York Weather Bureau. A high pressure area was over the entire North Atlantic, and the low pressure over Nova Scotia and Newfoundland was receding. The North Atlantic should be clear with only local storms on the coast of Europe. The moon had just passed full, and the percentage of days with fog over Newfoundland and the Grand Banks was increasing, so that there seemed to be no advantage in waiting longer.

We went to Curtiss Field as quickly as possible and made arrangements for the barograph to be sealed and installed, and for the plane to be serviced and checked. We decided partially to fill the fuel tanks in the hangar before towing the ship on a truck to Roosevelt Field, which adjoins Curtiss on the east, where the servicing would be completed.

I left the responsibility for conditioning the plane in the hands of the men on the field, while I went into the hotel for about two and one-half hours of rest; but at the hotel there were several more details which had to be completed, and I was unable to get any sleep that night.

I returned to the field before daybreak on the morning of the twentieth. A light rain was falling, which continued until almost

*From *We*. Copyright 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

dawn; consequently we did not move the ship to Roosevelt Field until much later than we had planned, and the take-off was delayed from daybreak until nearly eight o'clock. At dawn the shower had passed, although the sky was overcast, and occasionally there would be some slight precipitation. About 7:40 the motor was started, and at 7:52 I took off on the flight for Paris.

I turned slightly to the right to avoid some high trees on a hill directly ahead, but by the time I had gone a few hundred yards, I had sufficient altitude to clear all obstructions. I took up a compass course at once and soon reached Long Island Sound, where the Curtiss *Oriole* with its photographer, which had been escorting me, turned back.

The haze soon cleared, and from Cape Cod through the southern half of Nova Scotia the weather and visibility were excellent. I was flying very low, sometimes as close as ten feet from the trees and water.

On the three-hundred-mile stretch of water between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia I passed within view of numerous fishing vessels. The northern part of Nova Scotia contained a number of storm areas, and several times I flew through cloudbursts.

I had taken up a course for St. John's, which is south of the great Circle from New York to Paris, so that there would be no question of the fact that I had passed Newfoundland in case I was forced down in the North Atlantic. I passed over numerous icebergs after leaving St. John's, but saw no ships except near the coast.

Darkness set in about 8:15, and a thin, low fog formed over the sea through which the white bergs showed up with surprising clearness. This fog became thicker and increased in height until within two hours I was just skimming the top of storm clouds at about ten thousand feet. Even at this altitude there was a thick haze, through which only the stars directly overhead could be seen.

There was no moon, and it was very dark. The tops of some of the storm clouds were several thousand feet above me and at

one time, when I attempted to fly through one of the larger clouds, sleet started to collect on the plane; and I was forced to turn around and get back into clear air immediately, and then fly around any clouds which I could not get over.

The moon appeared on the horizon after about two hours of darkness; then the flying was much less complicated.

Dawn came about 1 A.M., New York time, and the temperature had risen until there was practically no remaining danger of sleet.

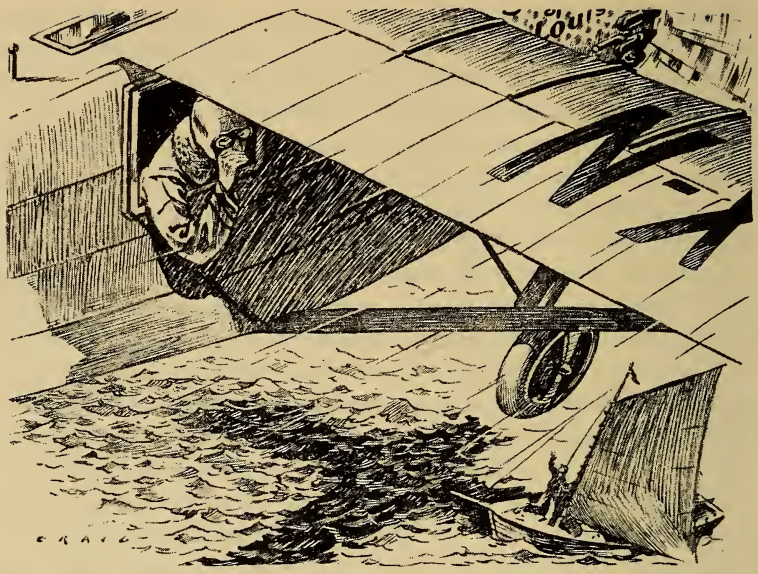
Shortly after sunrise the clouds became more broken, although some of them were far above me and it was often necessary to fly through them, navigating by instruments only. As the sun became higher, holes appeared in the fog. Through one the open water was visible, and I dropped down until less than a hundred feet above the waves. There was a strong wind blowing from the northwest, and the ocean was covered with white caps.

After a few miles of fairly clear weather the ceiling lowered to zero, and for nearly two hours I flew entirely blind through the fog at an altitude of about 1500 feet. Then the fog lifted, and the water was visible again.

On several more occasions it was necessary to fly by instrument for short periods; then the fog broke up into patches. These patches took on forms of every description. Numerous shore-lines appeared, with trees perfectly outlined against the horizon. In fact, the mirages were so natural that, had I not been in mid-Atlantic and known that no land existed along my route, I would have taken them to be actual islands.

As the fog cleared, I dropped down closer to the water, sometimes flying within ten feet of the waves and seldom higher than two hundred.

There is a cushion of air close to the ground or water through which a plane flies with less effort than when at a higher altitude, and for hours at a time I took advantage of this factor. Also, it was less difficult to determine the wind drift near the water. During the entire flight the wind was strong enough to produce whitecaps on the waves. When one of these formed, the foam



would be blown off, showing the wind's direction and approximate velocity. This foam remained on the water long enough for me to obtain a general idea of my drift.

During the day I saw a number of porpoises and a few birds, but no ships, although I understand that two different boats reported me passing over.

The first indication of my approach to the European coast was a small fishing boat which I first noticed a few miles ahead and slightly to the south of my course. There were several of these fishing boats grouped within a few miles of each other. I flew over the first boat without seeing any signs of life. As I circled over the second, however, a man's face appeared, looking out of the cabin window.

I have carried on short conversations with people on the ground by flying low with throttled engine, shouting a question, and receiving the answer by some signal. When I saw this fisherman, I decided to try to get him to point toward land. Of course the attempt was useless, and I continued on my course.

Less than an hour later a rugged and semi-mountainous coastline appeared to the northeast. I was flying less than two hundred feet from the water when I sighted it. The shore was fairly distinct and not over ten or fifteen miles away. A light haze coupled with numerous local storm areas had prevented my seeing it from a long distance.

The coastline came down from the north, curved over toward the east. I had very little doubt that it was the southwestern end of Ireland, but in order to make sure I changed my course toward the nearest point of land. I located Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay, then resumed my compass course toward Paris.

After leaving Ireland, I passed a number of steamers and was seldom out of sight of a ship. In a little over two hours the coast of England appeared. My course passed over southern England and a little south of Plymouth; then across the English Channel, striking France over Cherbourg. The visibility was good, and the country could be seen for miles around. The sun went down shortly after I passed Cherbourg, and soon the beacons along the Paris-London airway became visible.

I first saw the lights of Paris a little before ten P.M., or five P.M. New York time, and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about 4000 feet. The lights of Le Bourget were plainly visible, but appeared to be very close to Paris.

I had understood that the field was farther from the city, and so continued out to the northeast into the country for four or five miles to make sure that there was not another field farther out which might be Le Bourget. Then I returned and spiralled down closer to the lights. Presently I could make out long lines of hangars, and the roads appeared to be jammed with cars.

I flew low over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed. After the plane stopped rolling, I turned it around and started to taxi back to the lights. The entire field ahead, however, was covered with thousands of people all running toward my ship.

I cut the switch to keep the propeller from killing someone, and attempted to organize an impromptu guard for the plane.

The impossibility of any immediate organization became apparent, and when parts of the ship began to crack from the pressure of the multitude, I decided to climb out of the cockpit in order to draw the crowd away.

Speaking was impossible; no words could be heard in the uproar, and nobody apparently cared to hear any. I started to climb out of the cockpit, but as soon as one foot appeared through the door, I was dragged the rest of the way without assistance on my part. For nearly half an hour I was unable to touch the ground, during which time I was ardently carried around in what seemed to be a very small area, and in every position it is possible to be in. Everyone had the best of intentions, but no one seemed to know just what they were.

The French military flyers very resourcefully took the situation in hand. A number of them mingled with the crowd; then, at a given signal, they placed my helmet on an American correspondent and cried: "Here is Lindbergh." That helmet on an American was sufficient evidence. The correspondent immediately became the center of attraction, and while he was being taken protestingly to the Reception Committee via a rather devious route, I managed to get inside one of the hangars.

Meanwhile a second group of soldiers and police had surrounded the plane and soon placed it out of danger in another hangar. The French ability to handle an unusual situation with speed and capability was remarkably demonstrated that night at Le Bourget.

Ambassador Herrick extended me an invitation to remain at his Embassy while I was in Paris, which I gladly accepted. But grateful as I was at the time, it did not take me long to realize that a kind Providence had placed me in Ambassador Herrick's hands. The ensuing days found me in situations that I had certainly never expected to be in and in which I relied on Ambassador Herrick's sympathetic aid.

These situations were brought about by the whole-hearted welcome to me—an American—that touched me beyond any point

that any words can express. I left France with a debt of gratitude which, though I cannot repay it, I shall always remember. If the French people had been acclaiming their own gallant airmen, Nungesser and Coli, who were lost only after fearlessly departing in the face of conditions insurmountably greater than those that confronted me, their enthusiastic welcome and graciousness could not have been greater.

Notes and Questions

Charles A. Lindbergh, "The Lone Scout of the Sky," spent his boyhood years in Little Falls, Minnesota, where he was graduated from high school. He entered the University of Wisconsin to study mechanical engineering, but his interest in aviation led him, two years later, to an Army aviation school, from which he was graduated in 1925 as an airplane pilot. Shortly after, he became connected with the United States Mail Service, and carried the mail between St. Louis and Chicago. Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris, May 20–21, 1927, commanded the acclaim and admiration of the whole world.

1. Contrast Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic with the voyage of Columbus in 1492, noting as many points of difference as you can mention. Which of these heroic adventurers do you think faced the greater dangers? Give reasons.

2. Lindbergh flew alone; what, if anything, had this fact to do with the acclaim given his daring flight?

3. *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia* has some interesting information and pictures on the subject of aviation under the titles: "The Soaring Motor-Car of the Air" and "How the Airplane Works."

A NARROW ESCAPE*

Richard E. Byrd

We warmed up the engines gradually and took our places in the plane. Lieutenant George O. Noville sat with his hand on the dump valve to release the gasoline in case we could not get off the ground or should a crash threaten at the end of the runway. Bernt Balchen, our young Norwegian relief pilot and mechanic, was working aft among the spare fuel.

We put the engines on full; the plane strained at its leash like a live thing. Tom Mulroy, our chief engineer on the North Pole voyage, knife in hand, stood ready to cut the rope that held the plane. The tug of the great engines suddenly broke the line, as I learned later, and we started a little sooner than we had expected. That was very bad. The engines were not warmed up as much as we had intended, and it looked for some moments as if we might not get into the air before reaching the end of the runway. Bert Acosta at the wheel raised his hand to Noville to dump. It was a tense moment—everything hung in the balance. But just then the wheels left the ground, and we set forth on the toughest air battle, I believe, that has ever taken place. I remember Balchen shouted with joy.

Slowly the great ship gained altitude with its tremendous load. This was a critical time because, should any one of the three engines stop or even falter until we could get an altitude of 400 or 500 feet, the dump valve would be of no value, and the plane would crash.

I made notes in my log and remarks in my diary, the same diary carried over the North Pole with me. I find this entry made a few minutes after leaving Roosevelt Field: "Altitude 300 feet, turning; after turn completed, altitude 400 feet." The

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America had climbed on a turn and was proving herself a very great plane.

With the engines roaring at maximum revolutions we went through the air at one hundred miles an hour. Naturally, for the same wing surface, it is necessary to fly faster with a heavy load than it is with a lighter one in order to keep in the air.

Slowly we climbed. Shortly afterwards I find the following note in my log: "Raining, fog, clouds low, standard compass 83½°, wind southwest on surface, drift 5° right, air speed one hundred miles an hour, altitude 3000 feet."

We had to change the course of the plane five degrees to the left to allow for this drift. I had been taking our speed from the ground and found that at our altitude of 3000 feet we were getting probably the maximum assistance from the winds.

The air navigator of the future, I believe, will select the shortest route through the air by flying at that altitude which yields the maximum assistance from the wind. We wanted to prove the truth of this theory. The wind changes, both in speed and direction, at various altitudes. Greater speed and quicker time can be obtained by taking advantage of this fact, as we proved on our way to Newfoundland.

The rain continued for several hours, and the weather was slightly foggy; but these factors did not bother us to any extent.

When we reached Nova Scotia, the weather became clear. The air was very bumpy and rough. But we expected that. We kept a sharp lookout for the plane of Nungesser and Coli, thinking it might have crashed on the rough land below. These two Frenchmen had heroically tried to fly from Paris to New York shortly before, and had never been heard from again. There were practically no landing places that I could see. At one time I thought I saw their big white plane beneath, but it was a curiously shaped, whitish rock.

The ground was covered with trees and rocks, and we passed over many small lakes. When we passed near Halifax, we were flying over beautiful white clouds; but the sun was bright above

us. The shadow of the plane was etched on the clouds, and around it was a rainbow. Here was an omen of good luck, following us on the white clouds beneath, at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.

When we reached Newfoundland, we found everything covered with fog. We had not expected such a tough break. Then for 2000 miles we saw nothing beneath us, and it looked as if we would reach Europe without seeing the ocean; and we almost did it. I hope no other pilots have that experience. It is not a very pleasant one.

There would be no chance to take a departure from St. John's, and thus be entirely certain of our position before striking out over the ocean. We would have to fly "blind" for many miles over the land before hitting the water.

At 2 P.M. all the gasoline cans had been emptied, and I asked Noville for a check on the gasoline consumption. This check showed that it had been greater than we had anticipated, and I gave instructions to "lean" the mixture and to cut down the revolutions as much as possible. We had been going with almost a full throttle on account of the heavy load.

When we met fog, it was, we thought, advisable to fight our way above it; and so in climbing with our heavy load, we again had to run the engines at full speed. Slowly we got altitude, and at 5:50 P.M. we found ourselves about a mile high, but in fog most of the time, and the plane was drenched. It would grow colder as night drew on, and we would have to watch the temperature carefully, because, within fifteen minutes, a plane so drenched could be precipitated into the ocean should the water freeze on the propeller and wings.

Finally we came to a point where we calculated that St. John's was beneath us, but we could barely see the tips of the wings, so dense was the fog. Little did we think, as we went into the fog, how many hours would pass before we could see the land or the sea. After we had left the land some hours behind, I again asked Noville for his gasoline consumption. I told him to be conserva-

tive. His figures indicated that it was much greater than we had expected. One reason for this, I thought, was our struggle in attempting to get above the clouds and fog. This had caused us to run the motors much faster than we had intended.

I made some careful calculations and showed Noville—in writing, of course, because the roar of the three engines prevented conversation—that, at that rate, with the slightest winds against us, we would drop into the sea from lack of fuel before reaching Europe.

I told him that I was responsible for the lives of all on board and that, regardless of my feelings, I wanted to know how they felt about turning back. He promptly answered that he knew of no landing place between Newfoundland and the States, except St. John's, that was now covered with fog, and that, therefore, it was just as safe to go ahead as to go back. I was glad he felt that way, because I did not wish to retreat. We didn't mention our predicament to Acosta and Balchen—they had enough troubles of their own.

Here it was that we staked our lives on our theory that if we flew at the proper altitude, we should have favoring winds. If I were wrong, then we should fall into the sea and be lost before making a landfall on the other side.

I had studied thoroughly the velocity and directions of winds over the Atlantic. So far as I could learn, no reliable data had been procured upon the winds' strength at high altitudes, but several meteorologists of the Weather Bureau, as well as I, believed that a plane could fly high enough to get strong winds from the west, even though there might at the same time be easterly winds on the surface.

So whenever any of us took the wheel, we flew as high as possible. If we could have the winds with us, we should easily make Europe; if not, we should fall far short of it, if Noville's estimate of the gasoline on hand was correct. I also knew, from Dr. Kimball's weather map, which I had spread before me on the chart board, that I now was flying at first on the southern side

of the storm area and later would be flying on the northern side of a high-pressure area.

We were now flying nearly two miles high. Above the ocean at night, bitterly cold, lost in storm clouds, so dark that we couldn't see our hands before our faces! It was not the pleasantest situation in the world.

I find notations made hour after hour in my log, as follows: "It is impossible to navigate."

Our safety depended upon winds behind us. It was a strain, I must admit. Only an aviator knows what it means to fly 2000 miles without seeing the ground or water beneath. I doubt whether any other plane had ever flown blindly for half that time.

One notation in the log stated: "Ice is forming on the plane." We were at a dangerous temperature. That was to be expected, flying two miles high in fog, because the temperature decreases considerably with altitude. I passed a note to Acosta warning him to make every effort to get out of the clouds, which he very soon did.

Acosta and Balchen deserve great credit for their fine work during this critical period.

Several times I took my turn at the wheel and realized what a strain Acosta and Balchen must have been under, steering for hours entirely by instrument.

Our night lights worked well. We also had powerful flash lights. We did not use the latter very much, because every time we flashed them we were blinded.

I had left behind my rather heavy thermos bottle of tea, but during the night Noville gave me some of his coffee. It was only lukewarm, but it tasted good. We had plenty of drinking water. I ate a little roast chicken, but did not want to eat too much, because I knew it would be necessary to keep awake.

On one occasion in a thick cloud the plane got temporarily out of control. We must have been going downward at a terrific rate, judging from the roaring of the engines. Balchen, with great skill, finally steadied the ship again on her course.

I note in our record that I sent the following radio at 6:50 P.M. on June 30: "We have seen neither land nor sea since three o'clock yesterday. Everything completely covered with fog. Whatever happens, I take my hat off to these great fellows."

In those minutes between twilight and dusk we reached sufficient altitude to skim the tops of the clouds, and the spectacle was extraordinary. On the side of the sun, which, of course, was far below the cloud horizon, the clouds took on weird shapes and colors; but on the other side they were ominous and gloomy. During the day we had some terrifying views; there were fog valleys, dark and sinister, hundreds of feet beneath us. At times distant cloud peaks took on shapes and colors of rugged Arctic land and mountains.

I had another bad time when I discovered a leak near the bottom of one of the main gasoline tanks. We had provided against such an emergency by bringing along some of a patent putty-like substance. This nearly stopped the leak, but a little of the precious fuel kept dribbling out. Along toward morning

the leak stopped of its own accord. This I told myself could mean but one thing: that the fuel had got down to the leak. This meant further that we had only fuel in the four wing tanks. It checked up with what Noville had told me about over-consumption of gas, and confirmed the disagreeable fact that we should never reach the other side. I could have been saved much anxiety had I only known that the leak was somehow stopped from inside the tank after all, and that the tank was far from empty at the time.

From a study of the weather maps I concluded we were being drifted to the south.

From time to time we sent and received radio messages, and it seemed miraculous that, flying two miles above the ocean, hidden in dense clouds, we could get messages from safe, comfortable places.

At one time Noville reported he had a message from a steamer somewhere beneath us, and our signals were so clear that we must have been very near it. We were in dense fog at the time. He asked for conditions of weather at the surface, and the ship reported fog. We got its position and a radio bearing. This showed we were on a certain line and indicated we had been right in judging that the wind had drifted us to the south.

A little later we had the position of another ship, the S. S. *Paris,* and this information put us somewhere on another line. Where the two lines intersected was our exact position. We were certain then that we had been drifted to the south; so instead of bucking winds to go to Ireland, we set our course directly for Finisterre, France. Indeed, by allowing ourselves to go with the wind we had made better speed toward our objective. I could now, however, allow for the wind to a nicety and knew exactly where we would hit land, although we were still several hundred miles away.

We must give Noville credit for this radio information. It was a remarkable feat and another triumph of science at which to marvel. Surely our whole flight was worth while, to demonstrate this one thing alone which we had been anxious to prove.

Our position indicated that we had been assisted by the wind about thirty miles an hour all the way from Newfoundland. We had made splendid speed.

I wanted to find out the worst about the gasoline, and so asked Noville for an exact estimate. He came to me in a few minutes and wrote: "I made a mistake in the first estimate. We have enough gasoline to fly to Rome."

"Wish I had known that eighteen hours ago," I wrote back.

The error was caused, I think, by the fact that the tail of the plane was somewhat down on account of the weight, and the gasoline gauge did not register accurately.

Not long after that in the afternoon of the second day, we came out of the thick, solid cloud layers into broken cloud fields, and we could see the water beneath us. Though it was fairly rough, it was a most welcome sight. We could see it only every now and then, but that was enough to allow me to get my drift and to verify the fact that the wind was blowing from the northwest.

What a great contrast was our situation now compared to what it appeared to be a few hours earlier! We could get glimpses of the sun and water; by our navigation we now knew exactly where we were; there was enough gasoline to get to Rome, and all engines were hitting perfectly. When I squeezed up into the pilot's compartment to take a turn at the wheel, I could tell from the faces of my shipmates that they were much relieved.

Soon we were getting many radio signals. They began to increase rapidly in number, and Noville reported to me that he thought the whole of Europe was calling us.

We hit land about the time and at the place we calculated, and I am sure France never looked so beautiful to any one of us before. We passed over Brest and set our course for Paris.

We had flown nearly a whole day without seeing land. Since one's processes seem to quicken when flying, the period seemed more like two days.

We had fairly good weather, now, but it looked thick ahead. I asked Noville to radio to Paris to find out the condition of the

weather there. It was reported thick fog and squally. Another battle was before us. The worst that we had anticipated—fog at our destination—had happened.

In a way we welcomed the fight ahead. Here would be another test of aviation, and I felt we could conquer the elements with the gasoline we had left. We probably could have flown to Rome on the edge of the storm area and set the world on fire with this long distance record, but that would not have been "carrying the message to Garcia."[1]

We were able to locate accurately our position by the cities beneath us and the coastline to the left. But before long, darkness began to descend, and with it came thick, rainy, and ominous weather. Soon we got only occasional glimpses of the lights of the towns, and the thick, low-lying fogs or clouds drenched the plane, and again we were tossed about in the blackness without being able to see our hands before our faces.

It was so inky dark that every time we put on the flashlight to give an order, it blinded us temporarily, so that we could only dimly see the luminous instrument board. However, the personnel and the many mechanisms of the plane continued to function efficiently, and I had every confidence of hitting Paris. If we hit Finisterre after almost 2000 miles of blind flying, I thought we certainly ought to be able to reach Paris, a few hundred miles off.

We were using the earth-induction compass, and it had been excellent to steer by, better than the ordinary magnetic compass. The pilot had before him the pointer of the earth-induction compass, which was supposed to synchronize with a pointer in the navigator's compartment. A number of times I found my pointer considerably off, and at first I blamed it on the pilot, but found that one of the pointers apparently was sticky. We would tap the dial, and by checking with the standard compass, we always managed to get on the course again.

[1] See pages 519-522.

I always take two or three compasses on an important trip to check for accuracy. In spite of a few minor mechanical difficulties, the earth-induction compass undoubtedly is the aviation compass of the future.

About the time we expected to hit Paris, we got temporarily out of the thick weather. I saw bright lights ahead and a revolving light which I took to be Le Bourget. Our dead reckoning showed us to be just about at Paris.

Our troubles seemed at an end. It was a relief. I wrote out the following radio for Mr. Wanamaker: "Paris is in sight. It has been a great trip. I wish to tell you with enthusiasm that Noville, Acosta, and Balchen have faced grave dangers with the greatest possible courage and calmness. They have been wonderful, and we all send our best wishes to you."

That radio was never to be sent. I looked down and saw the revolving light flash for an instant on water. It was a lighthouse. I knew there was no ocean lighthouse near Paris. We were somewhere on the coast of France! I was astonished very greatly indeed.

The compass had gone wrong—had taken us in a great circle. By the flares of our flashlights, I conferred on paper with the pilots and concluded that we had made a circle to the left. There had either been some local affection of the compass in the plane, or the pilot's dial had stuck badly. The only way to get on again would be to lay some course and check up the compasses.

We tapped the dials, checked them with the extra standard compass we carried, and got them O.K. Again we set out for Paris, and again were tossed about in the storm and darkness. It was raining very hard on the coast, and visibility was bad. It was much stormier inland. We afterwards found that the center of the storm was over Paris. I watched the course carefully after that and checked compasses every few minutes. I knew we were heading toward Paris. The inky darkness was broken occasionally by the flashes of our lights as we needed them tem-

porarily, and the fire from the engine exhaust pipes. The rough air made it a little difficult to steer, especially in the darkness, but we kept a pretty good general course.

Then arose the necessity of watching the gasoline very carefully, for a forced landing in the darkness would not only have meant certain disaster for us, but also for some of those perchance beneath us.

Finally, our dead reckoning showed us to be at Paris, but we could see nothing—nothing beneath us—nothing but the luminous lights of our steering instruments. We had got to the point beyond which, if we had continued, we could not have returned to the coastal waters, on account of the diminished gasoline. We knew that we would need a few gallons of reserve in order to cruise around for a landing place that we might not even then find. I believe at the moment we turned we were near Paris; our motors were heard by many people at Le Bourget through a sound intensifier, but I could not flirt any more with the lives of my shipmates.

The French trans-Atlantic flyer Lebrix twice said during speeches at his reception in New York, on February 15 and 16, 1928, that he and all the French aviators waiting for us at Le Bourget agreed that not only should we not have been able to land on account of the very thick weather, but that we should have surely killed people had we attempted it.

In a flash it came to me that the compass needle taking us in a great circle right up to that lighthouse was an act of Providence. A decision had to be made. My big job now was to try not to kill anyone beneath us and to save my shipmates. The only thing to do was to turn back to water. It would probably be difficult for the laymen to visualize our predicament, tossed around in the inky darkness of the storm, drenched by rain.

I doubt if anyone could realize the strain of this part of the flight. We had no assurance that the plane could be landed safely on the water, but there was no chance of a safe landing on the land where we could see nothing.

Thus the decision to turn back did not carry safety with it. It meant that even should we find water, we could not be certain of landing without disaster, because I never heard of anyone landing in the water when it was pitch dark and when the water could not be seen. We could not even be certain of landing a great plane like ours safely in the water in the daytime.

So, when we turned, we faced uncertainty ahead; but there was nothing else we could do under the circumstances that would give us any chance whatever to save the lives of the crew and to avoid endangering the people beneath us.

We set a course for the lighthouse we had seen. The wind might blow us off a bit in the darkness, but if the fog were not too thick there, we were confident of hitting it, provided we were where we thought we were while over Paris. Much of the way we could see nothing beneath us, and we were flying so low that Noville had to pull in the antenna of his wireless to prevent it from hitting objects on the ground. Finally, when I thought we were near the lighthouse, I asked Balchen to get down lower. He was afraid of running into something, but we had to take the risk. We emerged from the mists, and there was the lighthouse ahead of us. That shows, again, I think, that we had not been lost—that we had been at Paris.

We cruised over it slowly, but in spite of the light the area around it was black, and we could only guess its topography. We could find no landing place. We had hoped there would be a beach and had written out a message on a weighted streamer asking the people to clear the beach and make some kind of light for our landing.

We then flew over the lighthouse, and, by the quick flash of the revolving beacon, we could tell that we were over water and dimly distinguish the shore line. We could not discern the character of the beach. It was still raining and dismally thick.

I wrote a note to my shipmates, which I passed around with the flashlight which read: "Stand by to land." I knew there would be a hard bump.

We decided to land near enough to the beach line to swim ashore, if necessary, and to salvage the plane, if it were not too badly wrecked. At the same time we had to be far enough away to miss any rocks, should the beach be rocky. That, of course, we could not tell.

We had some navigation flares with us which ignite upon striking the water and give a light for a few minutes. We carried these to sight on at night, when over the ocean, to get the drift caused by the wind and to use in case of a forced landing. I had thrown half of them overboard to rid us of the weight, but had saved enough for such an emergency as this.

We now dropped a number of flares as nearly in a line as we could, about a hundred yards from the beach line. They all ignited, and although they made a light in a pool of blackness, we hoped we would be able to judge the distance of the plane above the water as we descended. Of course, if we could not judge it, we should go into the water at flying speed, which would smash everything badly, since water does not give much when hit hard.

Those hours in the black storm had not been pleasant. I felt myself entirely responsible for the lives of my shipmates. I don't believe they thought there was much chance of getting down safely, but still they faced gallantly, with steady courage, whatever fate lay ahead. In a few moments the story would be ended, but to the last they calmly obeyed orders.

The gasoline was running low; we must not wait for it to give out and be forced to land. Balchen happened to be at the wheel. I gave the orders to land.

We were landing with the plane in control and the engines functioning perfectly. At that moment, in spite of our danger, I marveled at the three engines that for forty-two hours had made some 1500 revolutions a minute without missing a beat. I thought of the Wright Aëronautical Corporation, that made the engines, and of my friend, Charles Lawrance, who had designed them.

Bennett and I had often wondered what would happen to a

great three-engine plane landing in the water. Everyone thought the plane would turn over. Some thought the flyers would get hurt. Others thought not. Anyhow we were about to find out. Only we had the added difficulty of landing at night.

As we neared the water, we could not see it; only the flares ahead of us and beneath us. The wheels touched, and though the landing gear is secured to the plane with a tremendous factor of safety, it was sheared off, along with the wheels, with hardly a jar of the plane, as though a great knife had cut it, thus demonstrating the tremendous resistance of water when hit by a rapidly moving object. No one had predicted that.

It seemed just a second after that the crash came. I suppose I was dazed a little. I know I got a stiff blow over the heart that made it beat irregularly for many months afterwards. I found myself in the water outside swimming around in pitchy dark and rain. I could hear Noville calling for me, but not another sound in the extraordinary stillness, which contrasted so vividly with the roar of the great motors which had been pounding on our eardrums for forty-two hours like tom-toms of Hades.

The plane instantly filled with water. Noville was getting out of the window. I yelled at him that I was unharmed and asked him how he was, but he did not answer—just kept on yelling for me. I was a little worried about him, but I knew that he could not have been badly hurt. Hearing nothing from Balchen and Acosta and worried beyond measure about them, I swam to where they had been; the cockpit, of course, was under water. I yelled as loud as I could, but got no answer.

I found Balchen slightly caught under water and trying to extricate himself. When he got clear, I asked him how he felt. He didn't answer, but asked me how I felt. He talked a blue streak, but didn't talk to me. I couldn't make it out exactly, but concluded that he, too, was somewhat dazed.

Thinking that Acosta must have been caught under water in the cockpit, we dived down; but he was not there. I yelled for him, but there was no answer. A moment later he appeared, ap-

parently from nowhere, swimming toward the wing, the leading edge of which was now down to the water. He must have been swimming around out there somewhere in the darkness all the time.

I asked Acosta the same question I had asked the others, but he, too, didn't answer—asked me how I felt. Bert also talked a blue streak, but not to either one of us. In the course of his talking I found he had broken his collar-bone.

It was a weird sensation to have three shipmates there in the dark who would not talk to me or each other, but it was the most thankful moment of my life to find them still "kicking." The very worst thing we had anticipated had happened, and we had come through.

With grunts and groans we dragged ourselves upon the wing. The wing was down in the water by that time. So it must have happened with all the land planes that landed in the ocean that summer.

Noville, still functioning perfectly, was carrying out his orders given before leaving the States, which were to rip open the emergency cabin in case of landing in the water and pump up the rubber boat. He was at his job, although he could hardly stand up and was falling every minute or two.

It had been with considerable difficulty that all hands got on top of the wing. I then found that the reason I could not get any answer from them was that the three engines roaring for forty-two hours over their heads had temporarily deafened them. As I had used ear protectors, my hearing was normal. No plane had ever flown that long for a distant objective, though endurance tests, where the engine would not have to be run so fast, of course, had been longer.

The great question was solved at last. We could land without seriously injuring the personnel. The plane did not turn over, as many thought it would, and we had placed the emergency compartment in about the only situation in the ship where we could

get at our rubber boat and other emergency supplies when landing in the water.

My next thought was one of great admiration for Balchen's landing. My mind turned to Norway, which had produced this kind of soul, cool and courageous in emergency.

We were stiff and bruised, tired and watersoaked, and it was with some difficulty that we pumped up the rubber boat. As the wing was almost flush with the water, there was no difficulty in launching it.

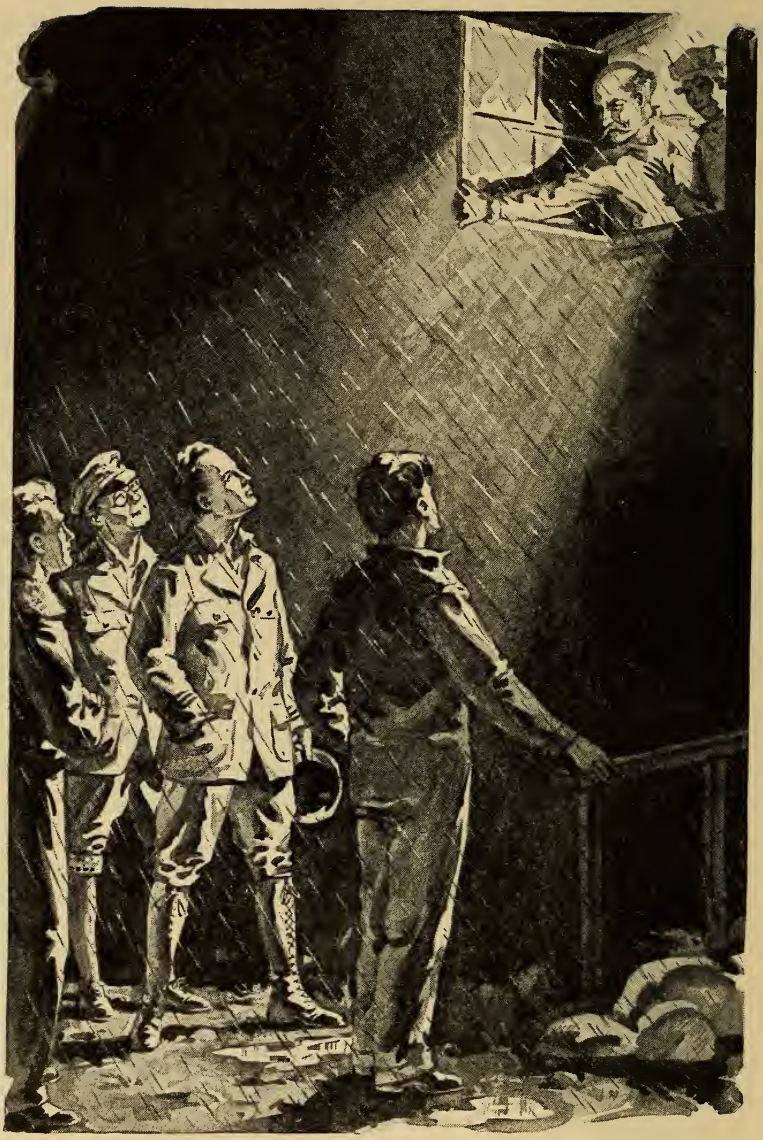
We placed our most precious cargo, which included a piece of the original American Flag, in a compartment we had made in the great wing; this we thought was the safest place. After finding the things in there were only slightly wet, we shipped oars in the rubber boat, and wearily made for the shore in the dark.

We were a mile from the village. Even after we reached it, we spent much time going from house to house trying to arouse someone. But there were fences with locked gates around these houses, and we were unsuccessful. Suddenly a boy on a bicycle passed us. We tried to stop him, but he took one look at us and kept on going. Wet and bedraggled, we certainly were not prepossessing.

Finally, we found the lighthouse keeper and his wife up in the lighthouse tower, but they wouldn't come down. Noville could talk French, but was deaf. My French wasn't much and seemed to add to their idea that we were a gang of roughnecks under the weather. But when at last they realized that we had landed at Ver-sur-Mer, having come all the way from America, their astonishment and excitement were intense.

Here began an experience with the people of France which was so remarkable that words fail me in describing it.

Balchen and I left Acosta and Noville there while we went back to the *America* to get the United States mail and to salvage what we could of our precious records. In the meantime the tide



had been going out rapidly, and when we reached the plane, it was nearly high and dry. Some of the villagers appeared and helped us carry our records and a few other belongings up to the village. So long as we live, we can never forget the kindness of the people of Ver-sur-Mer; and before leaving France, we motored back there to tell them "good-by."

The wild scenes of joy and welcome which we received wherever we went in France are far beyond my power to describe. When we arrived at Paris, it was a long time before we could get away from the station. The entire city seemed to have turned out to welcome us. The people were mad with joy at our escape, though yet mourning the loss of their own beloved airmen.

The glass in one of our automobiles was broken, and the machine in which I was riding was almost upset several times by the crowds that surged against it. Some of the people must have been crushed and injured, but they did not seem to mind. We could not start the automobile engines, but were simply shoved along by the crowd. My good friend, Herbert Adams Gibbons, finally rescued us and helped us through the balance of our exciting stay in France.

It seemed to us that if everyone in France had been our blood-relatives, we could not have received a more joyous welcome. If the reader thinks I exaggerate, he has only to make a non-stop flight to France to find out the truth.

From the greatest statesmen down to their humblest citizens, we received warm expressions of admiration and friendship; but their words were not necessary to show us how they felt. The expressions on their faces were more eloquent than any words could have been. France gave us her very best. We were made citizens of three French cities. It would take a book to tell all they did for us.

There can be no doubt about the deep friendship of France for the people of this country. I vowed at the time to bring this fact back home. Since my return I have spoken of it publicly in

more than half a hundred leading cities in the United States. The response my word has received has convinced me that France's friendship is fully reciprocated.

France saw in us, from the moment of our great welcome, the embodiment and the spirit of America, and it was that for which they poured out their friendship and affection. They were saluting the Stars and Stripes which we for the moment carried.

Notes and Questions

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, naval officer and aviator, is noted for high adventure. At the age of twelve he made a trip around the world alone. After he was graduated from the Naval Academy, Byrd distinguished himself by notable service with the United States battleship fleet. Thrice he thrilled the world: by his North Pole flight, by his flight from New York to France, and by his South Pole flight. Admiral Byrd tells of his various flights in *Skyward,* from which this selection is taken.

1. Compare Byrd's transatlantic flight with that of Lindbergh's, noting likeness of storm conditions and fog. Why did Byrd fly the *America* at a high altitude for the most part?

2. Why did the *America* not reach Paris? Describe the landing of the airplane. How were the flyers received by the French people?

You will enjoy reading *Little America,* Byrd, which tells all about Rear Admiral Byrd's trip to the South Pole.

THE THINKER*

BERTON BRALEY

Back of the heating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who Knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains and Labor,
Which give the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

*From *Songs of the Workaday World,* by Berton Braley. Copyright, 1915 George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

Notes and Questions

Berton Braley, poet and journalist, is a native of Wisconsin, and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1905. He served on the staff of *The Evening Mail*, New York, and was for a time associate editor of the magazine *Puck*. During the World War Mr. Braley was a special correspondent in France and England. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and newspapers. Among his published works are: *Songs of the Workaday World; A Banjo of Armageddon; In Camp and Trench.*

1. Who is the "clear-eyed man who knows"? What is "ever master" of any great enterprise? What is the relation of the planner to the worker?

2. Do you think the poet has more confidence in the thinker or in the worker? Find and read aloud lines to support your answer. What does the poet believe to be the contribution made by the Dreamer?

3. Explain in your own words the poet's meaning in the following line: "Back of the brawn, the Brain!"

4. "In Union there is strength"; discuss this idea as expressed in "The Thinker." How does co-operation assist you in your work in the schoolroom? In the home? On the playground?

5. Read aloud the poem to bring out the meaning and rhythm; bring to class and read other poems by Berton Braley, including "The Real Thrill" (in *Elson Junior Literature, Book One*).

WORK: A SONG OF TRIUMPH

ANGELA MORGAN

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Work, the Power that drives behind,

Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

Notes and Questions

Angela Morgan was born in New England, spent most of her childhood in the Middle West, and in her youth entered upon a career of journalism. Her warm sympathy for the industrial worker and her keen interest in social reforms make her a poet of the people.

1. What thought did you get from the reading of this poem which will assist you in your work? Have you ever done a piece of work in which you took great delight? Tell the class about it.

2. What can work do for you? (See stanza two.) Read the lines you like best. Why does the poet call work a Titan? A friend? How is it possible for work to assist you in

"Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back"?

3. Does the author think that everyone should work? Read the line that answers the question.

4. Make a special report on one of these topics:

(*a*) "We must either wear out or rust out, every one of us. My choice is to wear out."—*Roosevelt*

(*b*) Everyone is expected to do his part of the world's work. A wide acquaintance with occupations, both at first hand and through reading, will help you to choose a vocation with intelligence; it will also give you greater sympathy for the worker and keener appreciation of the heroism of everyday toil. What are some of the occupations in your community that appeal to you as a vocation?

PETE OF THE STEEL MILLS

HERSCHEL S. HALL

It was a very black and a very dirty street down which I made my way that November morning at half-past five. There was no paving, there was no sidewalk, there were no lights. Rain had been falling for several days, and I waded through seas of mud and sloshed through lakes of water. There were men in front of me and men behind me, all plodding along through the muck and mire, just as I was plodding along, their tin lunch-pails rattling as mine was rattling. Some of us were going to work, some of us were going to look for work—the steel mills lay somewhere in the darkness ahead of us.

We who were not so fortunate as to possess a magical piece of brass, the showing of which to a uniformed guard at the steel mills' gate would cause the door to swing open, waited outside in the street, where we milled about in the mud, not unlike a herd of uneasy cattle. It was cold out there. A north wind, blowing straight from the lake, whipped our faces and hands and penetrated our none-too-heavy clothing.

"I wisht I had a job in there!" said a shivering man at my side, who had been doing some inspecting through a knothole in the high fence. "You got a job there?" he asked, glancing at my pail.

I told him I had been promised work and had been ordered to report.

"You're lucky to get a job, and you want to freeze on to it. Jobs ain't to be any too plentiful this winter, and if this war stops —good-night! I've been comin' here every mornin' for two weeks, but I can't get took. I reckon I'm kind o' small for most of the work in there." He began to kick his muddy shoes against the fence and to blow upon his hands. "Winter's comin'," he sighed.

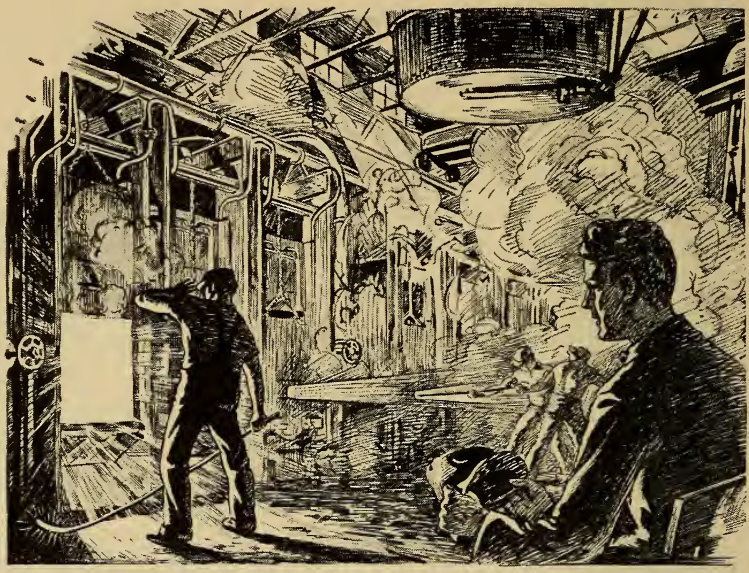
A whistle blew, a gate swung open, and a mob of men poured out into the street—the night shift going off duty. Their faces looked haggard and deathly pale in the sickly glare of the pale blue arcs above us.

"Night-work's no good," said the small man at my side. "But you got to do it if you're goin' to work in the mills."

A man with a Turkish towel thrown loosely about his neck came out of the gate and looked critically at the job hunters. He came up to me. "What's yer name?" he demanded. I told him. "Come on!" he grunted.

We stopped before the uniformed guard, who wrote my name on a card, punched the card, and gave it to me. "Come on!" again grunted the man with the towel. I followed my guide into the yard, over railroad tracks, past great piles of scrap-iron and pig metal, through clouds of steam and smoke, and into a long, black building where engines whistled, bells clanged, and electric cranes rumbled and rattled overhead. We skirted a mighty pit filled with molten slag, and the hot air and stifling fumes blowing from it struck me in the face and staggered me. We crept between giant ladles in whose depths I could hear the banging of hammers and the shouting of men. We passed beneath a huge trough through which a white, seething river of steel was rushing. I shrank back in terror as the sound of the roaring flood fell upon my ears, but the man with the towel, who was walking briskly in front of me, looked over his shoulder and grunted, "Come on!"

Through a long, hot tunnel and past black, curving flues, down which I saw red arms of flame reaching, we made our way. We came to an iron stairway, climbed it, and stepped out upon a steel floor into the open hearth. "Come on!" growled my guide, and we walked down the steel floor, scattered over which I saw groups of men at work in front of big, house-like furnaces out of whose cavernous mouths white tongues of flame were leaping. The men worked naked to the waist, or stripped to overalls and undershirt, and, watching them, I began to wonder if I had



chosen wisely in seeking and accepting employment in this inferno.

"Put yer pail there. Hang yer coat there. Set down there. I'll tell the boss ye're here." And the man with the towel went away.

I was sitting opposite one of the furnaces, a square, squat structure of yellow brick built to hold seventy-five tons of steel. There were three doors on the front wall, each door having a round opening in the center, the "peep-hole." Out through these peep-holes poured shafts of light so white and dazzling that they pained the eye they struck. They were as the glaring orbs of some gigantic uncouth monster, and as I looked down the long line of furnaces and saw the three fiery eyes burning in each, the effect through the dark, smoke-laden atmosphere was grotesquely weird.

I watched a man who worked at one of the doors of the furnace nearest me. He had thrust a bar of iron through the peep-hole and was jabbing and prying at some object inside. Every ounce

of his strength he was putting into his efforts. I could hear him grunt as he pulled and pushed, and I saw the perspiration dripping from his face and naked arms. He withdrew the bar—the end that had been inside the door came out as white and as pliable as a hank of taffy—and dropped it to the floor. He shouted some command to an invisible person, and the door rose slowly and quietly, disclosing to me a great, snow-white cavern in whose depths bubbled and boiled a seething lake of steel.

With a quick movement of his hand the workman dropped a pair of dark-colored spectacles before his eyes, and his arms went up before his face to shield it from the withering blast that poured out through the open door. There he stood, silhouetted against that piercing light, stooping and peering, tiptoeing and bending, cringing and twisting, as he tried to examine something back in the furnace. Then with another shout he caused the door to slip down into its place.

He came walking across the floor to where I sat and stopped in front of me. The sweat in great drops fell from his blistered face, ran in tiny rivulets from his arms and hands, and splashed on the iron floor. He trembled, he gasped for breath, and I thought he was going to sink down from pure exhaustion, when to my surprise, he deliberately winked at me.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Eh, buddy?" he said with a sweaty chuckle. And that was my introduction to Pete, the best open-hearth man I ever knew, a good fellow, clean and honest.

"Mike, put this guy to wheeling in manganese," said a voice behind me, and I turned and saw the boss. "Eighteen hundred at Number Four and twenty-two hundred at Number Six."

"Get that wheelbarrer over yender and foller me," instructed Mike, a little, old, white-haired Irishman who was, as I learned afterward, called "maid of all work" about the plant. I picked up the heavy iron wheelbarrow and trundled it after him, out through a runway to a detached building where the various alloys and refractories used in steel-making were kept.

"Now, then, you load your wheelbarrer up with this here

ma'ganese and weigh it over on them scales yender, and then wheel it in and put it behind Number Four,'' Mike told me.

''Why is manganese put into steel?'' I asked Pete on one of my trips past his furnace.

''It settles it, toughens it up, and makes it so it'll roll,'' he answered.

A few days later I asked one of the chemists about the plant the same question. ''It absorbs the occluded gases in the molten steel, hardens it, and imparts the properties of ductility and malleability,'' was his reply. I preferred Pete's elucidation.

All day I trundled the iron wheelbarrow back and forth along the iron floor, wheeling in manganese. I watched the powerful electric cranes at work picking up the heavy boxes of material and dumping their contents into the furnaces. I watched the tapping of the ''heats,'' when the dams holding in the boiling lakes would be broken down and the fiery floods would go rushing and roaring into the ladles, these to be whisked away to the ingot molds. And I watched the men at work, saw the strain they were under, saw the risks they took, and wondered if, after a few days, I could be doing what they were doing.

''It is all very interesting,'' I said to Pete, as I stood near him.

He grinned ''Uh-huh! But you'll get over it. 'Bout tomorrow mornin', when your clock goes rattlety-bang and you look to see what's up and find it's five o'clock, you'll not be thinkin' it so interestin', oh, no! Let's see your hands.'' He laughed when he saw the blisters the handles of the wheelbarrow had developed.

Pete was right. When my alarm clock awakened me next morning, and I started to get out of bed, I groaned in agony. Every muscle of my body ached. I fancied my joints creaked as I sat on the edge of the couch vainly endeavoring to get them to working freely and easily. The breakfast bell rang twice, but hurry I could not.

''You'll be late to work! The others have gone!'' called the landlady. I managed to creak downstairs. My pail was packed, and she had tied up an extra lunch in a newspaper. ''You can't

stop to eat, if you want to get to work on time,'' she said. ''Your breakfast is in this paper—eat it when you get to the mills.''

I stumbled away in the darkness, groaning and gasping, and found my way to the black and dirty street. The mud was frozen hard now, and the pools of water were ice-covered, and my heavy working shoes thumped and bumped along the dismal road in a remarkably noisy manner.

The number of job hunters was larger this morning. Among them I saw the small man who could not ''get took,'' and again he was peeking wishfully through the knothole in the fence.

''You're on, eh?'' he said when he spied me. ''I wisht I was. Say, you haven't got a dime you could spare a feller, have you?'' I discovered a dime.

I showed my brass check—a timekeeper had given me one the day before, Number 1266—to the uniformed watchman. He waved me on, and I entered the gate just as the whistle blew. A minute later and I would have been docked a half-hour.

Mike, ''maid of all work,'' took me in hand as soon as I came on the floor, and proceeded to give me a few pointers. ''I kept me eye on ye all day yestiddy, and ye fair disgoosted me with the way ye cavorted round with the Irish buggy. As though ye wanted to do it all the first day! Now, ye're on a twelve-hour turn here, and ye ain't expected to work like a fool. Ye want to learn to spell. (Mike wasn't referring to my orthographic short-comings.) Ye'll get in bad with the boss if he sees ye chinnin' with Pete. He don't like Pete, and Pete don't like him, and I don't blame Pete. The boss is solid bone from the collar-button up. He has brainstorms. Watch out for 'em.''

I followed much of Mike's advice. All that day I trundled the wheelbarrow, but I made an easier day of it, and no one objected to my work. And as the days ran by, I found my muscles toughening, and I could hear the alarm-bell at five in the morning without feeling compelled to squander several valuable minutes in wishing I had been born rich.

For two weeks I worked every day at wheeling in materials for

the furnaces. Then for one week I worked with the "maid of all work," sweeping the floors and keeping the place "righted up," as he called it. Then I "pulled doors" for a while; I "ran tests" to the laboratory; I "brought stores"; I was general-utility man. Then one day, when a workman dropped a piece of pig-iron on his foot and was sent to the hospital, I was put on "second helping."

By good luck I was sent to Pete's furnace. Pete and I by this time were great cronies. Many a chat we had had, back behind his furnace, hidden from the prying eyes of the boss. I found Mike was right—it was just as well to keep out of his sight. I soon discovered that he did not like Pete. In numberless mean and petty ways did he harass the man, trying to make him do something that would give him an excuse to discharge him. But Pete was naturally slow to anger, and with admirable strength he kept his feelings under control.

I was working nights now, every other week. The small man at the gate—he had finally "got took" and was laboring in the yard gang—who had told me that "night-work is no good" knew what he was talking about. I found night-work absolutely "no good." The small hours of the night are the terror of the night worker.

To be aroused by a screaming whistle above your head at two o'clock in the morning; to seize a shovel and run to the open door of a white-hot furnace and there in its blistering heat to shovel in heavy ore and crushed limestone rock until every stitch of clothing on your body is soaked with perspiration; to stagger away with pulses thumping, and drop down upon a bench, only to be ordered out into a nipping winter air to raise or lower a gas-valve—this is the kind of work the poet did not have in mind when he wrote about "toil that ennobles!" I doubt whether he or any other poet ever heard of this two-o'clock-in-the-morning toil.

When the "heat" was ready to tap, I would dig out the "tap-hole." Another "second helper" would assist me in this work.

The tap-hole, an opening in the center and lower part of the back wall of the furnace, is about a foot in diameter and three in length. It is closed with magnesite and dolomite when the furnace is charged. Digging this filling out is dangerous work—the steel is likely to break out and burn the men who work there. When we had removed the dolomite from the hole, I would notify the boss. A long, heavy bar was thrust through the peep-hole in the middle door, and a dozen men would "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!" back and forth on the bar until it broke through the fused bank of magnesite into the tap-hole. Then the lake of steel would pour out through a runner into the ladle.

This tapping a "heat" is a magnificent and startling sight to the newcomer. I stood fascinated when I beheld it the first time. A lake of seventy-five or eighty tons of sun-white steel, bursting out of furnace bounds and rushing through the runner, a raging river, is a terrifying spectacle. The eye aches as it watches it; the body shrinks away from the burning heat it throws far out on all sides; the imagination runs riot as the seething flood roils and boils in the ladle.

Sometimes when we had had a particularly hard spell of work and were dead-beat with fatigue and exhaustion, then Pete might be expected to put his well-known question: "Ought to have stayed on the farm, oughtn't we? Hey, buddy?"

The foolish question, and his comical way of asking it, always made me laugh. Seeing that Pete had once been a farm laborer, the remark does not appear so silly, after all. It was his way of comparing two kinds of work; it was his favorite stock jest. I know farm work, too, from pigs to potatoes, and I do not believe there is any kind of farm work known, ten hours of which would equal thirty minutes of "splashing" on an open-hearth furnace, in muscle-tearing, nerve-racking, back-breaking, sweat-bringing effort.

Pete and I were working on Number Three furnace, the latest type and the "fastest" of any in the group. Its monthly output was three or four hundred tons more than that of any other. It

belonged to Pete by rights—he was the oldest man on the floor, and he was regarded by all the other furnace-men as the best "first helper" in the plant. No other "first helper" watched his roof so carefully as did he. No other could get as many heats "from a roof" as did he. For every three hundred and fifty heats tapped from a furnace before the furnace required a new roof, the company gave the "first helper" a bonus of fifty dollars. This was to encourage them to watch their furnaces closely, to see that the gas did not "touch" the roofs.

One morning Pete and I were notified that we were transferred to Number Ten, the oldest, the slowest, and hardest furnace to work of any. "Bulger" Lewis, a Welshman, a bosom friend of the boss, was to take Number Three. Pete would lose the bonus money due in thirty days.

"What's this for?" he demanded of the boss.

"Because you don't watch your furnace!" snarled the boss in reply. "You've touched that roof! There are icicles on it right now!"

Pete walked over to the air-valves, jerked the lever, and threw up the middle door. "Show me an icicle in there!" he cried. "I'll give you five hundred dollars for every one you point out!"

"Lower that door!" roared the boss. "And get down to Number Ten! Or go get your time, if you prefer!"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then he threw up his head and laughed. Going to his locker, he took out his lunch-pail and started for Number Ten. "I rather think I am goin' to take a trip back to Minnesota pretty soon—to see the folks, you know," he said to me that afternoon.

Number Ten melted "soft" that day, and Pete could not get the heat hot. We pigged steadily for two hours, but it remained cold and dead. We were played out when, about four o'clock, the boss came up.

"Why don't you get that heat out?" he demanded. "You've been ten hours on it already!" Pete made no reply. "Where's a test-bar?" He shoved the test-bar into the bath, moved it

slowly back and forth, and withdrew it. "She's hot now! Take her out!"

Pete looked at the end of the bar. It was ragged, not bitten off clean as it would have been had the temperature of the bath been right. "She's a long way from bein' hot," he said, pointing at the test-bar.

"Don't you dispute me!" roared the boss. "If I say she's hot, she's hot! If I tell you to take her out, you take her out!"

We took out the heat. And a miserable mess there was. It was so cold it froze up in the tap-hole, it froze up in the runner, it froze up in the ladle. The entire heat was lost. It was an angry crew of men that worked with sledges, bars, and picks cleaning up the mess. I was sorry the boss could not know how much that bunch of men loved him.

I saw him approaching Pete; I saw him shaking his clenched fist; I heard an ugly word; the lie was passed, a blow was struck, and the long-expected fight was on.

Out on the smooth iron floor, in the glare of the furnace flames —someone had hoisted the three doors to the top—the two enemies fought it out. They were giants in build, both of them, muscled and thewed like gladiators. It was a brutal, savage exhibition. Finally, the boss reeled, dropped to his knees, swayed back and forth, and went down.

Pete, having floored the boss, took a bath, changed his clothes, shook hands all round, and came seeking me. "Well, buddy, I'm off," he chuckled, peeping at me from a chink in his swollen face. "Like as not I'll be shuckin' punkins up in Minnesota this time next week. Oh, no use my tryin' to stick it out here—you can't stay here, you know, when you've had a go with the boss. So long!"

I did not go to work the next day, nor the next. I was deliberating whether I would go back at all, the morning of the third day, when the "maid of all work" came looking for me. "Pete wants you to come to work," he announced.

"Pete?" I said, wondering what he meant.

"You said it! Pete's boss now!"

"No!"

"Yes! Oh, the super, he ain't blind, he ain't! He knowed what was goin' on, he did, and it didn't take him long to fix him when he'd heerd the peticlars. I'll tell Pete you'll be comin' along soon." And Mike departed.

I went back and resumed my old position on Number Three, with John Yakabowski, a Pole. Yakabowski was an exceptionally able furnace-man and an agreeable fellow-workman. There was great rejoicing all over the plant because our old boss was out, and there was general satisfaction over Pete's appointment to his place. This feeling among the men was soon reflected in the output of the furnaces—our tonnage showed a steady increase.

Pete was nervous and ill at ease for a few weeks. To assume the responsibilities that go with the foremanship of an open-hearth plant the size of that one was almost too much for him. He was afraid he would make some mistake that would show him to be unworthy of the trust the superintendent had placed in him.

"No education—that's where I'm weak!" he said to me in one of our confidential chats. "Can't write, can't figger, can't talk—don't know nothin'! It's embarrassin'! The super tells me to use two thousand of manganese on a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pound charge. That's easy—I just tell a hunky to wheel in two thousand. But s'pose that lunk-head out in them scales goes wrong, and charges in a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds and doesn't tell me until ten minutes before we're ready to tap—how am I goin' to figger out how much more manganese to put in? Or when the chief clerk writes me a nice letter, requestin' a statement showin' how many of my men have more than ten children, how many of 'em can read the Declaration of Independence, and how many of 'em eat oatmeal for breakfast, why, I'm up against it, I tell you! No education! I reckon I ought never to've left the farm. Hey, buddy?"

I understood Pete's gentle hint, and I took care of his clerical work, writing what few letters he had to send out, making up his statements, doing his calculating, and so forth.

Six months passed. Pete had "made good." The management was highly pleased with him as a melter. Success had come to me, too, in a modest way—I had been given a furnace—I was now a "first helper." It was about the time I took the furnace that I began to notice a falling off in the number of requests from Pete for assistance. I thought little of it, supposing that he was getting his work done by one of the weighers. But one night when there was a lull in operations and I went down to his office to have a chat with him, I found him seated at his little desk poring over an arithmetic. Scattered about in front of him were some sheets of paper covered with figures. He looked up at me and grinned in a rather shamefaced manner.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said. "Now I understand why I am no longer of any use to the boss!"

"Well, I just had to do somethin'," he said. "Couldn't afford to go right on bein' an ignoramus all the time."

"Are you studying it out alone?"

"You bet I ain't! I'd never get there if I was! I've got a teacher, a private teacher. Swell, eh? He comes every other night, when I'm workin' days, and every other afternoon, when I'm workin' nights. Gee, but I'm a bonehead! He's told me so a dozen times, but the other day he said he thought I was softenin' up a bit."

Good old Pete! I left him that night with my admiration for the man increased a hundred times.

Another six months passed, six months of hard, grinding, wearing toil, and yet a six months I look back upon with genuine pleasure. I now had the swing of the work, and it came easy; conditions about the plant under Pete's supervision were ideal; I was making progress in the work I had adopted; we were making good money. Then came the black day.

How quickly it happened! I had tapped my furnace, and the last of the heat had run into the ladle. "Hoist away!" I heard Pete shout to the crane-man. The humming sound of the crane motors getting into action came to my ears. I took a look at my roof, threw in a shovelful of spar, turned on the gas, and walked

toward the rear of the furnace. The giant crane was groaning and whining as it slowly lifted its eighty-ton burden from the pit where the ladle stood. It was then five or six feet above the pit's bottom. Pete was leaning over the railing of the platform directly in front of the rising ladle.

Suddenly something snapped up there among the shafts and cables. I saw two men in the crane cab go swarming up the escape ladder. I saw the ladle drop as a broken cable went flying out of a sheave. A great white wave of steel washed over the ladle's rim, and another, and another.

Down upon a shallow pool of water that a leaking hose had formed, the steel was splashed, and as it struck, the explosion came. I was blown from my feet and rolled along the floor. The air was filled with bits of fiery steel, slag, brick, and débris of all kinds. I crawled to shelter behind a column and there beat out the flames that were burning my clothing in a half-dozen places. Then, groping through the pall of dust and smoke that choked the building, I went to look for Pete.

Near the place where I had seen him standing when the ladle fell, I found him. Two workmen who had been crouching behind a wall when the explosion came, and were unhurt, were tearing his burning clothes from his seared and blackened body. Somebody brought a blanket, and we wrapped it about him. We doubted if he lived, but as we carried him back, I noted he was trying to speak, and, stooping, I caught the words: "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, buddy?" That was the last time I ever heard Pete speak. That was the last time I ever saw him alive.

Two o'clock in the morning. Sitting at the little desk where I found Pete that night poring over his arithmetic, I have been writing down my early experiences in the open hearth. Here comes Yakabowski with a test. I know exactly what he will say: "Had I better give her a dose of ore?" Two o'clock in the morning! The small man at the gate was right: Night-work is no good!

I was mistaken; Yakabowski doesn't ask his customary question. He looks at me curiously. "You don't look good, boss," he says. "You sick, maybe?"

Yes, I'm sick—I always am at two o'clock in the morning, when I'm on the night shift. I stretch, I yawn, I shudder. "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, Yakabowski?" I say to the big Pole.

Notes and Questions

Herschel S. Hall (1874–1921), a writer of short stories and novels, was born in Indiana, but spent most of his life in Ohio. His first-hand knowledge of work in the steel mills made his descriptions of great value. Mr. Hall, the author of *Steel Preferred,* was a frequent contributor to many magazines.

1. Notice how the author makes this story seem real:
   (*a*) By vivid word pictures.
   (*b*) By conversation of the men.
   (*c*) By making clear the difficulty and danger of the work, amidst heat and noise, through describing the effects they produce.

Find examples of each of these devices.

2. What do you admire most in Pete's conduct? What facts do you learn from this story about the work in the steel mill? Does the language of the workers seem suited to the speakers? What did Mike mean when he advised the author "to learn to spell"?

3. Find the lines on page 504 in which the author speaks humorously about the poet's idea of work. Do you believe Herschel Hall would seriously doubt the truth of the glory of work as expressed by Angela Morgan? How is the heroism of toil shown in this story?

4. What great facts of life do you learn from reading this selection? What great contribution does "Pete of the Steel Mills" make to you? (See "The Magic of Iron," Paine, in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five.*)

5. Complete the following outline of the story:

I. Outside the steel mills
   A. Men going to work

II. The open hearth with its long line of furnaces
   A. The new job
   B.
   C.

III. The workers
   A.
   B. Pete and his favorite jest
   C.

IV. Night-work
   A. Tapping a "heat"
   B.

V. Pete as foreman
   A. Gaining an education
   B.

6. You will find "The Miracles of Iron and Steel" in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia* a very interesting informational article. This article has extremely instructive illustrations.

7. Find out by a personal visit all you can about the way some industry or business is carried on (for example, some local store, or your father's business) and report to the class. Illustrate your talk, if possible, by pictures or blackboard drawings.

THE NEW HARVEST HAND

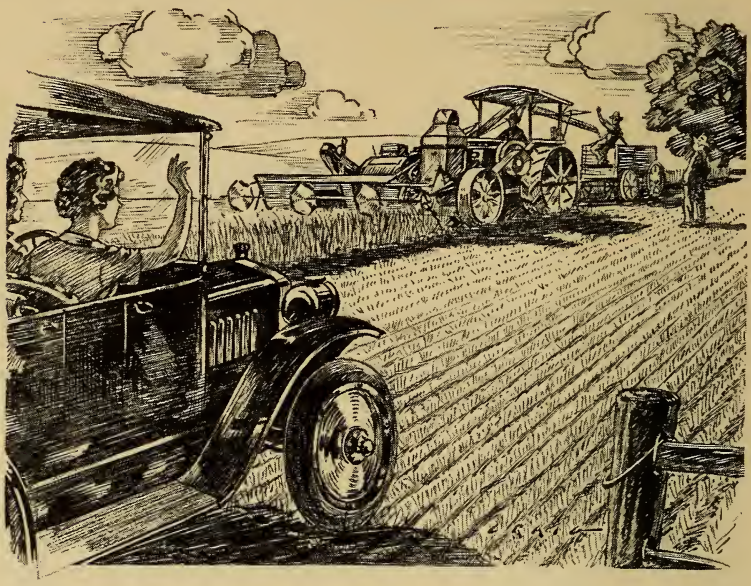
Henry J. Allen

No mechanical advancement has ever wrought a revolution so nearly complete in any agricultural region as has the "combine" in the western wheat fields, where the acreage is large enough to justify the investment. This new wonder of farm machinery not only cuts and gathers the wheat as it moves across a field, but threshes it as well.

The suddenness with which it has accomplished its marvel of change is incredible. Only a few years ago we were still dealing with the harvest labor problem, pleading with railroads to grant extra employment bureaus to distribute help to the territory where the rapidly ripening grain was causing uneasiness among the farmers, who realized their utter helplessness to cope with the harvest through the local supply of labor.

HARVEST DAYS THAT ARE OVER

The wheat farmer had been dependent wholly upon the harvest hands, who came out of the four points of the compass to follow the harvest, as the grain ripened from the southern border of Oklahoma to the northern borders of the Dakotas and Minnesota. They came in swarms. Drowsy little villages in the midst of yellowing wheat fields woke to the need of providing temporary shelter for the harvest hands who landed from boxcars and automobiles, or who came walking. They must be taken care of while they waited for the farmers to come in and barter for their services. This year there has been a total absence of them in the greater wheat areas which once knew them the most numerously.



A BLESSING FOR THE FARMER'S WIFE

The housewives of the wheat farmers, who formerly looked forward with dread to harvest as a period of drudgery, which preceded even a more severe period of it during the threshing days, have seen the combine lifting their load and causing the drudgery to disappear as completely as though it had never existed.

Recently, traveling along a country highway, I met two farm women in a Ford motor car, looking clean and cool and happy. They were on their way to take the midday meal in hot containers to the harvest hands who were cutting a section of wheat. In the olden days, it would have taken two crews of about eight men each employed in that section for two weeks. For those sixteen extra men, cooking would be required. Then when it came time to thresh the grain, there would have been a group of from six to ten men, depending upon whether the grain was stacked or threshed from the shocks. There would have been horse-drawn

wagons to haul the grain to the bins or to the elevators, and the harvest period beginning in June would have extended into the threshing period until late in the fall. It meant extra work to house the hands, extra cooking, extra washing.

I had known these two women in the days when their section of wheat meant all this in the sum total of human service. The other day they were taking food in their motor car to three men only. One of these men was driving the tractor which pulls the combine harvester and thresher. The second man was watching the combine. The third man was operating a hauling truck which took the wheat from the combine to the elevator. Thus, the farmer with one extra man to help him would cut forty-five acres a day and thresh it in the same operation. The other extra man would haul it to the elevator. Harvesting and threshing would all be over in the next fifteen or twenty days, and while it was going on, the women of the household would need to provide for only two extra men.

LESS WHEAT LOST BY NEW METHOD

An interesting incident occurred in Kansas recently, when a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission made a tour of the wheat fields of northeastern Sedgwick County while investigating railroad freight rates on grain. A farmer who lives near Furley, in Sedgwick County, explained to the commissioner that his experience was that the combine had reduced the cost of harvesting over fifty percent. His machinery cost him $2000. After harvesting his own wheat, he engaged in custom cutting for his neighbors at $3.00 an acre. He not only made a profit for himself at this rate, but he saved his neighbors from $3.00 to $4.00 an acre by the work he did for them. It was about July 15, two weeks after most of the wheat in southern Kansas had been cut, and much of the grain was bent over. The commissioner noted this condition and asked if the combine could pick up the fallen ends. The farmer replied in the affirmative, pointing to an attachment fastened to the sickle that performed this operation.

"Don't you lose a large amount of grain when the wheat becomes overripe and goes down?" asked the commissioner.

"No," replied the farmer. "We save more wheat with the combine than with the header or the binder. The loss from shattering with the old-style methods of harvesting is much greater than it is with the combine."

The farmer then explained that when the wheat is headed or bound, it must be handled at least twice before it reaches the threshing machine. And in this handling, considerable shattering takes place. The fact that neither the grain nor the straw is ever touched when the wheat is cut and threshed through the simultaneous operation of the combine reduces the waste.

COST REDUCTION

In Kansas last year there were 8000 combines in use on the Kansas wheat farms. It is estimated that the number had been increased to 13,000 for this year. It has meant an investment of upward of $25,000,000, but the bankers tell me that it has been in most cases liquidated out of the saving. "In spite of the increased investment, the wheat farmer has a larger net return upon a period of two or three years," said one banker.

"When depreciation and interest are added to the variable costs of the combine, we usually find that the cost per acre of harvesting and threshing with the combine is approximately one-half the cost of harvesting with a header or a binder," said another banker. This estimate is also approved by the State Agricultural College of Kansas.

Kansas usually harvests one hundred fifty million bushels or more each year. The average cost per bushel of getting the wheat into the bin under the old system is about thirty cents. If the Kansas farmer is making fifteen cents per bushel net on his investment, it runs up to a neat saving. As a matter of fact, many of them, with favorable yields and larger acreage, are doing much better than this saving.

"No great saving like this ever came to a land without ruin-

ing somebody," I said to an Ashland banker who has been a financial mainstay of his district for many years. This man has seen his county evolve from a cow country to a farming country. He saw over seventy carloads of horses and mules shipped out of the neighborhood within recent months, because the rapid motorization of the farming industry left nothing for the horse to do. He has seen the increase of machinery multiply the acreage of the farming and decrease the population. Said he: "Of course the combine creates a problem for the smaller farmer, who is unable to shift to the newer type of equipment. And he will find it difficult to compete with his neighbor who does shift. While this is a hardship on the farmer with limited funds, it will gradually be solved by the growing number of men who, after their own harvests are over, will use their combines for custom work, and who can serve their neighbors at a price profitable both to themselves and to their neighbors."

THE STORAGE PROBLEM

Out of the earliest movement of wheat has come likewise a new problem in storage. This, I noticed, is being met by an increasing number of bins and by increased elevator capacity in all the grain-gathering centers. The impossibility of selling the wheat as rapidly as it is taken from the harvest field will force the establishment of an economic system that should have been established long before: namely, the addition of wheat bins on the farm and other storage capacity. Such provision will make possible an orderly process of marketing. Much of the wheat now glutting the early markets does not come from financial necessity of the farmer to sell it; it comes from his lack of capacity to store it. The new arrangement forces new storage, and out of the saving he makes in the harvesting and threshing of his grain, he can well afford to build his storage. Wichita, which is the capital of the wheat-producing area of Kansas, has increased its elevator capacity more than 4,000,000 bushels within the last two years to meet the new problem of wheat storage.

Notes and Questions

1. What is a "combine"? How does this machine assist the farmer? How were farmers forced to adopt some new plan to accomplish the work that had to be done in the harvest time? Compare the scene in the harvest fields today with that of a few years ago.

2. In what way does the combine make the life of the farmer's wife more agreeable? How many men are needed to operate the combine? Compare this number with those needed for the old-time system of harvesting?

3. The combine is a great saver of time and human labor; what other service does it render the farmer? Compare the cost of the new system of farming with that of the old. What class of people suffer because they cannot adopt the newer type of farm equipment? How may this be remedied?

4. Mention some of the problems the farmers had to meet when they adopted the new farm machinery. How are these problems gradually being solved?

5. Compare the work on the farm as it is pictured in this selection with that of the early western pioneer farmers in Hamlin Garland's great books *A Son of the Middle Border, A Daughter of the Middle Border,* and *Main-traveled Roads.*

You may wish to read "How the Farmer Feeds the World" (in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*) and "The Bread by Which We Live" (in *The Book of Knowledge,* Volume X).

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

"A Message to Garcia" will have more meaning and interest for you if you read first the note given on page 523.

In all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire to tell in detail now. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia." General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise wherein

many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him to try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but, according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

The dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right; and on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for." Can such a man be intrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive

them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dares employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming, I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it—nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but delivering it, never gets "laid off." Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

Notes and Questions

Elbert Hubbard (1859–1915), a native of Bloomington, Illinois, was one of the ill-fated passengers on board the *Lusitania* when it was sunk. He was an author and lecturer, his message being the joy of work well done. He founded the Roycroft Shop, in East Aurora, New York, which is devoted to the making of fine editions of books.

The author tells us that this "literary trifle," "A Message to Garcia," was written February 22, 1899, after supper, in a single hour, and after a particularly trying day. It was suggested to him by a discussion, over the teacups, of the Spanish-American war, his son maintaining that Rowan was the real hero of the war. The day after "A Message to Garcia" was published, the New York Central Railway ordered reprints of it, distributing over a million copies among its employees.

Garcia was a Cuban patriot who gave valuable aid to the American forces during the Spanish-American war. At the close of the war he was made chief of a commission to discuss with President McKinley the future of Cuba. Andrew Rowan, a West Point graduate, was promoted to the office of lieutenant colonel of the United States Army for the service described in this sketch.

1. Read the selection through silently. Then test your comprehension by the use of this outline:

   (*a*) What Rowan did
   (*b*) What young men need
   (*c*) Testing a group of clerks
   (*d*) The probable result of the test
   (*e*) The stenographer, the bookkeeper
   (*f*) The case of the employer

2. Why do you think the New York Central Railroad distributed copies of "A Message to Garcia" among its employees? What resolve did you make after reading "A Message to Garcia"? Who are the "Rowans" in your school?

3. Which do you think is more to be admired, devotion to a cause or to a leader? Give reasons for your answer.

4. Give the personal characteristics of the man that you would trust to "carry the message to Garcia."

Other stories about great deeds are: "Gorgas, Redeemer of the Tropics," Moore; "Goethals," Mackaye (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

A BACKWARD LOOK

THE literature of a country reflects, as in a mirror, not only the scenes, but the life and the ideals of its people. What, for instance, does the poem "Snow-bound" reveal to us of life on a New England farm in pioneer days? Of neighborliness? What part of our country does Washington Irving describe? What quality in Evangeline makes her a heroine not only of her particular time, but of all time? What traits has Rip Van Winkle that we find also in ourselves to a greater or less degree? How does this recognition affect our sympathy for Rip? How do the descriptions of American scenes by Whittier, Irving, Longfellow, and Lanier differ from those found in your geography?

Humor is said to be one of our American characteristics; name three well-known humorists of American literature. Which one is represented in this part? Who edits the humor column of your newspaper? In Irving's time pictures were not widely used to furnish humor for newspaper and magazine readers; name some present-day cartoonists and the well-known characters they have created.

We like to think of courage, too, as an American trait; what two Americans represented in this part of our book would you mention for outstanding courage? Which selection, picturing America at work, made you feel the joy of work? Which one broadened your sympathy for the worker?

Now that you have come to the end of your book, you may well ask yourself what benefits you have gained from your reading. It is the hope of the authors that you have gained in power to enjoy nature; to share in the joys of adventure; to value the good citizen; to enjoy wholesome fun; and to share in the glory of work.

SOME RECENT BOOKS YOU WILL ENJOY

Part One. The World of Nature

Enos Mills of the Rockies, by Hildegarde Hawthorne and Esther Burnell Mills. Houghton, 1935

An interesting story of the life of the great naturalist, Enos Mills

Sajo and the Beaver People, by Grey Owl. Scribner, 1936

How two small beaver kittens were rescued by an Indian and brought up by his son and daughter. The author has devoted much energy to the protection of the beaver.

An Aquarium Book for Boys and Girls, by Alfred Morgan. Scribner, 1936

A practical guide for all boys and girls interested in keeping fish

The Stars for Sam, by W. Maxwell Reed. Harcourt, 1931

The Sea for Sam, by W. Maxwell Reed. Harcourt, 1935

Both are fascinating informational books for boys and girls who are interested in the world in which we live.

Wild Life of the South, by Archibald Rutledge. Stokes, 1935

A collection of nature essays and anecdotes by a skilled naturalist

Shaggy, the Horse from Wyoming, by Russell Gordon Carter. Suttonhouse, 1935

Winner of the first prize in the Julia Elsworth Ford Contest for the encouragement of better books for boys and girls. Attractively illustrated

Boy on Horseback, by Lincoln Steffens. Harcourt, 1935

An autobiography of a great lover of horses

The Tale of Two Horses, by A. F. Tschiffely. Simon & Schuster, 1935

Two horses relate their experiences on a journey from Buenos Aires to Washington, D. C.

Kelpie, the Gipsies' Pony, by Ursula Moray Williams. Lippincott, 1935

How Tammas and his wild moorland pony were kidnapped by the gipsies

Part Two. The World of Adventure

Yankee Ships in Pirate Waters, by Rupert Sargent Holland. Garden City Pub. Co., 1935

Awarded first place for the year's best book for boys and girls by the Child Study Association of America

Head Wind, by Hawthorne Daniel. Macmillan, 1936

A thrilling pirate story

The Nub, by Robb White III. Little, 1935

Another exciting tale of pirate adventure

All Sail Set, by Armstrong Sperry. Winston, 1935

The story of the maiden voyage of the *Flying Cloud* around the Horn

The Pony Express Goes Through, by Howard R. Briggs. Stokes, 1935

An account of the heroism of the riders who first linked the East and the West in regular mail service

North to the Orient, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Harcourt, 1935

An account of the trip the author took with her husband, Col. Charles Lindbergh, across the top of the world

Exploring Today, by Lincoln Ellsworth. Dodd, 1935

The story of the author's adventures in his explorations by air

Discovery, by Richard Evelyn Byrd. Putnam, 1935

The story of the second Byrd Antarctic expedition

Adventures in the African Jungle, by C. E. and M. L. Akeley. Dodd, 1930

An exciting book of big game adventure

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton. Bobbs, 1930

A light and entertaining book of travel in Spanish America

Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard, and John Abbe. Stokes, 1936

A humorous story of life in many lands as told by the children themselves

Whistlers' Van, by Idwal Jones. Viking Press, 1936

One of the outstanding adventure stories of the year

Radio, by John Langdon-Davies. Dodd, 1935

The story of the capture and use of radio waves

Part Three. The Good Citizen

The Boys' Life of Benjamin Franklin, by Helen Nicolay. Appleton-Century, 1935

A biography of Franklin which reveals to young readers the many-sidedness of his personality

The Father of Texas, by Eugene C. Barker. Bobbs, 1935

Life of Stephen F. Austin written for young people

The Boys' Life of Robert E. Lee, by Stanley F. Horn. Harper, 1935

The story of the famous Southern leader

The Golden Horseshoe, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan, 1935

Early American adventure and service

Caddie Woodlawn, by Carol Ryrie Brink. Macmillan, 1935

A good story of frontier life that received the John Newbery Medal for 1935

Trail of the Ragged Fox, by P. L. Fitzgerald. Macrae Smith Co., 1930

Courageous incidents in the life of a pioneer boy

Young People's Story of the Constitution, by George L. Knapp. Dodd, 1936

How the Constitution was made and what has happened to it

America's Story as Told in Postage Stamps, by Edward Monington Allen. McGraw, 1935

Here is a United States History told by means of our commemorative postage stamps.

Dobry, by Monica Shannon. Viking Press, 1934

Story of a boy's life in a little hamlet in Bulgaria. This book won the John Newbery Medal for 1934.

The Young Tentmaker, by Yonel B. Mirza. Lothrop, 1935

Biography of Omar Khayyam, the dreaming, thoughtful boy who became a great poet

Part Four. Literature and Life in the Homeland

Jane Addams of Hull-House, by Winifred E. Wise. Harcourt, 1935

A simple story of a great woman, a great American, and a great lover of humanity

Youth's Captain, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. Longmans, 1935

The story of the life of Ralph Waldo Emerson written for boys and girls

Will Rogers, by P. J. O'Brien. Winston, 1935

Story of one of America's best-loved citizens

South of the Sunset, by Claire W. Churchill. Wilson, R. R., 1936

Story of Sacajawea, the Indian girl who acted as guide for the Lewis and Clark Expedition

Sun Up, by Will James. Scribner, 1931

Stories of our Western cowboys

Steve Merrill, Engineer, by William Heyliger. Appleton-Century, 1935

A story of fair play and ethical standards in business

GLOSSARY

PRONUNCIATION KEY

The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word, in this way: **ab ne ga tion** (ab-nē-gā′shọn). The letters and signs used have sounds as in the words shown below. The accented syllable is marked′.

a at, can	e end, bend	ö to, move	ụ̄ nature
ā came, face	ē be, equal	ô off, song	ḍ gradual
ä far, father	ė her, certain	ọ actor, second	ṭ picture
â all, ball	ę towel, prudent	oi oil, point	th thin
à ask	i it, pin	ou out, found	ŦH then
ạ alone, company	ī̆ line, mine	u up, but	ẓ usury
ą̈ beggar, opera	o on, not	ū use, pure	
	ō more, open	ú put, full	

A single dot under ā, ē, ō, ö, or ū means that the sound is a little shorter and lighter, as in cot′tą̄ge, rē-duce′, gas′ō̤-line, in′tȯ̤, ụ̄-ni′ted.

A

ab ne ga tion of self (ab-nē-gā′shọn), giving up all thought of self

abounded, were found in great numbers

A ca die (à-kà-dē), also Acadia, the former name of Nova Scotia

ad a mant (ad′ạ-mant), stone

A day es (ä-dā′ēz)

ad dled (ad′ld), confused

ad her ents (ad-hēr′ẹnts), followers

ad verse (ad′vėrs), unfavorable

af fa bil i ty (af-ạ-bil′i-ti), friendliness

agog, eager

Ai denn (ā′den), paradise

ai le ron (ā′lẹ-ron), hinged flap on wing of an airplane that helps to keep the airplane balanced

a lac ri ty (ạ-lak′ri-ti), promptness

al bi no (al-bī′nō or al-bē′nō), white or whitish bird

alder, a kind of tree, the wood of which is used by turners and the bark by dyers and tanners

A li e na (ā-li-ē′nạ̈)

Al la hu (al′ạ-hö), Allah

al le giance (ạ-lē′jạns), loyalty

al loys (ạ-loiz′), mixture of two or more metals

all-per va sive (pėr-vā′siv), universal

al ly (ạ-lī′), friend; aid

al oe (al′ō), a plant which blossoms when it is one hundred years old

a main (ạ-mān′), at full speed

am a ranth (am′ạ-ranth), an imaginary flower which never fades

am bro sial (am-brō′ẓiạl), fragrant; delicious

am i ca ble (am′i-kạ-bl), friendly; peaceful

a mor phas (ạ-môr′fạs), the amorpha, a flowering plant

Amun (ä′mön), one of the Egyptian gods, represented as a ram with curling horns
anatomical engineering, bodily construction
anchorite monk (ang′kọ-rīt), so called because it roams about by itself as an anchorite monk lives by himself
andirons, utensils for supporting logs when burning in a fireplace
Angel of the backward look, angel who records our lives
animated bolsters (bōl′stėrz), soft, round pillows that seemed to have life
annihilation (ạ-nī-hi-lā′shọn), total destruction
antagonist (an-tag′ọ-nist), opponent; enemy
Apollonius (ap-ọ-lō′ni-us), an ancient Roman philosopher
apprehensive (ap-rẹ̄-hen′siv), fearful of what might happen
approbation (ap-rọ̄-bā′shọn), approval
Arab (ar′ạb), Arabian
arched, made an arch over
arduous (är′ḍū-us), difficult
Ariel-airy ease, with the light movements of Ariel, a spirit of the air, in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*
aristocracy (ar-is-tok′rạ-si), wealth; rule by a small privileged class
aromatic (ar-ọ̄-mat′ik), fragrant; strong-scented
arras (ar′ạs), tapestry
asepsis (a-sep′sis), a method of treatment of a wound in surgery
askance, sideways
asphodel (as′fọ̄-del), in Greek mythology, a flower associated with the dead
aspirations (as-pi-rā′shọnz), ambitions
assiduity (as-i-dū′i-ti), industry
assiduous (ạ-sid′ū-us), devoted
assuage (ạ-swāj′), ease
Atchafalaya (ach-ạ-fạ-lī′ạ̈), a bayou which is an inlet of the Red and the Mississippi Rivers
attention, to, ready for action
attunes his pipe anew, begins singing again
austere gravity of an executioner, extreme soberness of one who is obliged to do an unpleasant task
avail, have power to hold me back; help
avarice (av′ạ-ris), greediness
Ave Maria (ä′vā mä-rē′ä)

B

Babylonish jargon, confusion
balling, collecting in a ball-like mass
balm in Gilead (gil′ẹ̄-ạd), peace in heaven
barograph (bar′ọ̄-gràf), instrument for measuring atmospheric pressure
barrack (bar′ạk), soldier's lodging
barricade (bar-i-kād′), fortification; barrier
battalions (ba-tal′yọnz), armies
baybrier, laurel tree
Bayou of Plaquemine (bī′ö; plak-mēn′), inlet near the town of Plaquemine
bedight (bẹ̄-dīt′), adorned
Bedlam, an insane asylum in London
beetling, overhanging; gloomy
Beg (beg), a title of honor in Turkey and in some other parts of the East
beleaguer (bẹ̄-lē′gėr), besiege
Bell, the Bell Inn, a hotel
Benedicite (ben-ẹ̄-dis′i-tē), bless you
benevolence, kindness
benignant (bẹ̄-nig′nạnt), kindly
bereave (bẹ̄-rēv′), sadden
bereavement (bẹ̄-rēv′mẹnt), loss
bereft (bẹ̄-reft′), deprived of; taken away from

bi as (bī′ąs), influence
big no ni as (big-nō′ni-ą̈z), a kind of tropical vine which bears flowers
big ot ry (big′o̤t-ri), narrow-mindedness
bi noc u lars (bi-nok′ṳ̄-lą̈rz), field-glasses
bishop, wine and fruit juices
blithe meteor, joyous shooting-star
Blom i don (blom′i-do̤n), a mountain
Boar's Head, headland on the New Hampshire coast
"bob," one shilling, equal to 24 cents
bod iced zone (bod′ist), waist encircled with a wide girdle
bootless, idle
Border, the land lying on either side of the boundary between England and Scotland
bor ough (bur′ō̤), village
Bow doin (bō′dn)
bows (bōz), U-shaped pieces about the necks, fastened to the yoke
braid St. Catherine's tresses, remain unmarried
brake, thicket
brave in, making a great show with
brawn, roasted meat
bra zier (brā′zhėr), pan for burning coals
breach, empty space, because of capture of a king; opening
brig ands (brig′ąndz), robbers
broad-girthed (brôd′gėrthd), large and fat
broom sedge, large grasslike herbs often growing in dense tufts in marshy places
buff er (buf′ėr), protection to lessen the shock
burden, refrain
bur geon ing (bėr′jo̤n-ing), sprouting
bur gess es (bėr′jes-ez), citizens
bus kins (bus′kinz), high boots
butte (būt), a steep hill that stands alone

C

calender, one who presses cloth between rollers to glaze it
Camden Town, a suburb of London
"came down" handsomely, did a generous thing
can dor (kan′do̤r), frankness
canisters, cans for tea and coffee
Can no bie Lee (kan′ō̤-bē lē), rising ground in southern Scotland
car a coled (kar′ą-kōld), turned in a zigzag course
cardinal, principal
ca reer ing (ką-rēr′ing), running
car niv o rous (kär-niv′ō̤-rus), flesh-eating
carries weight, is weighted down heavily as race horses sometimes are
carrying their dinners, the houses of the poor people contained fireplaces, but no ovens; so much of the cooking was done at public bake-ovens
Car thu sian (kär-thū′zi̤ąn), one of an order of monks whose vows compel almost absolute silence
case, condition
cas se na (ka-sē′nä̤), a kind of holly tree
cath o lic (kath′o̤-lik), universal
caus tic (kâs′tik), sharp
Ce dra (sē′drą̈), a river
celebrated herd, in Wordsworth's poem "March"
censer, a vessel for perfumes or incense
chafed ocean-side, ocean-side rubbed or worn away by the dashing of the waves

Chal de an plain (kal-dē′ạn), wide, uncultivated stretches of land in Chaldea, an ancient country in Asia

Chalkley. The incident narrated was retold from the Journal of Thomas Chalkley, a traveling Quaker preacher.

chap let (chap′let), rosary

Chat ta hoo chee (chat-ạ-hö′chē), a river in Georgia

Cheapside, a street in London

chewing some cud of bitter reflection, thinking of some unpleasant experience

china-tree, a flowering shade tree that grows in tropical soil

chor tled (chôr′tld), snorted

chutes (shöts), rapids

ci-de vant (sē-dė-vän), former

clar et (klar′et), purplish red

clean-winged, swept clean with a turkey's wing

clime, climate

cloud-land, land of mystery and romance

Co che cho (kọ̄-chē′kō), in New Hampshire

cock ade (ko-kād′), cock's comb

col lo qui al (kọ-lō′kwi-ạl), conversational

come ly (kum′li), attractive

communicable diseases, diseases that are carried from one person to another by germs

com pre hen sive (kom-prē̤-hen′siv), including much

conceived, begun

con curs, etc. (kọn-kėrz′), assists in their undertakings

con dor (kon′dọr), a large bird of prey

con du cive (kọn-dū′siv), beneficial

con gealed (kọn-jēld′), hardened

con nu bi al (kọ-nū′bi-ạl), having to do with marriage

con san guin i ty (kon-sang-gwin′i-ti), blood relationship

con stel la tion (kon-ste-lā′shọn), stars; class of honored men

con sum ma tion (kon-su-mā′shọn), bringing to a perfect close

con tem pla tion of the o rists (kon-tem-plā′shọn; thē′ọ̄-rists), attention of those who merely think and do not put their ideas into practice

con vened (kọn-vēnd′), called together

conventional standards, etc., the way the majority of people decide whether a man is great or not

con ver gence (kọn-vėr′jẹns), coming together

cope (kōp), canopy

co pi ous ness (kō′pi-us-nes), large number; abundance

cor al (kor′ạl), skeleton of certain small sea-animals

corner, etc., the small space allotted to a local contributor. Whittier's first published poem appeared in such a corner.

Cornhill, a London street

cor pu lent (kôr′pṳ̄-lẹnt), very fat

cor ral (kọ-ral′), inclosure for confining or capturing animals

cor ries (kor′ēz), hollow places

cor rob o rat ed (kọ-rob′ọ̄-rā-ted), admitted the truth of

couch ant (kou′chạnt), crouching

cou lee (kö′lē̤), bed of a dried-up stream

counterfeited, imitated

cou reurs-des-bois (kö-rėr-dā-bwo), hunters and trappers of western North America, especially Canada

cow er ing fugitives (kou′ėr-ing), fugitives crouching in fear

coy o tes (kī-ō′tēz or kī′ōtz), prairie wolves

crane, iron hooks hanging over a fire to support kettles

cra vat (krạ-vat′), necktie

craven, cowardly

craws (krâz), crops of birds or insects
cre den tials (krē-den′shạlz), letters of recommendation or identification
cred u lous fancy (kreḍ′ū-lus), imagination
creed of caste, belief that one must remain in the class into which he was born
Creeks, Indians who, in 1826, were driven from Georgia and across the Mississippi River
Cre oles (krē′ōlz), persons of Spanish or French descent brought up in a colonial possession
crest, top of the head
croup (krŏp), the back of a horse
crypt (kript), hiding-place
crys tal line (kris′tạ-lin), pure
cunning-warded, carefully guarded
cu po la (kū′pō-lă), small structure on top of a roof
cypress-trees, symbols of mourning

D

daft McGregor, Sir Gregor Mc Gregor, who foolishly attempted to establish a colony in Costa Rica
dastard, coward
deal, board of fir or pine; wood
dearth (dėrth), want
dec ades (dek′ădz), periods of ten years each
de cant er (dē-kan′tėr), glass bottle
de clen sion (dē-klen′shọn), descent
de co rum (dē-kō′rum), dignity
def er ence (def′ẹ-rẹns), respect
delegated power, power of one to act or vote for others, with their permission
de lin e ate (dē-lin′ē-āt), describe
de moc ra cy (dē-mok′rạ-si), a government by the people
den i zens (den′i-zẹnz), workers
deportment easy, manner of carrying himself gracefully
deranged, disturbed
derived, received
des cried (des-krīd′), made out
des e crat ed (des′ē-krā-ted), made less sacred
desert's highest born, the proudest and most intelligent of the desert animals
des pot ic power (des-pot′ik), tyrant rule
destiny, fate
di lap i dat ed (di-lap′i-dā-ted), abused; underfed; ruined
dim i nu tion (dim-i-nū′shọn), lessening
dip, candle
dirge, psalm or hymn sung at a funeral; sad song
dir i gi ble (dir′i-ji-bl), balloon that can be steered
dis ci plined intellect (dis′i-plind), well-trained mind
dis gorged (dis-gôrjd′), gave forth
dislocated by sudden circumstances, forced to be changed by unexpected happenings
dis mem bered (dis-mem′bėrd), separated
dis par age (dis-par′ăj), speak slightingly of; dishonor
dispelled, done away with; driven away
dis pu ta tious (dis-pū-tā′shus), fond of argument
dis qui e tude (dis-kwī′e-tūd), uneasiness
dis so nant (dis′ō-nạnt), discordant
distaffs, staffs for holding the bunches of flax or wool in spinning
di ver si fied (di-vėr′si-fīd), various

dolomite (dol′ō-mīt), kind of rock used in making steel
domestic adherent (ad-hēr′ẹnt), home follower
domestic tribulation (trib-ū-lā′-shọn), home troubles
"Don't be flowery," speak simply and to the point
draft-board, checker-board
Druids of eld, an ancient order in England who thought that trees were sacred
ductility (duk-til′i-ti), pliability; flexibility

E

eke (ēk), also
eked out (ēkt), pieced out; added to
elicited (ẹ̄-lis′i-ted), brought forth
Elijah (ẹ̄-lī′jạ̈), *see* II Kings ii
Ellwood, a Quaker who wrote a long poem on the life of David
elucidation (ẹ̄-lū-si-dā′shọn), a clear explanation
embargo (em-bär′gō), obstruction
embattled, armed
embodiment (em-bod′i-mẹnt), bodily representation of
embrasure (em-brā′zhụ̄r), wall opening
encroachment (en-krōch′mẹnt), invasion
ends will change, future will be different
enemy in station, hostile army encamped
engendered (en-jen′dẻrd), caused; bred
engrosses you, occupies all your thoughts and time
enkindleth (en-kin′dleth), inspires
entailed (en-tāld′), made necessary
envy, the vice of republics. In a republic, where all men are equal under the law, there is likely to be envy of those who have more money or brains.
Erzeroum (erz-röm′; here er′zẻ-röm for meter), a division of Turkey
Esk, a river in southeastern Scotland
essence (es′ẹns), soul
eulogy (ū′lọ̄-ji), oration of praise
execrable (ek′sẹ̄-krạ-bl), shocking
extent of its compass, length of its range
exuberant fertility (eg-zū′bẹ-rạnt), abundant richness
exultation (ek-sul-tā′shọn), delight

F

fabric of social order, organization of humanity
facetious (fạ-sē′shus), witty
facile (fas′il), easy
factious (fak′shus), fond of stirring up disputes
familiar of men, companion of people
Fata Morgana (fä′tạ̈ môr-gä′nạ̈), a fairy who deceived people by making them think they saw things that did not really exist
fatal sisters, in Greek mythology, the three Fates who decided the course of men's lives
fate of a nation, future happiness of the land
father to their thought, source of their thought
fays, fairies
fealty (fē′ạl-ti), loyalty
Federal or Democrat, the two parties organized when the Constitution was adopted
feign (fān), like to imagine
felicity (fẹ̄-lis′i-ti), bliss; happiness
ferocious condescension (fẹ̄-rō′-shus kon-dẹ̄-sen′shọn), fierce patronizing manner
ferret (fer′et), sharp like the eyes of a ferret, a small animal used for hunting rabbits and rats

fettered, bound with chains
fictitious (fik-tish′us), false
finished talent, perfect gift
fireguard, screen to keep sparks from flying out into the room
fire-winged. Many of the early Quakers suffered death by burning, because of their religious beliefs.
flagons (flag′ǫnz), large vessels for holding liquor
Flemish pictures, pictures which treat simple household subjects lovingly and in great detail
fluctuated (fluk′ṭū-ā-ted), changed
fluency (flö′ẹn-si), smoothness
Fontaine-qui-bout (fôn-ten-kē-bö)
forbearance, patience
Fort Christina, a Swedish fort on the Delaware River taken by the Dutch in 1654
fowler (fou′lėr), one who kills wild fowl for sport or food
fraught (frât), burdened
frenzied Bacchantes (fren′zid ba-kants′), riotous merrymakers
frontlet (frunt′let), forehead
furze, evergreen shrubs
fused bank (fūzd), melted mass of metal
futile, useless

G

Gabriel Lajeunesse (lä-zhė-nes)
galleon (gal′ẹ̄-ǫn), a sailing vessel of the fifteenth and later centuries
galliard (gal′yärd), dance
galligaskins (gal-i-gas′kinz), loose breeches
gallows air, depressed-looking, as if about to be hanged
Ganymede (gan′i-mēd)
garden-sweep, broad road through the garden
geometric signs (jē-ǭ-met′rik), snowflakes; referring to the regular and beautiful designs of the snowflakes
gibbet (jib′et), bare and dreary-looking
girt, surrounded
glebe (glēb), ground; soil
gleeds (glēdz), flames
glistened at her noon, she was still youthful in middle life
gluttony, greediness
Gothic, a beautiful style of architecture, distinguished especially for its pointed arches
gradation (grą-dā′shǫn), musical interval
Graemes (grāmz)
gramercy (grą-mėr′si), thanks
Grand-Pré (grän-prā), French for *great prairie*
gratis (grā′tis), for nothing
great plot, important events
grenadier (gren-ą-dēr′), member of a special regiment or corps
grog, mixture of liquor and water unsweetened
guerdon (gėr′dǫn), reward
guinea stamp (gin′ẹ̄), indication of wealth
gundalow (gun′dą-lō), another form of *gondola,* a heavy flat-bottomed boat

H

habitual ascendancy (ą-sen′dąn-si), constant control
hake, a salt-water fish of the cod family
half-a-crown, about sixty cents
half-a-quartern, half a gill
half-recumbent (rē-kum′bẹnt), half-lying, half-sitting

hallow, make holy
Hamlet, a character in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* whose father's ghost appeared to him
hanger, a short sword
ha rangu ing (hạ-rang′ing), giving a speech
harpers hoar, gray-headed men who were skilled harpists in the ancient days
har ry (har′i), worry
haut boy (hō′boi), oboe, a musical wind instrument
heathen Nine, the nine Muses of Greek mythology, patrons of art, music, poetry, etc.
hec tic (hek′tik), exhausting
her e sy (her′e-si), disloyalty
Her mes (hėr′mēz), a famous Egyptian philosopher
high-voltage currents, currents carrying great electrical force
Hingham sanctuary, located near Boston
hob, a projection on the fireplace on which to warm things
hol ster (hōl′stėr), pistol case
hostage from the future took, gained what would help him in time to come
housings, saddle cover and trimmings
hys sop (his′ọp), sprinkler for holy water

I

Ib ra him (ib′rạ-him), the stranger's name
i dyl lic ease (ī-dil′ik), carefree life in the country
il lim it a ble (i-lim′i-tạ-bl), boundless
im be cil i ty (im-bē-sil′i-ti), stupidity
immortality, life beyond the grave
im pen e tra ble (im-pen′ē-trạ-bl), dark; incapable of being seen through; which he could not get over
im pet u ous (im-peṭ′ū-us), hasty
im pre ca tions (im-prē-kā′shọnz), curses
im pro pri e ty (im-prō-prī′ẹ-ti), improper behavior
im pu ni ty, with (im-pū′ni-ti), without fear of punishment
imputing motives to, suspecting; attributing motives to
in ad e quate to (in-ad′ē-kwạt), unable to meet
in an i mate (in-an′i-mạt), lifeless
in ar tic u late (in-är-tik′ū-lạt), indistinct
in au di ble speech (in-â′di-bl), speech which could not be heard distinctly
inborn certainty, perfect sureness
in clem ent (in-klem′ẹnt), severe
in co her ent sounds (in-kō-hēr′ẹnt), sounds which could not be understood
in com pre hen si ble (in-kom-prē-hen′si-bl), difficult to understand
in cred u lous (in-kreḍ′ū-lus), unbelieving
in cu ri ous ly (in-kū′ri-us-li), carelessly
in do lent (in′dō-lẹnt), lazy
in dom i ta ble (in-dom′i-tạ-bl), untamable
in er tia (in-ėr′shiạ), lack of interest
in ex pli ca ble (in-eks′plī-kạ-bl), unexplainable
in got (ing′gọt), bar of metal
i ni ti a tive (i-nish′i-ā-tiv), leadership
in no va tor (in′ō-vā-tọr), one who makes changes
in sin u ate (in-sin′ū-āt), suggest
in su per a ble (in-sū′pėr-ạ-bl), incurable
in tan gi ble power (in-tan′ji-bl), a power not defined or necessarily legal, but very strong
in teg ri ty (in-teg′ri-ti), honesty

intercedes, pleads
intermediate, gradual
intervention, interference
inward light, religious convictions
i ras ci ble (ī-ras′i-bl), hot-tempered
i rised (ī′rist), beautifully colored, like the rainbow
i ron mong er y (ī′ėrn-mung-gėr-i), general name for all articles made of iron
ir rep a ra ble (i-rep′ą-rą-bl), beyond repair; not repairable
ir re press i ble (ir-ę-pres′i-bl), not controlled
ir rev o ca ble (i-rev′ǫ-ką-bl), past recall
Ish ma el wandered with Ha gar (ish′mą-el; hā′gąr), *see* Genesis xxi
Ishmael's children, Indians who, like Ishmael, "lived in the wilderness" and were archers; *see* Genesis xxi, 20
Isles of Shoals, a group of small islands off the southeastern coast of New Hampshire
Is ling ton (iz′ling-tǫn), a section of London

J

Jacob of old, *see* Genesis xxxii
jer kin (jėr′kin), jacket
Joe Miller, an English comedian
ju di cious ly (jǫ̈-dish′us-li), skilfully
"jun gli wal lah" (jung′gli wol′ą), men sent out to look over the territory
jun to (jun′tō), group

K

Kash gar (käsh-gär′), the capital of Eastern Turkestan
kelp, seaweed
kenned, knew
khan (kän), resting-place for caravans
Kir ghiz (kir-gēz′), people of Kirghiz, which is a little settlement between Russian Turkestan and Siberia
kir tle (kėr′tl), a close-fitting gown
knolled (nōld), summoned
kraal (kräl), a stockaded native village

L

La Illah, etc., there is no God except Allah
lacerated, torn
ladder of Jacob, *see* Genesis xxviii, 12
laggard in love, unworthy suitor
lapsing, gently splashing
la tent (lā′tęnt), hidden; undeveloped
lav ing (lā′ving), dipping into the water
lea guer (lē′gėr), camp of a besieging army
Lé tiche (lā-tēsh)
license, privilege
like the Hebrew, *see* Exodus xii, 21, 30
Li lin au (li-lin′ou)
links, torches
li qui dat ed (lik′wi-dā-ted), paid; paid off, as a debt
li ter (lē′tėr), a little more than a quart
little aided by invention, powerless to meet new situations
Loch in var (lok-in-vär′)
lode star (lōd′stär), leading star
Louisburg, Beau Se jour (bō sā-zhör), **Port Royal,** all scenes, in Canada, of conflict between the English and the French
Loup-gar ou (lö-gą-rö′), a person who has been changed into a wolf

loved her love, played a game with words beginning with each letter of the alphabet
low-vaulted past, everything in your past that is unworthy
lu gu bri ous (lū-gū′bri-us), mournful
lures (lūrz), snares
lush, luxuriant
lus trous (lus′trus), shining

M

mag ne site (mag′nē-sīt), a silver white metal
mag ni tude (mag′ni-tūd), size; extent
mail of Calvin's creed, strict belief of John Calvin, a French religious reformer
mal a dy (mal′ą-di), trouble
mal ice (mal′is), ill will
mal le a bil i ty (mal-ē-ą-bil′i-ti), capability of being molded without heating
mal le a ble (mal′ē-ą-bl), yielding
Malta, an island in the Mediterranean Sea
mam moth (mam′ǫth), large, prehistoric animal
man ga nese (mang-gą-nēs′), hard, brittle grayish white metal tinged with red
man i fold (man′i-fōld), many
manner born, to the, as if born to fill that very place
marge (for **margin**), edge
max im (mak′sim), principle
measure, dance
me di oc ri ty (mē-di-ok′ri-ti), the ordinary
medium, means
medley, chorus
Mem phre ma gog (mem-frē-mā′gog), a lake in Vermont and Canada
men ace (men′ās), threat
men di cant (men′di-kąnt), begging
met a mor phosed (met-ą-môr′fōzd), changed
me te or ol o gists (mē-tē-ǫ-rol′ǫ-jists), people who study weather
metes (mēts), goals
mi mo sa (mi-mō′są), very sensitive tropical shrub
mi rage (mi-räzh′), appearance to the eye of objects that are not actually present
mis an throp ic (mis-ąn-throp′ik), gloomy-looking
mis con ceive (mis-kǫn-sēv′), misunderstand
mis sal (mis′ąl), book of religious service of the Catholic Church
Missouri Bad Lands, section of country that produces almost no vegetation
mitten-blinded, blindfolded with a mitten
mod u la tions (moḏ-ū-lā′shǫnz), tones
mon o graph (mon′ǫ-gràf), written account of a single life
moor, stretch of wasteland; sandy marsh
Moravian Missions, pertaining to the sect known as United Brethren
mo rose (mǫ-rōs′), ill-tempered
mote (mōt), very small particle of dust
mounting the breach, rising to the occasion
mounting the em i nence (em′i-nęns), reaching the top of the hill
move or two, the ways of the world
Mow is (mō′is)
Mo zart (mō′zärt), Austrian composer and pianist (1756-1791)
mulled (muld), sweetened and spiced
multiplied re ver ber a tions, in (rę-vėr-bę-rā′shǫnz), echoes increasing in numbers
Muse, goddess of poetry
musical qualification, musical fitness of preparation
mu ta tion (mū-tā′shǫn), change

N

Natchitoches (nak′i-tosh; here four syllables for meter), a town in Louisiana
natural make, own disposition
natural sequence (sē′kwẹns), logical order of events
Nature's unhoused lyceum (lī-sē′-um), school of the outdoor world
Nebraska, the Platte River
negus (nē′gus), a beverage
nepenthe (nẹ̄-pen′thẹ̄), a drink producing forgetfulness of pain
night-encampment, cemetery
Night's Plutonian shore (plọ̄-tō′ni-ạn), borderland of Hades, the abode of the dead ruled over by Pluto
night-wind of the Past, borne on the, handed down in history
Nilus (nī′lus), Latin for *Nile*
Norfolk biffins (bif′inz), a variety of apple cultivated in Norfolkshire, England
Norman cap, a cap, originally worn in France, with square corners turned back from the face
nullah (nul′ä), dry bed of a stream; ravine
nutritious (nū-trish′us), nourishing
"nuts," a source of great pleasure

O

objective (ọb-jek′tiv), the purpose toward which a journey is directed
obliterate (ọb-lit′ẹ-rāt), blot out; cover up
oblivious to, unaware of
obsequious (ọb-sē′kwi-us), very humble
occluded (o-klōd′ed), absorbable
occult (ọ-kult′), mysterious
ocherous (ō′kėr-us), yellowish or reddish
odious (ō′di-us), detestable; repulsive
offal (of′ạl), rubbish
officious zeal (ọ-fish′us), bustling eagerness to be helpful
offing (ôf′ing), distance
Olympus, a mountain in Greece on whose top the gods were believed to dwell
opaque walls (ọ-pāk′), walls which could not be seen through
Opelousas (op-ẹ̄-lō′sạs), a city in Louisiana
open-hearth (härth), one of the processes of making steel
oracular (ọ-rak′ū-lạr), like an oracle
orange-planets. Oranges look like planets of orange color.
orbits bright of minstrelsy, happy circlings about the tree, singing
orderly train, well worked-out system
organ of benevolence, heart
orthographic (ôr-thọ̄-graf′ik), spelling
ostler (os′lėr), stableman
outgrown shell, the body which the soul has freed itself from
ovis poli (ō′vis pō′lẹ̄), big horned-sheep
Owyhee (ọ-wī′hẹ̄), branch of the Snake River

P

painful Sewel's ancient tome (tōm), William Sewel's history of the Quakers and their sufferings
palimpsest (pal′imp-sest), parchment which has been used several times, erased and rewritten on
Pallas (pal′ạs), Athena, goddess of wisdom

pal pa ble (pal′pạ-bl), capable of being touched or felt
Pa mir (pä-mēr′), lofty plateau region in Central Asia
panicle, loosely-branched cluster
pard-like, leopard-like
Parrot, Robin Crusoe, Friday, from the book *Robinson Crusoe,* which Scrooge had enjoyed as a child
pat ri mo ni al (pat-ri-mō′ni-ạl), inherited from his father
pel li cle (pel′i-kl), thin film
pem mi can (pem′i-kạn), preparation of dried meat, fat, and sometimes dried fruit pounded into small cakes
penance, punishment
penitent Peter, *see* Matthew xxvi, 75
penthouse, roof
per cep tion (pėr-sep′shọn), feeling; understanding
per func to ry (pėr-fungk′tọ̄-ri), listless
per i he li on (per-i-hē′li-ọn), that point in the path of a planet at which it is nearest to the sun
per me at ing (pėr′mē̤-āt-ing), far-reaching; finding its way elsewhere
per se (pėr sē), in itself
per son nel (pėr-sọ-nel′), members of a group of persons in some public service
per verse (pėr-vėrs′), wrongly
per ver si ties (pėr-vėr′si-tiz), contrariness
Peter Stuyvesant, governor of New Amsterdam (1645-1672)
Pe tru chi o's Kate (pē̤-trö′ki-ōz), the scolding wife of Petruchio in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*
phil o mel (fil′ọ̄-mel), nightingale, a beautiful European songster
phil o soph i cal principles (fil-ọ̄-sof′i-kạl), sound reasoning
phlegm (flem), calmness
pil e at ed (pil′ē̤-ā-ted), crested
pin, mood
Pindus-born A rax es (a-rak′sēz), a river, famous in Greek mythology, which rises in the Pindus Mountains in Greece
pin ioned (pin′yọnd), held closely
pique (pēk), spur
Pi sa's leaning miracle (pē′zä), tower in Pisa, Italy, which leans to one side
Pis cat a qua (pis-kat′ạ-kwą̈), a river forming the boundary line between Maine and New Hampshire
pitch and toss, the "heads or tails" game
plain-song, the melody chanted
plane-tree, sycamore; Xerxes, king of Persia, decorated a certain plane-tree that he admired with silks and jewels.
plashy, wet
possessed of a demon, under the control of an evil spirit
posting down, riding at full speed
pre ce dent (pres′ē̤-dẹnt), example to be followed
pre cepts (prē′septs), lessons
pre cip i ta tion (prē̤-sip-i-tā′shọn), headlong rush
pre clud ing (prē̤-klöd′ing), shutting out
pre dom i nant (prē̤-dom′i-nạnt), in control
pre ma ture ly (prē-mạ-tūr′li), before expected
pres ag ing (pres′ą̄j-ing), foretelling
Prodigal Son, *see* Luke xv, 11-32
prod i gies (prod′i-jiz), wonderful feats
pro di gious (prọ̄-dij′us), enormous; vast
prof fer ing (prof′ėr-ing), offering
pro mul gat ed (prọ̄-mul′gā-ted), made known
propagated in succession, taken up by one after another
Prophet, etc., *see* Exodus xxxiv

pro phet ic instinct of (prō-fet′ik), ability to foretell
prophet's rod, *see* Exodus vii
pros trates principalities (pros′trāts), overcomes tyranny
pru dence (prö′dẹns), cautious wisdom

Q

Queen of Lebanon, Lady Stanhope, an eccentric Englishwoman with whom the "half-welcome guest" lived for a time in Syria, where Lady Stanhope was leader of some half-civilized tribes. Both women believed in the second coming of Christ in their lifetimes.
Queen Titania, the queen of the fairies
quer u lous (kwer′ọ̈-lus), complaining

R

ram i fi ca tions (ram-i-fi-kā′shọnz), parts branching out
ram pant (ram′pạnt), full of energy
ram parts (ram′pärts), defense
ra pa cious (rạ-pā′shus), greedy
ra pier (rā′pi ėr), sword
rat i fied (rat′i-fīd), confirmed
read the destiny, etc., judge what are the best courses to follow for the general good
re cip ro cat ed (rē-sip′rọ̄-kā-ted), returned
recked (rekt), cared; took heed
rec la ma tion (rek-lạ-mā′shọn), restoration to usual condition
rec om pense (rek′ọm-pens), reward; payment
rec on noi ter (rek-ọ-noi′tėr), look around
red nightcap, the liberty cap, formerly shown on our silver coins
ref lu ent (ref′lọ̈-ẹnt), ebbing
re frac to ries (rē-frak′tọ̄-riz), ores or metals that are difficult to fuse
re gent (rē′jẹnt), one who takes the place of the rightful ruler—here, of the shepherd
reign of the Henries, last half of the 16th century
re it er at ed (rē-it′ẹ̈-rā-ted), repeated
re ju ve nant (rē-jö′vẹ̈-nạnt), life-giving
rel e van cy (rel′ẹ̈-vạn-si), fitness; aptness
rent, torn open
res pite (res′pit), rest; delay
rev o lu tion ized (rev-ọ̈-lū′shọn-īzd), completely changed
rhex i a (rek′si-ạ̈), small plant
rime, short, white, stiff hair suggesting frost
ripened thought into action, influenced others to action for good
Rou shan Beg (rö′shạn beg)
ru bi cund (rö′bi-kund), red-faced
running such a rig, engaging in such a frolic

S

Saint Dunstan, an English monk of the tenth century who was tempted by an evil spirit whose nose he seized with red-hot tongs
Saint Eu la lie (ū′lạ-lē), a Roman saint of the fourth century A.D.
St. Fran çois (fräṅ-swo), St. Francis River in Canada
Salisbury's level marshes, in Massachusetts
samp, Indian corn, coarse ground and browned
Sar a cens (sar′ạ-sẹnz), a wandering race of the desert between Syria and Arabia
savanna sparrows, brown and white sparrows inhabiting fields and meadows

sa vor (sā′vo͝r), flavor; odor
scath ing (skā′ŦHing), bitterly severe
scar (skär), cliff; rock
Scorpion, a constellation which the sun enters about October 23
screw, miser
sel vage (sel′vej), edge
sem a phore (sem′ə-fōr), a signal telegraph
sep ul chers (sep′ul-kərz), grave-like piles
se ra glio (se-ral′yō), inclosure
ser a phim (ser′ə-fim), members of the highest order of angels
seventh day, a plan was being made to close the public bake-shops on Sundays, which would have been a hardship to the poor people
sextant, instrument used to determine latitude and longitude
shagbark, rough-barked, nut-bearing hickory tree
shale (shāl), soft, flaky rock
shape and shadow, life
shards, stones
sheave (shēv), a grooved wheel as of a pulley block
sheer (shēr), turn aside
sheer, straight down; perpendicular; pure
shi ka ries (shi-kä′rēz), hunters
shingle bench, stony beach
shipwrecked Paul. The apostle Paul was shipwrecked off the coast of Melita (now Malta) in the Mediterranean Sea.
shook him, started him thinking
shrine, protection for a sacred relic. The little log house is placed within a granite shelter.
sib yl (sib′il), prophetess; beautiful enchantress
Si e na's saint (sē-ā′nä), St. Catherine of Siena, noted for her piety
Sir Roger de Coverley, a dance like the Virginia Reel
si ren (sī′ren), sea nymph
Smyr na (smėr′nä), a town in Turkey
solid esteem proportioned, respect that was well deserved
solitudes blasted by flame, forests destroyed by fire (because of someone's carelessness)
Sol way (sol′wā), an arm of the sea between England and Scotland, on the west coast, noted for its swift tides
so no rous (sō-nō′rus), giving a deep, loud sound
sordid, selfish
sort, way
sou brette of taste (sö-bret′), coquettish singer
soul's debatable land, province of right and wrong
sov er eign (sov′ə-rən or suv′ə-rən), supreme in power or position
spectacular pan o ra ma (pan-ō-rä′-mä), broad view
spec tral (spek′trəl), ghostly
spher ule (sfer′öl), small circular particle
spontaneous combustion, fire caused by chemical action within a substance
spouse, wife
spume-flakes, froth
squint at his hatcher in the sky, took a, looked at the sun
stagnant-blooded, lazy
stalks, ways of approach under cover or by stealth
stan chion (stan′shən), vertical bar on each side of the neck by which cows are fastened
stayed, stopped
steep, slope
stu ar ti a (stū-är′ti-ä), shrub with large single flowers
student participation in the government, students taking active part in school government

subsistence, living
substance, wealth
sub tly (sut′li), mysteriously
suc cu lent (suk′ū-lẹnt), juicy
su per nal (sū-pėr′nạl), marvelous
su per nat u ral creature (sū-pėr-naţ′-ū-rạl), one who is beyond the laws of nature
surcease, forgetfulness; a coming to a stop
sus cep ti ble (su-sep′ti-bl), sensitive to; capable
su sur rous (sū-sur′us), whispering
swale (swāl), a slight valley
swath, line of grass already cut
sweep, a long pole used for lowering or raising a bucket
syn chro nize (sing′krō-nīz), to agree in time

T

ta cit ly (tas′it-li), silently
tangled ram, *see* Genesis xxii, 1-13
Tartar's lance, a long spear carried by Tartars, fierce horsemen of Asia
Tash kur gan (täsh-kör-gän′), a town in Afghan, Turkestan
Ta yg e tus, etc. (tā-ij′ē-tus), mountain range in Greece. Revolutionary cavalry were recruited by Ypsilanti, a Greek patriot from Maina (mī′nä), to fight against Turkey, the oppressor of Greece.
teal, a small wild duck
Teche (tesh), a river in Louisiana
temporarily confiscated, seized for the time being
ten e brous (ten′ē-brus), gloomy; dark
ten sion (ten′shọn), strain or stretch
tent to tent, grave to grave
Tents of Grace, translation of the name given by the Moravians to their mission
ter ma gant (tėr′mạ-gạnt), quarrelsome
The Chief, etc., from the poem "The African Chief," by Sarah Wentworth Morton
the o ry (thē′ō-ri), idea; thought
thewed (thūd), built
tholes (thōlz), pegs on the sides of a boat to hold the oars in rowing
thrall (thrâl), in slavery
three-dimensional worlds, a world seeming to have length, breadth, and thickness
thy fellows, other waterfowls
Ti tan-like (tī′tạn), like the fabled giants called Titans
toc sin's alarum (tok′sin), warning signal
torpor, heavy sleep
Total Abstinence Principle, rule of going without alcoholic liquor; here, having nothing to do with spirits
Tous les, etc. (tō lā bör-zhwo dė shärtr; lė kȧ-rē-yôn dė dun-kerk), "All the People of Chartres" and "The Chimes of Dunkirk," old French songs
trainband captain, captain of a company of trained citizen soldiers
tran sient (tran′shẹnt), passing
tran si tion very foreign (tran-sizh′-ọn or tran-zish′ọn), change in his trend of thought which was not customary
trans lat ed (trans-lā′ted), changed from anger to forgiving resignation
transmission lines, carrying lines
trans mute (trans-mūt′), change
transports, raptures
Treadmill, a form of prison discipline
Treb i zond (treb′i-zond), a former division of Turkey
tribute, taxes
trice (trīs), instant

Tri ton (trī′tọn), a sea-god
tufted, having a growth of feathers on top of the head
tu pe lo (tū′pẹ-lō), tree having glossy leaves and red berries
tur bu lent (tėr′bū-lẹnt), rushing; restless
twelfth-cakes, cakes made for Twelfth Night, the twelfth night after Christmas

U

u bi qui tous (ū-bik′wi-tus), seeming to be everywhere at once
u na nim i ty (ū-nạ-nim′i-ti), oneness of mind
unbartered, unbought
un com pro mis ing (un-kom′prọ-mī-zing), unyielding
unc tu ous oil of insincerity (ungk′-tụ̄-us), smooth over the trouble without honestly facing the issue
unforgiving minute, unforgiving if the minute has been wasted
unhallowed, unworthy
un per turbed (un-pėr-tėrbd′), untroubled
unprofaned, sacred
unseasonable al lu sions (ạ-lū′-zhọnz), unsuitable remarks
unshadowed main, the ocean which has nothing on it to cast a shadow
U phar sin (ū-fär′sin), *see* Daniel v
upon 'Change, in the Royal Exchange, the center of London commerce
usurper, one who unlawfully seizes a position or ruling power belonging to another

V

va lid i ty (vạ-lid′i-ti), reliability; soundness
vanguard, front section
various communions, etc., different branches of the Christian church
vaulted, arched
ven due sales (ven-dū′), auctions
vernal, spring
vestal, everlasting. The vestal virgins were young maidens who continually tended the sacred fires of Vesta, goddess of the hearth.
ves tige (ves′tij), trace
vigilant, watchful
vi ra go (vi-rā′gō), a quarrelsome woman
visionary projects, plans not carefully thought out
votive stone, monument

W

waifs of the tide, things left by the tide
wains (wānz), wagons
Walker, slang term meaning "You don't mean it!"
Wal le way (wäl′ẹ̄-wā), branch of the Columbia River
Wash, a small body of water
weird in can ta tion (in-kan-tā′shọn), uncanny, magic story or song
well-curb, the inclosing frame over the well
whatever promised utility, whatever seemed for the best
White of Selborne. Gilbert White wrote a natural history of Selborne (in County Surrey, England), where he was born.
Wi ca co (wi-kä′kō)
wim pling (wim′pling), rippling
wold (wōld), plain; pasture
wont, accustomed
wran gler (rang′glėr), herder
wrought its ghost (rôt), cast its shadow

Y

yourte (yört), the hut of the natives of northern and central Asia
Yus souf (yus′uf)

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